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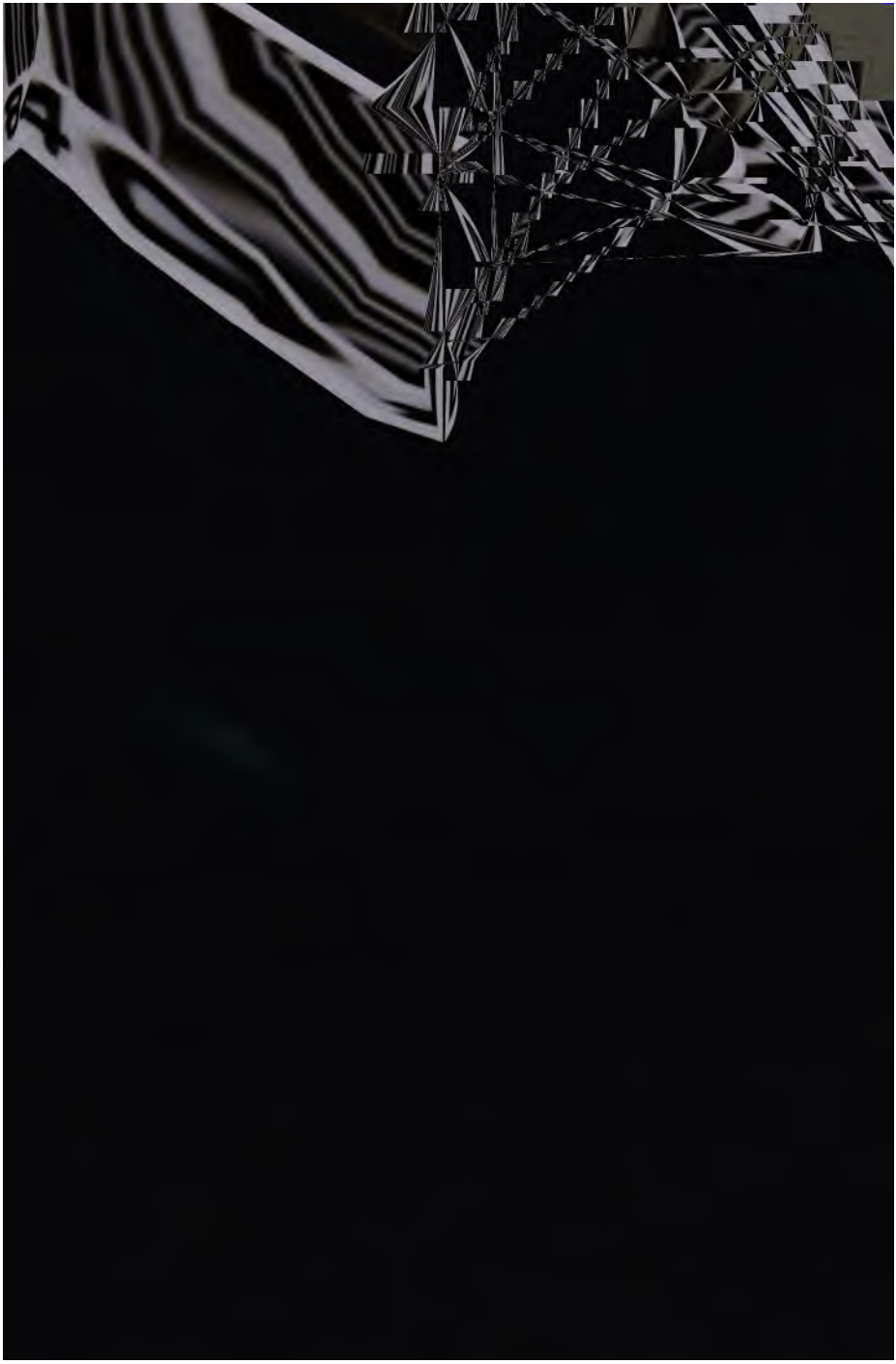

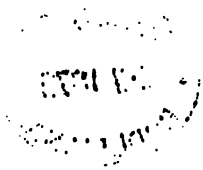

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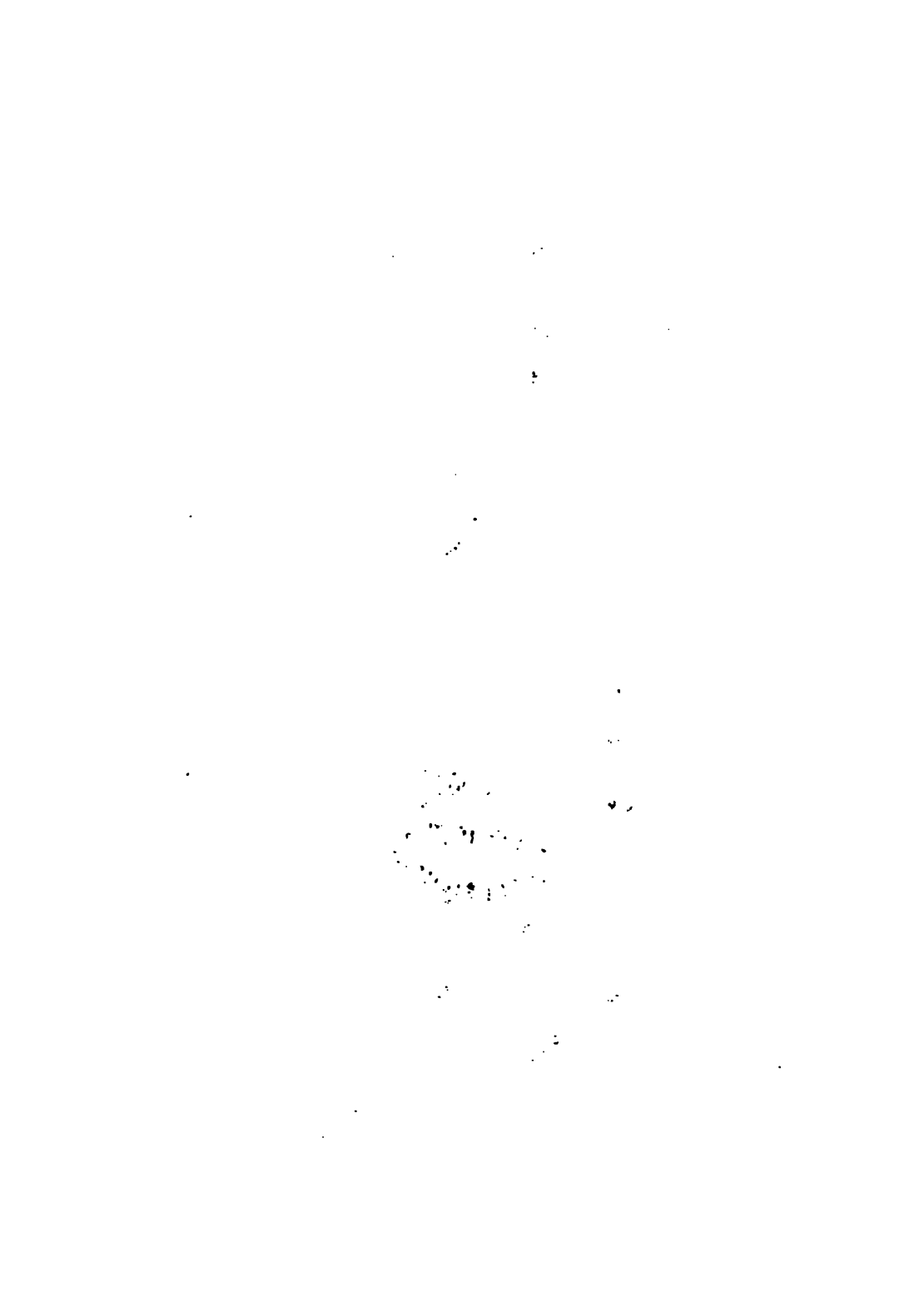

MEMORIALS

FROM

JOURNALS AND LETTERS

OF

SAMUEL CLARK,

M.A., F.R.G.S.

LATE RECTOR OF EATON BISHOP, HEREFORDSHIRE, AND FORMERLY PRINCIPAL OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY'S TRAINING COLLEGE, BATTERSEA.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY HIS WIFE.

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1878.

210. o. 246.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE journals that were found after my husband's death were not known to exist, and had evidently been written for no eye but his own. They consist of a retrospect of his early life written at seventeen, and a daily or weekly record of his inner life, his studies, remarks on books, and thoughts on the Society of Friends, in which he was educated. These continue during a period of ten years (with occasional interruptions) until his baptism into the Church of England.

When these MSS. and his letters were collected, it was with the hope that one of Mr. Clark's intimate friends might be found to weave them into a memoir. But those who are best qualified for the task have their hands too full of pressing work to undertake it, and I shrink from committing the papers to any one who might not be able to enter into the varied phases of his many-sided character. Believing that selections from these MSS. will be of some interest to the friends who knew him in mature life, and that the history of his early struggles may be of use to those who are in similar difficulties, I venture to publish them without interpolation, giving a slight consecutive sketch of his life by way of introduction.

Samuel Clark was born at Southampton, May 19th, 1810. He was the youngest of the ten children of Joseph and Fanny Clark, who were of the middle-class, and members of the Society of Friends. They were much respected, not only at Southampton, but by the leading members of the Society, Mrs. Fry, J. J. Gurney, and Friends generally. They brought up their children as strict members of the same religious body, though Samuel always spoke of his mother, for whom he had the deepest reverence and love, as being truly catholic in many of her opinions and practices.

Samuel is described as a delicate, intelligent child, with light curly hair and blue eyes, though in manhood his hair was quite black and his eyes hazel, fading to a pale grey when in a low state of health. When the Emperor Nicholas of Russia was in England, he expressed a wish to visit a good specimen of a middle-class family, and was taken to the house in which Samuel was staying. The child was much impressed by the gigantic, bearded stranger, who put his hand on his curly head, and in broken English said, 'You are fine little boy.'

Samuel was sent to a school kept by Mr. T. Graham for a year and half, and afterwards to that of Mr. John Bullar, a good classical scholar and a man of much general learning, who left his mark on the rising generation of Southampton. After a twelvemonth at this school, he spent a year of idleness at Brighton for the benefit of his health, and on his return was another year and half under Mr. Bullar's tuition.

When, at the early age of thirteen and a half, his father decided on employing him in his business, Samuel went down on his knees to beg to be permitted

to remain longer at school. His mother added her entreaties to his, and collected his school bills to show that only £30 had been spent on his education. The request was refused with the words: 'Thou knowest enough for what I want of thee.'

His ardour for knowledge was not, however, abated by this check, and he set himself diligently to carry on his studies alone. At this period of his life, and for the next few years, his hours of business were from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., so that his only times for reading were before and after these hours and during the intervals allotted for meals. He always kept some classical author open in his desk, in order to study if he had a few moments of leisure. He appears rarely to have had a day's holiday, and to have taken hardly sufficient out-of-door exercise to keep him in health. His sensitive nervous temperament was affected from a child by changes of weather, and his studious habits confirmed the delicacy of digestion from which he suffered all his life.

The extent of his reading in English was marvellous, considering the circumstances, and he also acquired an accurate knowledge of French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which the study of various sciences was added.

Mr. Michael Maurice, father of Professor Maurice, went to reside at Southampton. Of his life there one of his daughters writes: 'My father deplored the want of energy and intellectual pursuits in the town. The Mechanics' Institute was dragging on its existence without spirit or usefulness, and the Literary and Philosophic Society was in the same condition. My father, in planning to make these institutions really useful by a course of practical lectures, became acquainted with Samuel Clark, a young Quaker, between

eighteen and twenty years of age, of great promise, and of very remarkable mental powers. He engaged his warm co-operation in the work, and was astonished at his capacity in lecturing, and at the amount of information he could bring to bear on various subjects. He offered to help him to a more systematic course of study after his business of the day was finished. This offer was eagerly accepted, and it was difficult to say whether the pupil or teacher enjoyed these opportunities most.

'My eldest sister, Elizabeth, also became deeply interested in this young friend, and they used to read general literature together, especially poetry.

'He confided to her his many difficulties, and the yearning of his heart after higher truths than Quakerism had grasped, and his longing for greater light.'

He remained at Southampton until a competency had been secured for his parents and unmarried sisters, taking all the time an active part in the Society of Friends, the Anti-Slavery Society, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Literary and Philosophic Institution.

In 1836 he went to London, and became a partner in the old publishing firm of Darton and Son, on Holborn Hill.

He had here the opportunity of talking over his doubts with the Rev. F. D. Maurice, who had just been appointed Chaplain to Guy's Hospital. Samuel Clark's arguments and statement of difficulties, and the information which he gave of a threatened disruption of the Society, suggested the form of Mr. Maurice's 'Letters to a Member of the Society of Friends,' which first appeared in monthly parts, and was published in 1837 under the title of 'The Kingdom of Christ.' But those letters were not written till after

the time when Mr. Clark had finally decided on joining the Church.

His affection and friendship for F. D. Maurice continued and deepened as years went on. He frankly expressed his opinion when he differed from his friend, and he looked on his intercourse with him as one of the greatest blessings of his life.

On the 16th of April, 1837, he was baptised at St. Thomas's Church, Southwark, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, but he did not resign his membership in the Society of Friends until the next year, when he made known to his father the step he had taken.

In January, 1839, he matriculated at Magdalen Hall (now Hertford College), Oxford, but he was unable to reside until the following year, and his continuous residence in the university was interrupted by the necessity of spending a term occasionally in London, to attend to business. At Oxford his evenings were employed in literary work to defray his college expenses, which prevented his reading for honours.

He dissolved partnership with Darton in 1843. In the autumn of that year he accompanied Mr. (now Sir Edward) Strachey to Italy, spending some time in Naples and its neighbourhood, and proceeding alone to Greece in January, 1844. After a short tour there he returned to Italy, visiting Rome and other parts, and reaching England in the summer in H.M.S. *The Queen*.

He was known at Oxford as 'Athenian Clark' after his return from Greece, owing to an incident that occurred in his examination.

He asserted the possibility of the voice being well heard on Mars' Hill, and gave his own experience in proof of it. When standing on the Pnyx, he had heard

a gentleman read the Greek Testament in an ordinary tone to a Greek who was with him on the Areopagus. The morning was beautifully calm, and he had never before heard a voice at such a distance.

He kept the October Term at Oxford, but again he had to sacrifice his wishes and advancement to his family, and devote himself once more to business for his sister's sake. Consequently seven years elapsed from the time of his matriculation to his final examination at Oxford, when he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees.

An old friend writes of him: 'His affection for his family was very strong. His sister Mary was especially dear to him. Some time after her death in 1840, he accompanied me to an oratorio in Exeter Hall. When the grand quartet had sung the words of death, "As in Adam all die," and were instantly answered by the chorus of eight hundred voices, "So in Christ shall all be made alive," Mr. Clark sprang to his feet, all unconscious of what he was doing, and seized my arm, exclaiming, "My Mary," as if he then fully realised *her life.*'

On St. Mark's day, 1846, he was ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough to the curacy of Heyford, Northamptonshire; but a few weeks after, being appointed Vice-Principal and Chaplain of St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea, of which the Rev. Derwent Coleridge was Principal, he only took the Sunday duty at Heyford until a substitute was found.

He always spoke with affectionate gratitude of his mother's conduct when he told her of his wish to take holy orders. She was still a Quaker, and said, 'Samuel, I dedicated thee to the service of God when thou wast first given to me, and I have asked Him ever since to

accept of thee; I cannot therefore complain if He has called thee to His service in a different way from what I should have chosen. The Lord bless thee, and make thee a very useful minister.'

At St. Mark's he threw himself heartily into the work of training schoolmasters, and his entrance there was a great epoch in the history of that institution.

Hitherto an excellent temper and spirit pervaded it, and the earliest students had proved themselves good schoolmasters. Latin and mathematics had been admirably taught, and there were remarkably able lectures on European history from the Principal, but there was a deficiency in practical knowledge and science. Geography was only learned from Arrowsmith's outlines, chemistry was untaught, and Shakespeare was an unknown book. On these subjects Mr. Clark commenced regular lectures.

An old pupil writes: 'I remember the beginning of his work at St. Mark's in the summer of 1846. Curious it was that his first lecture seemed to us a dead failure. It was on chemistry, and whether it was that he was unwell or nervous before what he thought a critical audience, his experiments did not answer and he seemed to lose all courage. It was even so with his first public catechising in the college chapel. These catechisings were held every Sunday afternoon, when the congregations were always large. At his first attempt here also he broke down. It has often struck me since, and been an encouragement to myself when I have been baffled, for we soon found what a brilliant lecturer he was. He was without any exception by far the best teacher we ever had. It was quite remarkable to see how the men grasped his points, how they grew exact,

and looked up the books which he recommended. As for myself, I first learned from him the right way of using the college library. He gained the confidence of the students, and every one felt that he was under Mr. Clark's eye. His advent certainly in no way diminished the religious tone, for I am able to bear witness, from close personal knowledge, that the beautiful spirit of piety which breathes through his letters showed itself in the most ordinary actions of his daily life.

'But no doubt the great work of his life was Battersea. He was there longer, and had full opportunity of carrying out all his plans. As one looks over the present curriculum of instruction for the training colleges, one sees how much his mind has moulded and informed the present state of things.'

A letter from the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, dated March, 1878, says, 'The training colleges, now so much more numerous, will be fortunate indeed if they obtain for their chiefs such men as I was enabled to enlist as my assistants, among whom it is no mean praise to say that the name of Samuel Clark stands second to none. It would be invidious to say more.

'I have, as you probably know, enjoyed the acquaintance of many, the friendship of not a few, very eminent men. *Enjoyed* is here the right word, and it applies with especial propriety to my intercourse with your well remembered, deeply regretted husband. He was indeed one among a limited number whose conversation and companionship I found at once most agreeable and most instructive. He was one of those among all whom I have known who owed most to *himself and to his* own exertions, and who made the

best of his opportunities. His life was consequently a scene of continued progress and advancement onward and upward, inwardly and outwardly, not for himself alone. He made himself felt for good in many relations, and has left his mark behind him.'

He had the much valued privilege of becoming acquainted with Wordsworth during the poet's last visit to London. He formed friendships at this time with Hartley Coleridge and his sister Sara (Mrs. Nelson Coleridge), which lasted during the remainder of their lives.

His first publication at St. Mark's, 'Maps Illustrative of the Physical and Political History of the British Empire,' was a most important work, and good judges still consider it unrivalled. He was also engaged on other maps, &c., for the National Society.

The Rev. F. D. Maurice, with the assistance of some able men, established in 1848 Queen's College, Harley Street, for the higher education of women. Mr. Clark took an active part in its foundation, and was for some years one of the lecturers. His teaching is ably described in the subjoined letter from one of his most valued and remarkable pupils:—

July 18th, 1878.

DEAR MRS. CLARK,—Mrs. Maurice tells me that you would like to have my impressions of your husband as a teacher. If I could transfer them with the vividness which belongs to them in my own mind—a task I fear impossible—the record would be valuable indeed. I have often thought, in looking back upon life, that if I could recall any of the past, the unmixed satisfaction of the hours I spent in learning with him would

be perhaps that which I should most wish to revive, it was so pure, so unfailing, and so abiding in recollection. Everything that I studied with him remains in my mind as if it were touched with something that brought out the colour with a peculiar brilliancy and definiteness, and often, in coming upon books or subjects which even do not specially interest me, I half forget what is the sense of vivid interest that hangs about them, till I remember that he has spoken of them. I am sure that many felt this. I remember one of my companions saying to me, 'How strange it seems, that whatever subject turns up seems to be just that which he has specially studied!' and while she who said this was one who would have been interested in and done credit to any teaching, I can recall on the other hand the most lively interest awakened by him in minds where it would now seem impossible to evoke a moment's attention for subjects that are not entirely superficial. Something in his presentation of what he gave us united the claim which his subjects had for those who thought much, and for those who thought little. I can hardly describe what it was, except that there was a mixture of the sense of *our* need, and his own occupation with his subjects, that I hardly remember in any one else. He never forgot that he was teaching a set of raw girls—there was nothing unsuitable, nothing of that common mistake of teachers, supposing either interest or knowledge; he always supplied *the whole* of what was necessary to understand and appreciate what he taught us. And yet he always was interested in it himself; he brought his full background of knowledge to those pictures to which he supplied just as much as we needed. I think what

remains with me most in looking back to those lessons is the quickened perception of natural beauty and law which is extremely dim in my own mind, and which I took in through his teaching in the same way that one takes it in from pictures, or the descriptions of a first-rate master. In this way, even where I have forgotten the particular things he said, I have always a vague feeling that I could be interested *at once* in some subjects not naturally attractive to me, because I learnt them from him. His love of nature I think brought me nearer to a love of nature—no part of my own intellectual endowment—than any other influence. Perhaps it was the very fact of its being allied with so much else which does not often belong to the same mind, which made me able to enter into it. I hardly used to care to ascertain what it was that he was announced to teach, I only wished to have things put before me as he saw them. I do not think I can better illustrate the effect, than by saying it always seemed to me like having a candle moved from the front of a transparency to the back of it. Through his teaching one seemed to see the thing as it was meant to be seen.

How well I recall, across the interval of nearly thirty years, the quiet deliberate definiteness of the words, of which I think I may say that I never heard one with inattentive ear—not one used to seem to me superfluous, and not one incomplete. He seemed always reading out of a book open to him (which literally he never did), where everything was familiar and everything in its place. All that he taught of literature seemed as literary as if he knew nothing of science, and when he gave us any lessons in science, one felt

as if that world also had been his exclusive study. I suppose to his great love of knowledge was added a love of teaching, which is not I think often associated with it; and so he was the ideal teacher, and his work, I am convinced, must have been to many what it was to me. I had no special tie with him, and there was nothing to give me pleasure in the lessons that was not common to all his pupils.

I cannot close this recollection without trying to express the effect of the *moral* judgments which came across that calm, deliberate, descriptive teaching now and then, sometimes, though very rarely, with a curious vehemence—always to me with a power that enhanced the repose of his love of nature and of law, and were in their turn set off by it. I am afraid that what I have written is at once diffuse and incomplete. It is the record of the interests which were at once the most healthful and the most lively of these early years. But I know how vain is often the attempt to reproduce them, and only make the attempt at your request. Make any use of it you wish, and believe me, ever affectionately yours,

F. JULIA WEDGWOOD.

In the summer of 1849 he married Ellen, daughter of Thomas Heath, Esq., of Andover, a lady who, like himself, had originally been a member of the Society of Friends and had joined the Church of England.

The following year his first child was born.

During this time he continued at St. Mark's, and was in the habit of lecturing an hour and a half before breakfast every day, besides all his other duties. Over-exertion during these four years under-

mined his strength. Moreover, the house in which he lived was not a healthy one, and he became so dangerously ill that he was forced to resign his position as Vice-Principal of St. Mark's in the autumn of 1850.

He had the heavy trial of losing his first child that winter, at the age of six months.

The fine air of Hampstead, to which he had moved from St. Mark's, and comparative rest from work, restored his health so completely, that he was able to accept the Principalship of Battersea Training College in the spring of 1851.

Under his supervision, Battersea gradually rose to take the first place amongst training colleges, a standing which it has ever since maintained. His influence there is well depicted in the following letter from the present Principal.

January 20th, 1877.

DEAR MRS. CLARK,—You have asked me to give you some account of Mr. Clark's work at Battersea. I gladly comply with your request, though I fear that no account that I could give would do it justice.

When he was appointed Principal, the college was, from various causes, but mainly in consequence of a long interregnum during which there was no Principal, in an unsettled and unsatisfactory condition. Mr. Clark set himself at once to improve the discipline and raise the tone of the college, as the primary and indispensable condition of all other improvement. This end he gradually attained, not so much by the punishment of offences, as by the removal of tempta-

tions, the setting up of counter attractions, and the inculcation of healthy moral and religious principles. In the maintenance of discipline he relied much upon work, method and punctuality; and certainly, the time-table that he drew up for the work of the college left little room for that precise kind of temptation which is usually found for idle hands and idle minds. Every morning in the week, except Sunday morning, the students received a lecture before breakfast; and the whole of every day was well filled up with wisely-devised occupations. He himself gave one of these early lectures three times a week; and his punctuality on these, as on all other occasions, had a most salutary effect on both students and masters. By degrees he gathered round him a staff of able and tried men, who cordially sympathised with him in his aims, and loyally carried out his methods of teaching and discipline; and by the time I became a student, the college had been raised to a high pitch of prosperity and success. There was great competition to get admitted into it, so that there was ampler room than there had been in days gone by for the selection of promising candidates. The discipline was well established; the students were remarkably successful in the government examinations; and the tone that prevailed amongst them was high and pure.

Mr. Clark usually lectured on divinity, Church history and the English language, but, by his close intercourse with his colleagues, exercised a powerful influence upon the whole of the teaching of the college. His lectures were always vigorous, clear, logical and incisive, admirably arranged and illus-

trated, and enlivened by a free and constant interchange of thought with his class. He rarely mentioned a fact, or assigned a reason, or even employed a technical word that was new to his class, without first making sure that they were in need of it; his maxim being that the mind derives little profit from information for which it has no appetite. Whatever his pupils could do for themselves he compelled them to do. Hence he would often stop in his lecture to call upon them to interrogate themselves, and observe for themselves; and in this way, not only was the subject in hand better taught than if they were allowed to be merely passive reservoirs for the receipt of the information which he imparted, but their mental powers were constantly exercised and developed. Indeed, he set far more store on this development of power than on the communication of mere knowledge, however valuable the knowledge in itself might be. Very often we made apparently little headway with the immediate subject of a lecture, and many of us used to think that a great deal of time was wasted in eliciting by questions what might much more expeditiously have been directly communicated to us; but experience has convinced me that his method is the best that can be pursued, when the object of the teacher is rather to train than to teach. Lectures proper, by which I mean unbroken addresses, may be of great service when the audience and the lecturer are on an intellectual level, and the sole object of the lecturer is to convey information or state his opinions; but, in the case of young men, it is far more important that their mental faculties should be cultivated by constant exercise than that

their memories should be stored with knowledge and second-hand opinions. Mr. Clark was pre-eminently a trainer, but he was also an admirable teacher, prompt in perceiving where the difficulties of his pupils lay, and skilful in presenting the difficulties of a complicated subject in the order of their difficulty. The extent and soundness of his knowledge served him in great stead for this purpose. What he knew, he knew well; and his knowledge, no matter, apparently, when acquired, was stored away so carefully as to be producible at a moment's notice.

His lectures on divinity were original, out-spoken and suggestive, and much appreciated by the students. A staunch Churchman of the old school, he stood by the teaching of the Prayer-Book, neither attenuating its significance nor forcing upon it constructions which its originators never contemplated. He discouraged all partisanship, and strongly recommended his pupils, when seeking appointments, to decline to ticket themselves "High" or "Low."

In no subject did his powers as a teacher shine forth to greater advantage than in his lectures on Shakespeare. He had a profound knowledge of our great poet's writings, and a still profounder knowledge of human nature which made him an admirable interpreter of them. He revelled in unfolding the beauty of some fine passage or in the analysis of a character. No one could read a play with him without acquiring an entirely new idea of what reading an author means. In those days English literature did not form so important a part of school and college education as it has since become; but Mr. Clark was an enthusiastic believer in its value as an instrument of culture, and

held that it might prove quite as effective, for that purpose, as the classical literature of Greece and Rome. In connection with this subject, I remember that he strongly recommended the study of our greatest authors before that of the second-rate ones; his reason being that, though the ripest and most highly cultivated mind cannot exhaust the meaning of authors like Shakespeare and Milton, there is enough on the surface of the writings of those great authors to interest and benefit minds incapable of penetrating below the surface. It requires a higher degree of culture to appreciate Gray's 'Odes' than 'Macbeth' or 'Comus.'

He took a great interest in the science and art of teaching, and frequently turned aside in his lectures to consider how the subject that he was handling for young men should be treated when presented to children. Many persons deny that there is such a thing as a science of teaching, but Mr. Clark always held that there were right and wrong ways of teaching every subject, and that the right and the wrong depended on ascertainable principles which it was the business of every thoughtful teacher to find out. He attached much importance to the model lessons given by the students, and made a point of being always present at them. On these occasions it was customary for the whole staff to criticise in turn each lesson, the Principal summing up at the close; and I well remember the eagerness with which we waited for his remarks. He never contented himself with giving a simple opinion of a lesson. He would point out not merely its defects and excellences, but the causes to which these characters were referable, thereby

rendering us a far greater service than if he had confined himself to appraising the particular lesson we had just heard.

I have already said somewhat of the general character of his discipline. We had no impositions, no fines, no gating. The severest punishment inflicted on us, with the exception of actual expulsion, which he rarely resorted to, was a private reproof from him in his library. This we all greatly dreaded. On such occasions he was accustomed to speak very plainly and sternly, going at once to the root of the matter; but I do not think that any of us ever left him after one of these interviews with any feeling of bitterness or anger. He generally wound up his severest rebukes by shaking hands with the offender, and giving him a word of encouragement to keep him from despair. When it is borne in mind that there were about a hundred students in the college, all from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, it is not a little remarkable that so high a state of discipline as was maintained in the college, should have been preserved without any other form of punishment than verbal reproof.

It is true the futures of the students were, to a large extent, in the hands of the Principal, but I do not think that the consideration of remote advantages adequately accounts for the discipline which he established. The secret of it is to be sought in the perfectness of the organisation of the college, the accommodation of the routine to the needs of mind and body, the forcible and practical character of his teaching, and the energy, thoroughness and consistency of his administration. We knew what to expect from him.

It would scarcely be possible for me to exaggerate his influence over his colleagues and his pupils, or the permanent value of his work. He stamped something of himself on everybody with whom he came into contact. Those who did not reproduce his own independence of mind, could not fail to benefit by his teaching, and by his spirit and tone. Many of his pupils have risen to posts of distinction, and would tell much better than I can how deeply they are indebted to him. But the true test of his work is to be found in the extent to which its specific object was realised. Whilst he never forgot that no education was worthy of the name which does not seek to educate the whole man, he never lost sight of the fact that his pupils were specially intended for the work of teachers of elementary Church schools; and the reputation which the college enjoyed under his administration affords conclusive proof that the teachers he turned out satisfied the expectations of those by whom they were engaged. Many hundreds of his pupils who have made no great figure in the world are doing excellent work in the profession for which they are trained; and his influence is in this way being multiplied indefinitely in quarters where human eye cannot follow it. Of few could it be more truly said that 'his works follow after him.'

For my own part, I shall always remember him as 'my guide, philosopher and friend,' ever ready to counsel, to help and sympathise. And I know from the testimony of others that he was quite as much to them. His pupils were never simply pupils to him. He took the liveliest interest in their welfare, and was ever ready to assist them. Even after he resigned

the principalship of the college they continued to consult him, and, as you yourself can testify, no inconsiderable portion of his time was devoted to keeping up his correspondence with them.

The training of teachers is a work which has little romance about it; there is little in it to attract the attention of the world; but, in virtue of its far-reaching influence, it is of vast importance to both Church and State. Mr. Clark took a high view of it, and his great merit was that he devoted himself with heart and soul to attaining his ideal, thereby setting up a standard of excellence which has not been without beneficial effect upon the whole of our training-college system. Whatever he did, he did with his might. This was his favourite precept, and the example he set in acting upon it himself, explains much of the secret of his success.—Believe me to be, dear Mrs. Clark, yours truly.

EVAN DANIEL.

Mr. Clark continued his literary work in leisure moments, preparing large wall maps for the National Society, and writing, amongst other things, several articles for Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary.

At the end of 1851 another boy was given to him, the only one who survived of the four children born at Battersea, and in 1857 the great sorrow of his life befell him in the sudden death of his wife.

The unlooked-for shock, and the breaking up of an unusually happy union and domestic life, wrung his affectionate heart to the very utmost; but to quote from a friend in speaking of this and other bereavements, 'there was always the same calm submission,

the same unswerving faith in the Love which inflicted the stroke, and the same manly vigour in bracing himself not only bravely to bear the sorrow, but to show the fruits of affliction in more earnest work for Christ and unselfish devotion to others.'

During his residence at Battersea he made frequent tours on the Continent with one of his friends, his wife having been too delicate to accompany him.

The entire change of scene and relaxation of thought in the vacation seemed necessary to meet the continuous labour and anxiety of the college terms. In after life he often playfully remarked, 'that one great gain in educational life is, that you are not only not wanted in the vacation, but are much in the way at home, whereas in the charge of a parish the work never ceases, and the anxiety follows you when absent from it.

In 1860 he edited 'Tracts for Priests and People.'

In January, 1862, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. C. Holdsworth.

In the Great Exhibition of 1862 he was one of the judges in the Educational Department. During that and the previous year he was much occupied in committees and consultations on the 'Revised Code.'

His health was again giving way under the pressure of work, the strain that the long illness of his child had brought on him, and the anxiety caused by the unsettled state of the students, who were disturbed by the prospect of a change in the educational system. Consequently, when the living of Bredwardine with Brobury, in Herefordshire, was offered to him, he obeyed the many indications that pointed to a change in his way of life, and resigned the Principalship of Battersea College.

During the seventeen years that he had spent in training young schoolmasters, nearly one thousand had been under his tuition. Among those who consulted him in after years, some who at college had given him much trouble and seemed almost incorrigible, turned out in after life useful and valuable masters, and wrote to him that they owed all under God to his firmness, forbearance, and wise counsels. These acknowledgments, and the consciousness that he had done his work for God and not for man's praise, were his reward in his declining years.

At Christmas, 1862, he entered on the duties of his parish at Bredwardine, one of the loveliest spots on the Upper Wye. Although the work was new to him, and the class of people and their agricultural pursuits different from any with which he had hitherto had to deal, his ready sympathy, his versatile powers, and the heartiness with which he always gave himself up to whatever work he was called to do, enabled him quickly to gain the confidence and win the hearts of his parishioners.

His lively appreciation of beautiful scenery had full scope in a parish which possessed such rare combinations of river, wood, and hills. His enjoyment and observation of the flowers and natural objects that surrounded him were a constant refreshment in hours of relaxation. His habits of work were as regular as when he had more than a hundred students to control. He continued to be one of the examiners for the Society of Arts and for the Oxford Local Examination, in which he had taken an active part from its first establishment.

He became a diocesan inspector by Bishop Hampden's desire in February, 1864, and applied himself energeti-

cally, with the assistance of his co-inspectors, to make the system an efficient one, never relaxing his efforts until the year before his death, when a paid inspector was appointed.

He found old congenial friends located near him in Herefordshire, besides forming new friendships which he much valued. It was an intense pleasure to him to attract his old friends, men eminent in the literary world, from their busy London life in their vacations to enjoy the rest and beauty of his country home, and exchange thoughts on the many subjects of mutual interest. His quick appreciation of humour brightened many a half hour, and readily called forth his cheery laugh.

He had an excellent library, or, as he himself used to describe it, 'a good working library,' consisting of books in many languages and on a variety of subjects. Of these he was a thorough master, and his singular accuracy and variety of knowledge, added to a particularly retentive memory, enabled him at once to lay his hand on any passage he desired.

His genial nature made him peculiarly acceptable and valued in general society, yet it was in his home life that the brightness and unselfishness of his character strikingly shone forth. There he was always cheerful, courteous, and considerate of the feelings of others, including his domestic servants, who were all devotedly attached to him. One of his maxims was: 'He is the best man who adds most to the happiness of others,' and truly on this principle his own life was moulded. He was never impatient of interruptions, but always ready to give his whole attention to the subject brought under his notice. His own sufferings and weariness

were concealed that he might not distress others, and in his hours of recreation the pleasure and companionship of those about him were first considered, and his presence seemed to bring sunshine with it.

His only son, for whom he had an intense affection, was always a source of great anxiety, from the extreme delicacy of his health. It therefore became necessary to carry on his education at home, with the assistance of a tutor and the companionship of other pupils. The utmost watchfulness and care, combined with these advantages, established his health sufficiently to enable him to matriculate at Cambridge in 1872. This was a great delight to his father, who lived long enough to watch him through his university career.

In 1868 Mr. Clark completed the 'Bible Atlas,' with an index by Mr. G. Grove, which was published by the Christian Knowledge Society. Of the Speaker's Commentary he wrote on the book of Leviticus and the latter part of Exodus, also on the prophet Micah. Had his life been prolonged a few months, the prophet Habakkuk would have been added to these.

He was one of those selected to join in the revision of the authorised version of the Old Testament, but his failing health obliged him to decline assisting in a work which had been the life-long desire of his heart.

In 1871 the Bishop of Hereford presented him to the living of Eaton Bishop, where he spent the last three years and a half of his life.

The value of his work there was shown by the depth of the mourning for his loss; one of the farmers of the parish well expressing what was felt by all, 'He was not only our clergyman, he was our friend.'

In the following letter, Sir Edward Strachey has kindly recorded some of his reminiscences.

DEAR MRS. CLARK,—The beginning of my acquaintance, or rather friendship, with your late husband goes back to the winter of 1837–8. I first met him at the house of Mr. Maurice, who was then Chaplain of Guy's Hospital. He wore a Quaker's hat and coat, and used the 'plain language of Friends,' but Mr. Maurice told me that he had at that time made up his mind to join the Church of England. I was from the first evening on which I saw him much struck with his clear, bright, active mind, the variety of his reading and knowledge, his ready sympathy, and the ease, yet modesty, with which he talked of poetry, philosophy and theology—quoting Wordsworth's 'Daffodils' and discussing Sterry's 'Freedom of the Will,' just as he still used to talk in after life. The precise, formal and self-possessed manner of the Quakers he never entirely lost, though he has told me that it was often a mere cloak for extreme shyness, which he felt all the more because he did not show it.

He had become a partner of Messrs. Darton. Mr. Maurice was just entering on what thenceforth became the work of his life, and he now found in Clark an enthusiastic friend and disciple whose business enabled him (though not without having to contend with pecuniary and other difficulties) to print and publish what Maurice had to say upon the Church in 'Letters to a Member of the Society of Friends,' and upon National Education in the 'Educational Magazine,' which had previously been an insignificant periodical belonging to the Messrs. Darton, but which, with

Maurice for its editor, and Clark its publisher, became a journal of no little importance during the controversies of those days.

Having resolved to take orders he went to Oxford, where he had to maintain himself by still carrying on the London business. I remember, when I paid him a visit there, that he showed me proofs of school-books which he was revising and re-editing. Eventually the partnership was dissolved, with an arrangement that he was to have a fixed payment of £150 a year from his late partner, in return for literary work for the house of the kind I have mentioned. And it may be an encouragement to poor students, if I mention that he told me that he made this income meet not only his expenses at the University, but also through the rest of the year.

In the autumn of 1843 he went with me—more for my sake than his own—by sea to Malta, thence to Naples, and again to Malta, whence he went to Greece, rejoined me at Rome, and returned with me to England after another stay at Malta, where we waited for the sailing of *The Queen* man-of-war, in which the captain—a friend of my family—took us home. I was confined to crutches and a sofa, and during the seven or eight months Clark was with me, nothing could exceed his affectionate kindness, consideration, and sacrifice of his own convenience or inclinations to mine. I need hardly say that for a young and active man full of energy, as well as of interest in everything that was to be seen and known in those countries, a constant and considerable sacrifice was needed to enable him habitually to regard the comfort and the wishes of an invalid. If his journal or letters during those months

have been preserved, they will no doubt show his habits of acquiring knowledge of men and places in every direction; and I can say how much his social qualities were then—as always through life—appreciated by the friends he made wherever we were.

Of his ordination, and his work at St. Mark's and at Battersea, others may be able to give more details than I; but none of his friends can have a more lively remembrance than I of the days when we used to visit him in the enjoyment of that fine old house with its garden and trees on the bank of the Thames, to hear his lectures on Shakespeare to the students, to share the society of old and new friends at his table, or, above all, to enjoy his own conversation with himself alone.

Of his active and useful life as a Herefordshire parish clergyman you know more than I do. He was my chaplain when I was sheriff of Somerset in 1864. And our friendship continued uninterrupted to the last, though our opportunities of meeting were not very frequent, and we had passed the age at which any but idle men carry on correspondence on speculative matters.

Clark was a man of deep personal piety; an orthodox, though a liberal clergyman of the Church of England; and not less active and useful in his parishes, and in the diocese in which those parishes lay, than he had been in the colleges of St. Mark and Battersea. Besides his biblical and ecclesiastical learning, which was considerable, there were few subjects of literature or of natural science with which he had not more or less acquaintance. His ready powers of conversation, and his genial and sympathetic temperament in all social relations, made him a general favourite with

ordinary acquaintances, while those who knew him well prized his friendship—ever gentle, affectionate and unselfish as it was—in proportion to their intimacy with him. That Mr. Maurice was one of those intimate friends through life is perhaps the best witness to your husband's worth; of his goodness to myself, and I hope I may add, of my appreciation of it, none know so well as yourself.—I am, my dear Mrs. Clark, very truly yours,

EDWARD STRACHEY.

October, 1878.

In 1868 he had the first serious attack of the illness which seven years later proved fatal. He was some weeks in London under the best surgical treatment, and his cheerfulness and patient resignation greatly tended to his recovery. From that time he could never forget his malady, though his bright activity and unselfishness prevented others from knowing how much he suffered.

In the summer of 1874 he indulged himself with the long-talked-of pleasure of taking his wife and son to Switzerland, hoping that it might be beneficial to the health of all three. During a prolonged sojourn on the Bel Alp, he had much interesting intercourse with Professor Tyndall, Mr. Clark's knowledge of science and physiography making him an acceptable companion. With his own faith firmly built on the One Foundation, and with his thorough freedom of thought, and readiness to consider the boldest speculations, he was enabled to meet the difficulties of scientific men as few clergymen can do.

He gave himself complete rest from study during his tour, which he greatly enjoyed, and it was fondly hoped that it might be the means of prolonging his life.

The following year, however, brought the last fatal attack when on a visit at Cosham in Hampshire, though every hope was at first entertained that the illness might be only temporary.

His constant sufferings were borne with the most remarkable submission and cheerfulness, no word of complaint ever escaping his lips.

The distressing illness was alleviated to the utmost by his devoted and skilful medical attendant, who was a stranger to him up to that time, but who was never weary of speaking to others of the endurance and gentleness of his patient. His niece and her husband, with whom he was staying, were unremitting in their affectionate attention to him, and they thoughtfully anticipated his every wish. His word of warm thanks or his bright smile was ever ready for any little service done for him.

His favourite prayers were the Confession, Lord's Prayer, and Thanksgiving from the Prayer-Book. He enjoyed hearing his nieces play and sing hymns to him in an adjoining room of an evening. He spoke much of his parishioners, and said, 'If it should please God to raise me up again, I shall know better how to teach my people that the lepers and unclean came to their Saviour with nothing but their sores and uncleanness to offer Him.'

Though he had a great power of enjoying life, he never had a dread of death, for which his life had been a daily preparation. When he found his weakness

increasing he said, 'I did not think my work was done, but God knows what is best.' He told his nephew that God had seen fit to deny him the one great wish of his heart from his youth, which was to assist in revising our translation of the Bible.

When all hope of recovery was over, after a night of unconsciousness he became about midday bright and free from pain, and said he must make the most of his time. He proposed to administer the Holy Communion to those about him, including his sister and the relations who had been hastily summoned from a distance. When it was suggested that his strength might not be equal to it, he said, 'Perhaps not, and it is an irregular thing; if a clergyman can be got quickly, I think I shall hold out.'

He employed the interval in taking leave of all, speaking in clear and forcible words to each, and sending messages to absent friends and to his parishioners.

When the vicar arrived, all knelt around him to partake with him of his last communion on earth, his face being lighted up with an unearthly brightness.

A return of unconsciousness in the night brought him very near death, and the Commendatory Prayer was read; but again he revived, though much weaker, and from that time seldom spoke, but always had the sweetest smile ready for any little office done for him.

At the last his breath came gently and slowly, he suddenly opened his eyes and looked upwards, a bright gleam of joy passed over his face, and his spirit was released from its earthly tenement and passed peacefully away to its eternal home on the morning of the 17th of July, 1875.

He was laid to rest in Wymering Cemetery, where within seven months his only surviving child, who had been ordained but a few weeks to the curacy of Godalming, was placed by his side.

ELIZABETH J. H. CLARK.

November, 1878.

MEMORIALS FROM JOURNALS AND LETTERS

OF

SAMUEL CLARK, M.A.

CHAPTER I.

1810–1827.

RETROSPECT OF EARLY LIFE.

FROM MS. book. 11th month, 20th, 1827.—It is now more than six months since I determined on writing my own life. But by that habitual or constitutional indolence which has tainted every action of my life, and that want of decision inherent in boys, I have not done much towards it till the present time, when my reading Foster's Essays a second time revived my inclination towards it.

I learned to read when about six years old, of an old gentleman, whom I shall always remember with gratitude; for I am convinced he must have taken considerable pains, as I remember having been stigmatised with the name of 'dunce' by my infantine acquaintance. Till I was six years and a half old, I can remember no circumstance particularly expressive of my character, or that much influenced my feelings,

but from general vague recollection, I believe I was an indolent dolt, yet, when forced, capable of considerable exertion, excessively obstinate, whose only good qualities were a regularity of temper and a love of truth, which I trust has continued unimpaired, though I blush to confess that my indolence and obstinacy have sometimes overcome it, to escape exertion from one, and not to yield from the other.

When I was six years and a half old I went to Brighton, where I remained a year, in which I learned the rudiments of English grammar, geography, and the popular parts of astronomy from my brother and sister. For the latter science I contracted a love, and made it my hobby for about two years. It was my singular felicity to have, for all this time, but one juvenile acquaintance with whom I much associated; and he was somewhat older than myself, and one whose pursuits were of a most innocent kind.

When I returned from Brighton, I could scarcely write my own name or add two figures together, but had as much general knowledge as most children of my age. I was put to school to T. Graham (now Dr. Graham), whose ill health disabling him, the care of the boys devolved much on his father, a man who could write and cypher; and thus after a year and a half's continuance I left a great dunce of ten, almost able to say the declensions of Latin nouns, write, and work a sum in the rule of three. However, I had acquired some correctness in orthography and some taste for history.

Ten years of age.—From this period I date the commencement of my education; but when I think of the little progress I have made in the last seven years, I

long for a draught of Lethe, that I may begin again, or for some mountebank's youth-producing mill, to set me again at my first entrance through the well-known little black narrow door into John Bullar's schoolroom.*

After going through the Latin grammar I was put into the fifth class, in which I read some fables of Phædrus; then into the fourth, where I read the lives of Miltiades, Cimon, Themistocles, Alcibiades, and Aristides, made myself pretty well acquainted with the elements of Latin, and read Goldsmith's Greece, Rome, and England, which confirmed the love of history, which has gradually increased up to the present time. But astronomy was the science which employed most of my spare time; I made transparencies of the planets from some old band-boxes, read lectures, and with two round bits of wood and a candle, showed the theory of eclipses. Indeed, I passed to my partial auditors for an embryo Newton.

This was the first hobby as nearly as I can remember, and it was in this that I first felt an enthusiastic ardour, which I always feel for the uppermost science. Perhaps this is one of the greatest defects of my mind; I can with difficulty pursue two things at once, and yet am not content to bestow my time on one thing long enough to gain any excellence in it.

In due time I was put into the third class, then reading Cæsar, of which I read three books. From these I first acquired a taste for classical literature. I also commenced geometry, and for a time was enamoured of it; but from the rules of the school not giving scope

* This is the only notice in the journal of his removal from Mr. Graham's school to that of Mr. Bullar.—Ed.

to ambition in that way, I soon turned to the classics again.

Whilst in this class (having laid aside astronomy) I applied myself strenuously to reading; but unfortunately or otherwise, I cannot determine, I gave myself up to my inclination and indulged desultorily, wherever fancy led me. I went through Pope's 'Homer' twice, and my feelings at the first perusal were such as of most boys of warm imagination. I read him by day and dreamed of him by night, and amongst my acquaintance found an Ajax, an Achilles, or an Ulysses. To this I must trace a certain indefinite ambition which has been a ruling trait ever since. In this circumstance I suppose I am not different to many others, perhaps most, who have been introduced to the Mæonian Bard at the age when the mind begins to emerge from childish simplicity, before it is 'awaked to the cold and dull realities of life.' From this also I first determined to learn Greek, though somewhat contrary to the wishes of my friends, wisely considering that as my education could only be imperfect at best, I should not grasp at too much. But I had fancied that to dispositions like mine, the often applied adage of 'too many irons in the fire' was not intended, or *if* intended, misapplied. I also read a great many books of voyages and travels, which I consider only fit for relaxation, as the good derived from them is generally but trifling, in comparison with the time they consume. (Of course in this observation I do not wish to include such as E. D. Clarke's or Belzoni's.)

Eleven years of age.—But what was likely to have been a fatal blow to my education at this time was my going to Brighton. Having shown for a considerable

time before this the symptoms of a weak constitution, change of air and relaxation from school were declared necessary by the medical attendant. I was accordingly, sorely against my inclination, sent to Brighton. The year which I spent there I never think of but with regret. I think I may safely assert, that during the whole time I did not gain two weeks' improvement, except in health and size. Novels and fashionable poetry with Shakespeare's plays filled up my time.

When I came home I was employed for six months in business, still continuing with unabated energy the reading of novels, romances and poetry.

When I returned to school, I found most of my old rivals in the first class, which added shame and emulation to my increased appetite for literature. I read a part of the second and third 'Æneid' in the third class, and in the second the third and fifth, and retranslated Cicero's oration, 'Pro Lege Manilia;' this was an exercise of which I am sorry I had no more, read Pope's and Cowper's 'Homer' with some historical works, &c.

Three months after my return to school I was put into the first class, where I read the pure odes of the first three books of Horace, and in the last six months learned Greek and read 200 lines of Homer.

I was now thirteen and a half years of age, fully anticipating some profession; but I was wanted at home in my father's business, and was taken abruptly from school.

As this was the commencement of my present way of life, and as the subsequent changes in my character or intellect have been entirely the result of ordinary circumstances, such as a new acquaintance, the reading of a book, or caprice, I shall make some remarks on my

character at that time, as far as my judgment and memory assist me.

My knowledge was rather extensive for my age, and my taste had been refined by reading. I had commenced a great many books that I never finished, which arose not from fickleness, but a desire to know or rather appear to know a great deal. The short time I was at school, together with my obstinacy and being disappointed, excited an insatiable thirst for knowledge, which time has somewhat modified.

I had a great love of classical literature, and my knowledge of Latin was respectable.

My love of learning and natural love of approbation, and having but little literary intercourse, produced a hateful degree of pedantry, which for two years almost prevented my associating with any one who was not classical.

I was very fond of poetry, which began to be powerful at the time when we begin to look at the other sex with a more intellectual feeling.

These were my leading qualities as nearly as my judgment goes—obstinacy, indolence, a love of truth, pedantry, a general love of knowledge, romance, and a dislike of secular engagements.

I was placed in my father's business, to change Horace and Virgil for ledgers and day-books, and dactyls, spondees, and iambuses for pounds, shillings, and pence. For three months I fully expected to return to school, and was therefore content to stick to business; but when I found there was no hope of this, I determined to pursue literature in some way or other, but having no one to guide me or advise me, I pursued no regular plan of study. At the time I was fourteen I

became acquainted with J. R. A., a surgeon, who was rubbing up his Latin with Davidson and Smart. Though he is a character for whom I can have little respect, I have some reason to be grateful to him, for I had, before this, been contented to account for my literary inactivity by the common plea 'want of time;' but he by precept, not by example, taught me that the *animus bene compositus* would always find time for its improvement. He abounded with the apophthegms of Johnson and the similes of Addison, and with these he used to correct in me what he was unable to do himself. Upon the whole, though his pedantry increased my own, his acquaintance was of some value to me.

I began Horace again and read the first book. Then I read the 'Æneid,' which took me two years, from the unsteady state of my mind from fourteen to sixteen.

I had not proceeded long before ambition to outdo my chirurgical friend prompted me to begin Hebrew, to which I paid my sole attention for some time, entirely neglecting everything else. I did not read much of the Hebrew Bible, but attended more to critical passages and general Biblical subjects. But an acquaintance commencing between me and a certain German, a most profound classical scholar, it awoke the classic fire for a while slumbering within me. As he was not over scrupulous and I was thoughtless, I spent and enjoyed many Sabbath evenings and afternoons in listening to his animated conversations on the beauties of Homer and Sophocles, or his vivid descriptions of the Parthenon or Coliseum.

I finished the 'Æneid,' and read Sallust, Horace, some books of Livy, the 'Germania' of Tacitus, and some orations of Cicero.

It was about this time that I began to think seriously of religion. I read a great many devotional books, particularly Witherspoone's Essays and Sermons.

I also read Watts's 'Logic' and on the 'Improvement of the Mind,' Beattie on 'Truth,' Paley's 'Evidences,' Gisborne's 'Natural Theology,' many historical works, &c.

I had during all the time since leaving school kept scientific pursuits in view, for I had still not given up the hope of some other way of life. I became acquainted with a surgeon of our society, who made me a liberal and kind offer of apprenticeship. Knowing that it would be of no use to ask my father's consent immediately, I was contented to leave the matter for some months, during which I paid my sole attention to chemistry and anatomy. But suffice it to say, my father refused, and I was constrained to become a man of business.

This was a severe disappointment, and for some time produced a kind of apathy, which prevented my entering cordially into the station allotted to me, or improving my mind; but almost eight months ago, a conversation with my father reconciled me, and I have so continued ever since.

CHAPTER II.

1827-1833.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL—SELF-EDUCATION.

12th month, 14th, 1827.—Having never before this laid myself under any kind of rules for conduct or study, and believing that such would be both useful and agreeable, I have been induced to make the following, trusting that through the assistance of Providence, I may be able to keep strictly to them till the Quarterly Meeting of 1828, when they are to be renewed or altered in such a way as my increased age or other circumstances may require.

To be read per diem:

I. Not less than forty verses of the Greek Testament, with Campbell's 'Notes on the Gospels,' and Doddridge on the Epistles, &c., Sabbaths excepted.

II. Not less than fifty verses of Homer, Sabbaths excepted.

III. Not less than one chapter of Tacitus.

IV. Not less than six verses of the Hebrew Bible every Sabbath.

I. Business being a special duty, and literature only of secondary importance, always rather to neglect the latter than the former.

II. Never to break the order of the above rules of study, nor read nor gossip till they are complied with.

III. To keep a critique of each day and a summary every week.

IV. Every second day to make my portions for the ensuing week.

*Deo volente.**

1st month, 6th, 1828.—Was very indolent in the morning; my thoughts were wandering in the morning meeting. Somewhat better in the afternoon; read part of Barclay's Prop. Conc., the blood and body of Christ; feel my doubts on that subject rather abated. In the evening went *incog.* to Adtkin's, and heard a good discourse addressed to youth. I felt regret at doing anything contrary to my father's wishes; but yet I trust it has not been useless, as it has confirmed my opinion of silent worship, that 'God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth;' it was a place and a time of instruction, and perhaps of profit, but not of worship. Afterwards read five verses of Hebrew.

13th.—Read twenty verses of Hebrew; fifty-four Greek Testament. Finished the proof of Barclay. Stayed at home all day, except meeting, where my thoughts were far from what they ought to be. Find all my doubts concerning the eucharist and baptism removed.

3rd month, 15th.—This week has fully exemplified the salutary effect of rules, and, however irregularly preserved, I have great reason to be grateful for the

* He had no time for study except by rising early, snatching half hours from his meals, and returning to his books when the business of the day was over at eight o'clock in the evening. The weekly half-holiday, now so frequent, was then unknown.—Ed.

strength and other olessings which I have received, whilst I regret my negligence of religious duties; in all other respects may this week be a pattern for my future life.

9th month, 11th, 1829.—It is now more than a year since I left off living by rule and keeping a journal. Since then, as well as before, I have had to look back on resolutions made, only to be broken, foolish regrets, cowardly despair of improvement, and absurd hopes. I feel rather disposed to blame the neglecting those rules made in the beginning of 1828, to their being improperly formed. I am at least certain that I was far too confident in my own strength. I now trust that I shall henceforth lead a new life, devoted to my duty in all things. May I more and more remember the importance of bridling my tongue and striving against indolence.

O most merciful Father, who hast thus far on my pilgrimage through life supported me with innumerable mercies, who hast borne with my coldness and ingratitude, and still continued Thy blessings from day to day, who hast in infinite goodness given me to see the necessity of a change of life and a humble dependence on Christ Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; O do Thou be pleased to give me Thy blessing in the resolutions that I have formed. Sanctify every feeling of my heart, and enlighten me to perceive and strengthen me to withstand the snares of the devil, that I may indeed live to glorify Thee in every good word and work.

Thou hast declared that Thou wilt be inquired of, though Thou knowest what we need before we ask it. O grant most merciful Father, next to a pious and

prayerful state of mind, to preserve me in a conscientious and diligent discharge of the duties of life. In the results of all, may I be resigned to Thy holy will. I ask Thee not for an exemption from the difficulties of life, but for strength and wisdom to overcome them, and for that spirit which would receive them with gratitude as the friendly warnings of a parent to flee from the wrath to come.

Preside over all my studies, and may they all ultimately tend to Thy glory; more especially open Thou my understanding of the sacred Scriptures. If it please Thee to grant me success, let me not be puffed up, but let me be grateful to Thee for it.

Grant that I may not too much in my own will fix my affections. Should it please Thee that I should be disappointed, preserve me from every feeling of ingratitude or anything which would be contrary to Thy holy will.

O Thou, who desirest not the death of a sinner, warm the coldness of my heart, strengthen its weakness, and still its turbulent doubts, that my path may be that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day. Amen.

10th month, 15th.—I yet hope that my resolutions have benefited me, and if they have been deficient in influencing my practice, they have, like the index of a barometer, showed my deviations from the right path.

I have been miserably deficient in prayer and religious feeling of every kind, I fear I am increasingly so.

10th month, 21st (fourth day).—I felt very stupid and inanimate all day; perhaps affected by the weather. Once tried to believe with Johnson, that it was beneath

a man to be under the influence of the most changeable thing in nature; but if there be a state exempt from it, I fear I shall not easily attain it. Wrote for 'Hampshire Miscellany.'

1st month, 3rd, 1830.—The commencement of another year has led to a retrospect of the past, of which a contemplation of the errors gives but a gloomy prospect of the future. I have made and broken hundreds of resolutions and endless schemes of reform, but I doubt whether I have completely eradicated a single bad quality or acquired a good one in such a way as to last.

Business, except at intervals, is still irksome and unmethodical; my plans of study are in the same desultory state as formerly, and religion occupies but very little more of my time.

But from amongst this gloomy ruin of exploded designs and broken resolutions a phœnix has arisen, not, I trust, like the fabled bird of Arabia, to live a thousand years, and then meet the same dissolution as its predecessor, but after supporting and directing me through life with its chastening influence, to form the groundwork of that happy existence which is to last an eternity.

However incongruous it may seem to the aspiring and unsubdued feelings of youth which now occupy my mind the greater part of my time, my experience in the better moments of sober thought convinces me that our first failures in attempting excellence, though they may arise from our own folly, or even fault, might, when properly used, prove for our ultimate good. In our present state of being we are beset with temptations, and moral excellence too easily acquired

would most probably give us a self-sufficiency but little congruous with the character of a Christian. But our merciful Creator has so ordained it, that while our exertions are sufficiently rewarded to encourage us to proceed, our inability is ever so presented to our view, that our only suitable appeal for Divine assistance must be, 'Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner.'

2nd month, 3rd.—Finished the 'History' of Tacitus, which I hardly like as well as the 'Annals.' His genius seems more fitted for the conciseness of the one than the (sometimes affected) copiousness of the other.

2nd month, 6th.—Finished the dialogues 'De Oratoribus,' which I have read with much pleasure. Read much from Malcolm, Prideaux's 'Universal Hist., &c., on the Magi,' and entered into the debate on 1 John v. 7, 8, and think it spurious. I humbly propose to renew my resolutions and increase my diligence in business; also to improve my French and Latin composition, and write some Greek Ex. Read the 'Anabasis' and Cicero 'De Fin.,' after which to re-peruse the authors I have read. In the mornings, before breakfast, Hebrew, mathematics, or moral philosophy.

It is singular that the vital doctrine of our society should not teach its members the advantages of frequent solitude. *When properly used*, its effects on the mind must certainly be to fit it for a most profitable intercourse with our fellow men. But I am far from thinking that by seeking it, we actually avoid temptation. Our Lord's command is as necessary to the ascetic, as to one surrounded with the busy cares of life—'Watch.' As the 'reign of heaven' is within us, so may the reign of hell be, and quite as independent of the showy apparatus of the world.

3rd month, 21st.—Last week, 10 cap. Cic. 'De Fin.;' 4 cap. Xenoph. 'Anab.;' 7 p. 'Elegant. Lat.;' 6 prob. Euclid. Done with Malcolm's 'Persia'—a poor thing. 40 verses Hebrew.

3rd month, 28th.—I have been induced, rather unwillingly, to become Secretary to the Mechanics' Institute, which has occupied much of my spare time. I hardly know what to think of it, but hope it is all for the best.

4th month, 11th, 1830 (Good Friday).—In the morning much enjoyed a trip to Netley with I. D. These opportunities, when sanctified by pious feeling, are oases in the wilderness of life. Not that my life deserves to be called a wilderness as to my own enjoyment (though it may as to its unfruitfulness), but the contrast may be thus expressed. In the afternoon had some, I trust, profitable conversation with some poor old people at Swathling.

4th month, 18th.—I wish to be grateful for the view which I have had of the Epicurean unworthiness of my motives to attain moral excellence. And still more so, for its having increasingly impressed me with the necessity of my Saviour's atonement.

I *humbly* propose to begin the historical course which I have so long contemplated, and which I hope will give some degree of fixity to my pursuits, with two months of the beginning of 1831.

7th month, 11th.—I spent the greater part of last week in the Isle of Wight, two days of which I expended in examining Alum Bay, and the parts adjacent. I saw and heard much to instruct and gratify.

Self-cultivation has hitherto been little besides a painful conflict to me. I almost fear that I have

gained nothing. But I yet hope. Much of my want of success may be ascribed to an erroneous estimate of things, into which I have not been the first to fall. I have been more ready to value myself on what I can do, than what I do; on what I have read, than what I have learned; and in religion, on what I know, than what I feel.

I shall not much longer enjoy those immunities generally granted to the errors of youth, but shall have my part to act on the stage of life without a prompter. A time is approaching in which I may expect my habits to be in some degree fixed, and in which those habits will be of the utmost importance. I do not mean to say that great changes of character may not be produced after the age of twenty-one, but in a large majority of cases I think the first years preceding that are those in which the character forms, and we acquire those habits which decide our future life.

I hardly know how to appreciate the circumstances by which I am now thrown into active life. Perhaps I shall not be far from the truth in supposing that it is in my power to make them blessings or curses. To discharge all the duties which are set before me, nothing will do but the most habitual and precise self-denial, a constant watchfulness against my old snare of indolence, and a scrupulously methodical arrangement of my exertions as to the comparative importance of my several pursuits.

I shall probably be constrained to indulge less in literary pursuits, and to lower the standard which I have long looked upon as the object of my hopes. But I trust I shall feel what I have not yet done,

though I have often expressed it, that learning is no use any further than it influences the religious and moral state.

7th month, 4th.—I could have wished that I had to take a more active part in the vineyard of the Lord, but it is more than likely that the fault is all my own. I trust I shall be found at my post when the Lord again calls, though I know that hitherto I have been terribly deficient.

10th month, 4th, 1830.—I went to Portsmouth, to attend an anti-slavery meeting, which I enjoyed.

In the few months that elapsed between my discontinuing my former journal and the beginning of this, a circumstance occurred which I do not feel disposed to pass over in silence. A considerable series of broken resolutions, and a real or fancied increase of desultory habits, had much impressed my mind, and induced me to doubt whether God was willing that His creatures should be exempt from sin in this life. Two ministering friends had an opportunity with my niece, M. P., and myself, in which one of them dwelt a great deal on the love of God to man, and after a most impressive silence he rose from his seat, and taking me by the hand, said, in a peculiarly emphatic manner, 'As far as the east is from the west, so shall transgression be from thee, if thou obey the Lord thy God.' At the same time bursting into tears. I believe I experienced much peace through the instrumentality of this expression.

10th month, 14th.—I cannot feel that I have yet felt the influence of Divine light. Sometimes I fear that the call has gone forth and I was deaf,—that the light has shined, but the darkness of my heart did not

comprehend it. But I do now and then approach in sincerity of soul the throne of Him who has declared, 'him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' When I think of Christ's goodness, I can truly say I love Him; but, strange to say, I do not think of Him again till some stated period, or wayward association of thoughts, brings Him to my mind; and in the meantime I am entirely under the tyranny of earthly motives. When I feel love or gratitude to some poor fellow-mortal, I like to dwell on the theme, and my thoughts spontaneously rest upon it; but my love and gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, which I may do myself the justice to say is sincere, is continually slipping out of mind, and seldom fails to give way to any paltry topic of the moment which may happen to present itself.

A circumstance * occurred last week in which I was honoured when I did not seek it, and in a way I did not expect. I believe it has opened an extensive field of usefulness for me, and is what I actually aimed at six years ago, which shows that my views were not *romantic*, as they were then termed by some one to whom, in the folly of youth, I mentioned them.

O that I could feel that the Lord was my counsellor, and that I could completely yield myself to His guidance, and say, 'Lord, do with me as seemeth good unto Thee!'

11th month, 28th.—The week before last I was much engaged in getting up a lecture on geology, which I delivered before the Mechanics' Institute last second day. It was a severe trial for me to come forward in so public a manner, and had it not been for

* No doubt a request to lecture at the Mechanics' Institute.—Ed.

the repeated solicitations of those whom I esteem, I doubt whether my love of approbation would have prevailed to have induced it. The public papers and my friends (I may say all whom I care about pleasing in this way) have been kind enough to praise my performance. I trust I shall not be weak enough to be puffed up.

12th month, 5th.—I have of late thought much on the divinity of our Saviour. It seems to me that the reasonings of the worldly-wise on this subject are as absurd as if the Israelites had continued smarting under the fatal sting of the fiery serpents, foolishly asking themselves why the sight of the brazen serpent should heal them. I have had much anxiety about a friend whom I esteem in no ordinary degree. His advanced years and great experience embitter my feelings on this subject. May he yet live to feel the redeeming effect of the blood of the Lamb of God, and to know that his own righteousness is but as filthy rags! When I see such unassuming and active benevolence, and almost every quality which makes a man estimable, I cannot but indulge a lively hope of his final acceptance; though it may please the Lord long to leave the veil over his mind.

1st month, 2nd, 1831.—As to my intellectual progress, I have every reason to think that I have not been idle, and that I have made respectable advancement, considering my disadvantages. I have been less influenced by a desire for literary fame than I was some time ago. I can with some satisfaction say that I have proceeded more from a desire not to allow that inclination to learn with which I am endowed to be spent in vain, and that I have prayed and hoped that my attainments

may be for the benefit of mankind and the glory of my Creator. I allow myself to feel the more fully on this head, because I believe many suffer their talent, because it is only one, to lie in a napkin, and consider that less exertion is required where less is given. Less *success* may be required, but we are all bound to do our utmost, and shall still be unprofitable servants.

There are few perhaps who would be ready to give up the blessings of being a member of an affectionate family; but it is a situation little suited for intellectual or even moral cultivation. Certain amiable qualities, by no means without their use, are engendered, but the times of meditation and study are debarred or restricted, and to some dispositions there is a danger of becoming enervated and losing that independence which is required in one who has a part to act in life. In avoiding these evils as far as they are to be avoided, you run the peril of becoming or appearing churlish and morose.

As for my expenditure (of which I must say but little to-day), I must make an alteration and not be so selfish. I might do at least twice as much as I do in charity.

5th month, 22nd.—Last fifth day was my twenty-first birthday; a period of my life to which I have long looked forward with a kind of awe, and which I had hoped would have marked a decided improvement in my character; but it has passed without anything worthy of remark, perhaps only to give way to some future era of my existence, on which I may indulge the same hopes and experience a similar disappointment.

5th month, 29th.—I have just had a sitting with two ministering friends in company with my parents. They

each of them said something singularly applicable to the state of my mind, and would that I could often recall the feelings which I then enjoyed! However much my good desires may be at times impeded by passions and diverted by the vain pursuits of earthly things, it is now my fervent, my very fervent wish to give up all for the service of the Lord. It seems to me that if I knew how to please Him, I could give up all for His sake, and I trust the feeling has of late increased in earnestness and frequency.

6th month, 26th.—I sometimes, perhaps always when I think on myself at all, think that I have a part to act in society in some respects different from most at least, or from all my acquaintance. Whether the impression is true or false, it remains for futurity to disclose: whether it ought to be encouraged or not is only to be known from a closer process of thought, or a clearer illumination than has yet occurred to me. In either case, I shall not do wrong while I am careful that my day's work keeps pace with the day, even if I am under a *temporary* delusion.

7th month, 10th.—My habits of business are improved, and with satisfaction I can say that the improvement has taken place from circumstances permitting me more fully to follow my own plans. On the whole, it would savour more of discontent than wisdom to be discouraged by the late progress of my character. When I compare myself with what I know I ought to be, I can probably see more deficiency than I could a year ago; but when with what I was at that time, I trust that I have a grateful satisfaction in feeling that I am improved.

9th month, 11th.—The evidence of the truth of

Christianity derived from the fulfilment of prophecy is like the unrolling of a picture containing many and various forms. We perceive a spot of light here and one of gloom there; in one place a part of a tree, in another of a human figure. But we can distinguish nothing perfectly. We see enough to gladden and refresh the eye of faith, but not to confound the sneer of scepticism. As time advances the glorious whole will be unfolded, and we shall then know to the confirming of our belief, and the enemies of Christ will know to their eternal shame, that He who hath spoken can also fulfil; that the word of the Lord shall not return unto Him void.

I yet trust that I may one day realise the state of being of which I have conceived. If I do not know one of my acquaintance which I can altogether take as my model in this pursuit, and if I do not know that one *exists*, I cannot read the commands of Scripture, in connection with the promises of Divine aid, without believing (and that firmly) that the creature of my mind is to be realised. However much I may feel my present deficiencies and faults, I should not do right without declaring to myself that perfection and the *utmost* benefit to my fellow-creatures are my objects of pursuit, and if the love of man's praise sometimes excites me, it is oftener absorbed in a purer motive. At the same time I feel that I can only lay claim to this better state of feeling when I deliberately and dispassionately ask myself what I intend to be or to do; a great portion of my actions are performed under the influence of a momentary impulse, without a principle which has existed an hour, or a design beyond the next hour to come.

The apostle said, 'I can do *all* things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

9th month, 18th.—My reading has been irregular and desultory. Chiefly 'Aids to Reflection,' which I persist in out of respect to F. D. Maurice, whom I esteem more than I do his favourite Coleridge.

From what I can collect, he blames Locke and his followers for not proceeding by the inductive method, when they only pretend to investigate and classify the actual development of mind; while he and his transcendental brethren determine *à priori* that the mind is divided into two parts, the *reason* and the *understanding*. The first is the faculty which perceives truth intuitively, and which is susceptible (though unconsciously) of communications from the Deity. By it we perceive and believe the truths of Christianity, and faith is the consequence. Christianity is not to be proved, but only to be believed. *Understanding*, he defines, *the faculty which judges according to the sense.* The brutes enjoy it in common with us, and our intellectual part and theirs depend on the exercise of the same faculty. He might perhaps have mentioned a circumstance which seems to me to corroborate the idea of our intellectual part, taken in its lowest sense, not surviving death; the decay of the understanding of old men.

Instinct is plainly distinguished from the human understanding by the absence of the capacity for improvement, as Montgomery has beautifully said,

'The nightingale who dwelt in Adam's bower.'

If you instruct an animal in any art which may add to its sources of gratification, that animal will be unable to communicate it to another. While cultivation

may bring, in the course of a few generations, the half-naked Pelasgi to the polished Athenians, the bees who made honey for the heroes of Homer built their cells with the same architectural skill as those which now live at Belbins.

At the same time, there are some things in the conduct of animals which exhibit an astonishing proximity to the processes of human thought. All that Huber relates of ants and bees seems to be the result of a care to the immediate benefit of themselves or their community. But my dog 'Oscar' certainly performed the following act from a noble motive. He was left with an infant who could just crawl, in a room which opened at the top of a flight of stairs. The infant was going as fast as he could on all fours towards the stairs, when, just as he was on the brink, the faithful dog was seen to take him by the clothes and gently draw him back to the middle of the room. The child made another attempt to approach the stairs, but 'Oscar' prevented him by putting his paw under him and turning him over on his back.

When a dog saves a person from drowning, he sees signs of distress. Now, in this instance there was no sign of distress, and why should he have quietly let the other children go down stairs without the least opposition?

4th month, 8th, 1832.—I never come to this journal without wishing that I could be conscious of some immutable standard, like the level of the sea to those who measure the elevation of mountains, by which I might try my conduct at different periods of my life. The alterations which take place in my appreciation of myself from increasing age may be in some measure

allowed for, and my judgment may be formed accordingly; or where this cannot be done, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the error arises from no fault of mine. But those fluctuations of feeling which are occasioned by what others have said or done, are with more difficulty accounted for, and when I am in part conscious of being blinded by them, it will often happen that I am unable to remove the veil.

4th month, 15th.—Last week I went to the monthly meeting and quarterly meeting at Poole. Contrary to my expectation I shall go (D.V.) to the yearly meeting, as I am appointed representative.

As to my reading during the last three years, I seem to myself like a bee who was frightened off from a flower of which he was sipping the honey, and in rising from it saw so many of equal beauty or equal richness that he is unable to settle on any one again. It is not that I could not find a pursuit which I should love above all other, but external circumstances lead me one way, and inclination attracts me another. I should enjoy to fix on Biblical criticism and history, and at least to complete my prescribed course of the classics, but I cannot give up chemical science. I trust, however, my old favourites will still take the lead.

Jersey, 6th month, 23rd.—After such a long time of change and dissipation, I feel an increased love of the quiet at home, and most sincerely do I wish to have a few weeks of the monotonous tranquillity which use has rendered agreeable to me.

This morning read the 'Sermon on the Mount' with much delight and I trust profit—worthy of a life of study. After morning meeting went to a recess on

Gallows Hill, fine bold view, and read Book I. of Milton. More delighted with it than ever, particularly invocation—Satan's rising from the pool—raising the standard, and description of Satan. Don't admire altogether the devil-gods, nor the shrinking of the devils *ad fin.* No writer improves more on acquaintance than Milton.

7th month, 22nd.—Last first day I returned from Guernsey, after an absence of a month.

I visited all the Druidical remains of which I could hear in either island, and some interesting geological localities.

7th month, 30th.—My plan of study is more rational than it was, and I think I am improving more quickly. I have hitherto endeavoured too exclusively to get through a certain portion of reading without making the most of it. I hope shortly to practise composition more regularly.

Read some anti-slavery tracts; much occupied with the business of the society. It would be conducive to our happiness, and probably to our virtue, if we cultivated a habit of mind never to be depressed at events over which we could exercise no control; and, although we might indulge in sympathy with the afflicted, not at any time to lose sight of the sources of happiness and comfort which surround us, so as to preserve our feelings from being as it were mixed up with the troubles of those with whom we may have intercourse.

These considerations may appear selfish; but he is certainly qualified to add most to the stock of human happiness who constantly keeps possession of his own heart, and does not suffer it to be disqualified for action

by a load of sorrow as fruitless to him for whom it is felt, as to him who carries it. By being happy himself, and by showing to others that he is so, he contributes to an indefinite extent to spread happiness around him; whilst on the contrary, the one who suffers anxiety to prey on his mind and manifests it to his family and friends, relieves no one by so doing, and becomes burdensome to those who are obliged to be in his company.

A person possessed of mawkish sympathy is well described by Coleridge:

'With feelings all too delicate for use.'

It cannot be pure benevolence which, for the sake of an erring or distressed brother or sister, would become wearisome to beings whose enjoyment he ought to increase, without rendering the more assistance to the one he pities, merely for the sake of showing he possesses a quality which is not virtuous further than it is useful.

The encouragement of a constant feeling of gratitude to God, and of acquiescence in the designs of His providence, is an infallible antidote to that tendency to anxiety which, in our family, makes more uneasiness than any other cause.

8th month, 12th.—5th, 6th and 7th days I spent in the Isle of Wight. I took some delightful and active trips to Alum, Caldwell, and Totland Bays, which have improved my health and added to my stock of geological knowledge and specimens.

I do not suppose that it is desirable we should be blind to the faults of our friends; but we ought to look at them with generosity and forbearance. They

may have many faults which we do not possess; but where is the person who has not virtues which we have not? In speaking to others concerning our acquaintances, we should never ascribe virtues to them which we do not know to exist, nor deny faults which may be *justly* laid to their charge. But we should save ourselves much uneasiness by never advancing anything to their disadvantage, although it may be true, if there is no possibility of its doing good.

9th month, 16th.—Advanced a little in algebra, which I think I shall find instructive, to inure my mind to a more patient and regular attention to particulars.

I have been much engaged in making preparations for a reading-room for the mechanics. I cannot satisfactorily decide on one or two particulars of the proposed plan. If it be for no other consideration but to avoid exciting the prejudice of the many who know nothing about Mechanics' Institutions, politics and debate ought to be kept out. But yet it is very desirable to supply the working class with a newspaper away from the public-house; and if we exclude debate, we must exact silence. Without conversation, and perhaps without newspapers, I fear that such a room would not be sufficiently attractive. I hope we may deliberate till we get at the right system, for I should regret if it might be said of the scheme, '*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*'

I frequently wish that I could be more employed as an instrument in spreading the gospel of peace. May I be prepared to act when God may be pleased to make me His messenger! I do not see that I could give up what little I do in attempting to better the moral condition of the poor without a dereliction of

duty, and I trust I may be enabled to continue it in a constant state of watchfulness for the Divine command, if it ever please the Lord of the harvest to make me a labourer.

There is no man who may not, in the retrospect of almost any day of his existence, call to mind instances of resolutions rashly made and weakly broken; of inconveniences which prudent foresight might have prevented; of giving way to inclination or passion, against which watchfulness might have strengthened him to prevail; of duties entirely neglected or else delayed beyond the time in which they ought to have been performed, from which he may deduce principles for the improved regulation of his future conduct. Or perhaps he may recollect the result of some successful experiment in the management of himself; or a fortunate casualty may have brought to light some method by which his labours would be lessened and his usefulness or his happiness increased, which, if not remembered shortly after their occurrence, may pass into oblivion, when their being made the foundation of practical principles might have been of infinite advantage to him. There could not be a day which would not present innumerable mercies to prove the care which our Divine Creator takes of His rational creatures; or in which schemes, undertaken with all the intellect and attention we can bestow or conceive them to require, would not terminate in a way contrary to our expectation, and only to be accounted for by supposing it to be the will of the Deity. By a due contemplation of these particulars, our faith and love will be invigorated and warmed, and we shall then retire to our rest as into the arms of an affectionate parent, and

turning our attention away from this world and its cares, we shall feel that holy confidence and security, as though God in His omnipotence was saying over us, 'Touch not Mine anointed.'

1st month, 13th, 1833.—The leading error of my life is a very common one. I put off doing that which I know must be done till I am obliged to do it, when I might (as perhaps always happens) have done it before with greater advantage.

This is principally occasioned by my not sufficiently discriminating between *engagements of duty* and *engagements of choice,* the latter of which often occupy that portion of my time which should be devoted to the first. Hence arise other evils besides the neglect or postponement of duty; it renders me undecided in my habits of acting, and what is of still greater importance, my want of self-command in other particulars becomes greater by indulgence in this, and I then become vexed and dissatisfied with myself, a state of mind which to me is the most dangerous of any. This temptation is the more effective, because the giving way to it at the time often appears venial. If I am not enabled to overcome this wretched weakness, I shall be all my life the same victim of vacillation and indolence which I have hitherto been.

3rd month, 3rd.—In learning a language, the most effectual way of proceeding is to endeavour to find out the cast of thought of the inhabitants of the country in which it was spoken, which is to be done only by making ourselves acquainted with their manners, customs and peculiarities. We are then in some degree enabled to place ourselves in the situation of natives, and the acquisition of the language will

be facilitated in more ways than can readily be conceived of.

It is impossible to appreciate the chief beauties of a language, such in particular as its aptitude to express by direct and appropriate expressions the conceptions of the mind, without a tolerably complete knowledge of it.

It is the same in regard to any set of opinions, moral or religious, of which we would know the truth. Every one who inquires thoroughly must enter into the whole subject with the inquisitive tractability of a pupil as well as the dignified impartiality of a judge: he must endeavour to divest the tenets of teachers of what is merely peculiar phraseology, and studiously seek out what the original founder intended that his disciples should understand.

Comparatively few men, even of those who are of serious and decided character, ever do this in two distinct sets of opinions. The time and pains required for it, and the shame consequent to a change of opinion, as well as a natural prejudice in favour of first conclusions, generally fortify the mind in the notions it may have first conceived.

What infidel ever inquired after the truth of Christianity by a candid and patient examination of the Bible? What inquirer ever commenced his investigations by so doing and ended by becoming an infidel?

The study of Christianity, *as it rests on its own merits*, is more needful than the study of any other set of opinions can possibly be. The strongest proof of the divine origin of the Bible is, that it is the only book in the world which explains certain moral phenomena

of our minds, and all its dictates are especially adapted to them in a way which cannot be expressed, and can only be conceived of by those who study it with patient and honest attention.

4th month, 21st.—If there be one word which is capable of expressing the whole of our duty in its relation to the motive from which it must be discharged, that word is gratitude. The want of duly considering, or cordially assenting to the importance of cultivating a grateful habit of thought, is the cause of an incalculable amount of unhappiness in the world; and in regard to those who for the most part endeavour to act rightly, I am disposed to think there is no other mental deficiency which gives them so much anxiety, and deprives them of so much useful and praiseworthy happiness, as the habitual oversight of this truth. Paul places the gratitude to God of him who receives, amongst the blessed fruits of almsgiving: 2 Cor. ix. 12.

5th month, 19th.—*Very much* engaged, almost to a maximum. I had not time for my usual walks, of which I feel the effects on my health. A little of Cicero 'De Nat.,' *well studied*, a little algebra, Johnson's 'Rasselas.' My advancement has been of a solid and certain character. I have not been so much as usual influenced by the silly fallacy of *reading* a great deal, instead of *learning* something.

CHAPTER III.

1834–1835.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—TOUR—SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

3rd month, 30th, 1834.—I spent two evenings with I. S. Buckingham. He is entertaining without wit, and instructive without depth. His 'forte is description,' and in that he has a singularly happy, simple, graphic power.

4th month, 6th.—During the past week I have been much engaged, so as to produce a somewhat distracting effect on my mind. I have attended Buckingham's lectures, and have spent some time in company with Elizabeth Fry, a woman whose character is instructive, because she enjoys everything which ought to be enjoyed, and yet effects a great deal. She has an inimitable dignity and simplicity of manner, which makes every one love and respect her.

4th month, 13th.—Wrote and delivered to the Phrenological Society a paper on temperaments, which was very kindly received. It contained a few original and not useless thoughts, mixed with many crudities, put together very hastily.

6th month, 1st.—This is about the time which I had long ago fixed upon for two important acts, and

I hope one will be done and the other commenced before this day week.

One is the resignation of the secretaryship of the Mechanics' Institution, which I have held for nearly five years. I first undertook the office with those mixed and uncertain views that fill up the mind of an enthusiastic lad of nineteen. On good grounds, valuing the object for which the Institution was formed; proud of the distinction of the appointment, ignorant, and sincerely doubting of my powers, but full of hope of all kinds, I did my best, I scarcely knew why, till the duties of the station began to grow irksome, which was perhaps two years after I undertook it. From that time I have done what I have done with singleness of purpose, and have retained the office to my own discomfort and intellectual impediment, from the conviction (which is perhaps a vain one) that my resignation would be injurious to the interest of the Institution. But I am disposed to think that it is now due to myself to cultivate my mind, and to attend to my business with more assiduity, and to leave it to another to take his turn of labour.

I feel, so far as it regards my own progress, but little reason to value or regret the time which my connection with the Institution has taken up. On the whole I am satisfied with my motives and conduct, and I am not solicitous to know whether benefits or disadvantages preponderate. In general I have acted from a sense of duty in the affair. I have not studied so closely, I have not progressed with languages or any other closet pursuit so far as I might have done if my evenings had been less engaged, but I have had my attention more particularly drawn to several sciences;

I have seen something of man in the committee meetings, and I have got acquainted with several friends, from whose society I have derived, and hope still to derive, much pleasure and benefit.

The other step is a long and expensive journey, which could only be justified by the prospect of great good, for one in my circumstances. The intellectual benefits to be derived from travelling are too obvious to need dwelling on for a moment. It is equally evident that the very best time of life for it is that in which something of the maturity of judgment belonging to manhood is combined with the activity and love of novelty which is only to be found in youth. But the peculiar benefit for which I hope, is that complete change of impressions and thoughts which it will produce in one whose life has been so monotonous, by which I trust my self knowledge may be increased.

8th month, 10th.—On seventh day, the 19th of last month, I returned from my tour, having been out six weeks.

From this to Cheltenham, Liverpool, Lancaster, Ulverston, Bowness Ferryhouse, Ambleside, Kendal, Penrith, Carlisle, Melrose, Edinburgh, Falkirk, Stirling, Callender, Trosachs, Glasgow, Port Lonachon, Tobermory, Port Lonachon, Inverary, Glasgow. At sea, Coleraine, Belfast, Dublin. At sea, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Warwick, Oxford. At these places I slept. The cost about £47.

I deliberately laid out my plan before I left, and kept to it in every particular, except in going to Ireland, which I hardly hoped to do. There was a great deal of wet weather in Cumberland and south of

Edinburgh, but it gave us many fine mountain scenes which we should otherwise have lost. I met with almost no disappointment of any kind, and enjoyed myself as much as any man who thinks could reasonably hope to do.

8th month, 31st.—The change of external impressions which I met with in my tour acted as a mental alterative, I think in as great a degree as I had supposed it would. I look with more mistrust on my former habits and associations; and without doing better than before, I see more distinctly the necessity of a change. But what change I do not yet perceive; I feel as if I were at sea, impelled by the necessity or the fancy of the moment without knowing what port to steer to. O God! Thou who hast implanted in me a fervent and never long intermitting love of duty—mixed, although it be, with vile passions—do Thou give me the spirit of truth to teach, strengthen, and purify me. Enable me to emerge from this state of sin against light and knowledge, and let me use with singleness of view the light which Thou hast ordained should burn steadily and visibly before my mind's eye, to direct my steps to a point which Thou must disclose to me.

9th month, 7th.—I have finished the Provincial Letters (Pascal), and I think I never read a French book with equal satisfaction. Their wit, their elegance, and their piety are of the very first order. Their historical value, as an account of the abuses of the Jesuits, is great, but I have been most interested in observing how far a consistent Catholic could go in divesting his religion of the evils of those appendages which his Church has affixed to it. One passage painfully struck me—

'Parce que, grâces à Dieu, je n'ai d'attache sur la terre qu'à la seule Église Catholique, Apostolique et Romaine, dans laquelle je veux vivre et mourir, et dans la communion avec le Pape, son souverain chef, *hors de laquelle je suis persuadé qu'il n'y a point de salut:*' vol. ii.

9th month, 28th.—I now speak of those only whom early habit, inclination, or conviction has taught to look upon the cultivation of the intellect in some way or other as an object of paramount importance.

Happy are those men whom a knowledge of their own genius or inclination, or the influence of something without them, such as peculiar facilities for a certain branch of study, induces to devote themselves to some one pursuit upon which they can lay out their powers, without ever having a troublesome doubt as to the propriety or expediency of their straightforward course. You know what to call these men; you know what will please them; you are never at a loss as to what subject you should converse upon in their presence for your own instruction and their pleasure. Dr. Buckland is a geologist, Sir H. Davy was a chemist, Cuvier was a zoologist; and for all these an intellectual road was marked out and fenced, it is true with various lanes and pathways running into it and crossing it, but never so as to be confounded with the main road. I could dwell for a long while on such with a feeling of envy, if I did not occasionally come across a circumstance which shows that in the class to which they belong the leading study has perverted common sense, that their labours have resembled, in regard to their own minds, those of the mole, and spoiled them for entertaining a just estimate of the universe of

knowledge, a subject which I think upon with the utmost pleasure; and if I think weakly, ignorance and not narrow prejudice occasions it.

But let there be added to a single-minded devotion to one intellectual object, an expansive and strictly philosophical view of the whole. Let the mind contain miscellaneous knowledge and whole sciences, well knowing the value of each, but still keeping them subordinate to some sovereign pursuit to which a sense of peculiar fitness has determined their minds. Newton and Wordsworth are the men. Such if I dared I would envy.

When a sense of duty precedes a sense of fitness, when the godlike mind does not stop to interrogate its own capabilities, but unconditionally answers to the call of duty "I will," what a sublime illustration of humanity! How divine must be the emotions, as it feels powers before unknown grow up within itself to meet the purposes to which heaven has appointed it! The awful responsibility thus laid on an individual supplies a never-failing source of energy, while the conviction that a certain object is appointed to it by the Eternal, affords a point that can always be kept in view, which needs no slavish keeping to a beaten path; but the soul may direct her flight in an elevated track, from which she may look down on all things, except her sublime object and her eternal destiny with its associations. So it is that the eagle flies towards the sun. Doubts are not shut out by blinkers as distracting objects are kept from the eyes of horses, but duty lies before, plain as the sun at noon, and the soul, acquiescing with its destination, is raised above the mists which lie upon the earth. Thus it was that the conduct

of Luther, Knox and George Fox was directed in the best parts of their career; and thus they were raised to confidence too like what must exist in angelic natures to excite a feeling akin to envy in us lesser souls, who rather stoop in reverential awe, mixed with a soul-enlivening satisfaction, at the glorious height to which our common nature may attain. Then it is that we feel man to have been the chief terrestrial work of his Creator, and that one day he may be the worthy companion and brother of Him through whom all things were created, and before whose throne the angels of heaven ever sing praises.

Last week I read 'Eustace Conway,' the novel which Fred: Maurice wrote and vainly tried to get back again out of the publisher's hands. It is wonderfully characteristic of the author in parts, but he has been constrained to make more of a tale of it than I think he would have done if he had not been writing for a perverted taste. The mental experience of Eustace is admirable, congenial beyond all praise. Much of the work is full of nature and truth. It took me captive and made me a fool, and yet is far from being a good novel.

Jersey, 11th month, 23rd.—Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection' is a wonderful book. When first I read it (now years ago) I did not like it, but somehow it enchained me; it riveted my mind to certain points of truth, and I have never perhaps, since then, been long without thinking of some parts of it.

My own room, 12th month, 14th.—Yesterday I returned, after an absence of three weeks. The time I spent in Guernsey was (as it has been on former occasions) agreeably dissipated.

My state is one of

'No light,
But rather darkness visible.'

I have lost that confidence which once directed my progress, and no better guide has yet been substituted for it. Morally and intellectually I am at sea. May I be grateful for the glimmering of light which has enabled me to see the necessity of seeking for a better foundation!

12th month, 21st.—I have spent some time in the company of Charlotte Elizabeth Whelan. She has a mind beautifully influenced by the affections, a just taste, and quick apprehension. Her reading is not extensive, but she has observed human nature with the delicacy and vivacity of a woman and the piety of a Christian, and she is endowed with a thorough love of nature.

'With knowledge at one entrance quite shut out,'

she sustains her cheerfulness, and renders her society delightful by liveliness and good sense, although you are obliged to hold your part in the conversation by your fingers. She lost her hearing at the age of ten, and she thinks the circumstance has been salutary to her in consequence of its preventing her from indulging in music, to which before she was immoderately addicted. An *entire* absence of the sense of hearing would, it is likely, disqualify most from enjoying or giving enjoyment in society; but it is far otherwise with her. She is one of those characters towards whom you can hardly feel less than love when you know them. Seldom has it fallen to my lot to be more gratified and instructed by so short an acquaintance;

and I am disposed to think that but little or nothing of my favourable feeling is, as it might be supposed, owing to sympathy with her affliction.

1st month, 4th, 1835.—I have spent some time with my dear friend Fred: Maurice, and as usual I have not left his company without some advantage. It gives me pleasure to write here (where no one but myself will ever read it) that I owe him much. We have never been to appearance very intimate; we have not spent much time together, neither indeed have we got free enough to make our first meeting after a long absence otherwise than awkward, at least on my part; but yet somehow I understand and learn from him in a way that I cannot perhaps from any one else. I wish I could spend more time with him. In conversation with him I am often silent, because it seems to me that the thought I may be about to utter has occurred to him in a much more complete and definite form.

2nd month.—I have just returned from a journey to London, from whence I went to Stratford-upon-Avon. There I saw the house in which Shakespeare was born and his tomb. The former is a small place of timber, and plaster in panels; the timber black and the plaster white. A butcher's shop is on the ground-floor, and a lead window above, while the space below the window is occupied by a stupid projecting sign in black and yellow, with "This is the house where the immortal Shakespeare was born." Anything more monstrously inappropriate was never devised nor executed. It suggested to me a cordial wish that it might not really be the house.

The banks of the Avon are much like what they

ought to be in several places near Stratford. The church is all that could be wished. A neat spire and a venerable pile of building, surrounded by fine trees and close by the river, looks altogether unaffected and agreeable, fit to be associated with a genius that I now find it impossible to characterise to the satisfaction of my own mind, as I endeavour to call back the feelings with which I stood in the churchyard. In a neat niche the celebrated bust stands, with a forehead much finer than is generally represented in the plates of it. I think those who have sketched it must have stood upon the ground; as the bust stands about ten feet high, the forehead would appear about one-fourth less high than it is. An unornamented stone with an often copied legend covers the clay that was once animated by a spirit that angels must look upon with admiration. His wife is by his side, and several of his family in a row with her. As I looked, I felt joy for a moment that I possessed a nature common to such beings as Shakespeare and Milton, and hoped that I might meet them in heaven.

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. . . Surely if there is one act more than *all* others for which one ought to seek the direction of God and His blessing, it is marriage. It may be safely asserted that no stretch of human sagacity can in a majority of cases foretell what will be the influence of a matrimonial connexion on a man's happiness and usefulness. The particulars in which prudence will avail in assisting to decide are few and obvious, though not perhaps to be satisfactorily reduced to fixed rules. To how few men (certainly not to me) is there a chance of getting acquainted with a young woman in any

degree of completeness before a feeling springs up on each side calculated to disguise some of the most important traits of character! And this too without anything like a deliberate intention of deceiving. Then how soon is your standard of judging disturbed by feeling, and defects are not seen, or excused by some plausible evasion, or some sudden temporary alteration in our views. A real feeling of attachment, or the humour of courtship, will perhaps make on one side a temporary submission of taste that seems to the other's fond mental sight, real, permanent congeniality. In cases where there is a strong *spiritual* (not in a religious sense) attachment, this may ripen into reality, or its subsidence may produce no very bad results, but when there is a mere *sensuous* attraction, and where one's *object* is to get a wife and the other's a husband, sad in after years must be the unveiling of the delusion!

If I were not blessed with some degree of faith in the Divine direction, I should be bowed down with the immense risk. But I feel in this matter there is little difference between the wisest and me; 'A man's heart may devise his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.' O God, do Thou teach me the way I should go, and grant that every circumstance that may befall me may have its due effect on my mind.

3rd month, 1st.—The approach of my twenty-fifth birthday affords materials for the occupation of a Jaques-like humour, into which I have unexpectedly slid this evening:

> One third the time allotted here to man,
> Hath passed away since first I oped my eyes
> Upon this mixture strange of truth and lies,

And I have journeyed on without a plan.
Yet many years have been since I began
  Religion, virtue, wisdom, all, to prize,
  And sought with fickle aim to realise
Much self-improvement; and still, if I can,
And God do aid me, better will I grow.
  And though lost time do shame me when I see
  What I might be, and what I am, yet now,
If my great Lord so will it, I shall be
  A strong self-governed character, to bow
  To Him alone, and work His will below.

4th month, 19th.—I trust my mind is getting into a healthier tone, and that my habit of reading is in a fair way to be restricted to its legitimate object—the feeding of my thoughts. I have been depressed with the notion that my mind had been crippled by the strange way in which I had given up my own individuality to become a mass of intellectual lumber, or rather *memorial* lumber—*particulis undique coactis;* but I think I now feel that the injury is not irretrievable, and that I may yet turn the pursuits to which my choice has led me to some account. I can truly say that from my earliest effort at self-cultivation, truth *per se* has been the object of my love. While this feeling has been constant, others, tending in part the same way, such as the love of distinction and idle curiosity, have never held long possession of me. How inconsistent then has been my conduct. 'The fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth.' I have endeavoured to seek for fruits and flowers in the gardens of others, and thrown them together in a lifeless mass instead of wisely cultivating my own little spot.

Through all the time of abasement that I have endured for some months past, I have never been long

without a sensation of latent power, more or less strong, but at times rising into a conviction that I should yet be something.

6th month, 21st.—Third day I went to Alton and returned yesterday. My journey was partly on business, partly pleasure, and partly to get rid of the fag end of whooping-cough. I enjoyed myself extremely, renewed old friendships, and made some agreeable additions to my acquaintance.

I went to Selborne and its neighbourhood. The memorials of White are all beautifully appropriate and kept just in the right order. The country all round Alton is beautiful, with many hills and hanging beech-woods, deep lanes and old-fashioned farmhouses.

8th month, 2nd.—It seems as if I should have a new part to act, and one in which I may have no *human* prompter. O Thou who created me, who knowest me thoroughly, who hast strewn my path with blessings and given me a heart to enjoy them, in whose hands are the issues of all things, teach and strengthen me and let me feel that I am Thy servant!

8th month, 9th.—I never leave F. Maurice's company without a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with myself, and at the same time a consciousness that I am able to do something above the common for which heaven has intended me. I spent last evening with him.

8th month, 23rd.—It is desirable for John and me to seek some other business. It ought to make us brimful of gratitude that we can leave our parents and sisters in comfortable circumstances, and therefore that we need have no pressing anxiety on any account but our own. I trust we may move under the guidance of

providence wherever and whenever we move; and at times I feel confidence that all will be for the best.

The circumstances which have placed the probability of a change in my way of life before me, were by no means unexpected, nor indeed was the prospect of them altogether unwelcome. But now that I am called upon to pass the Rubicon, a strong and almost overwhelming distrust of myself oppresses me. I have hitherto had most of my deficiencies supplied or concealed by myself as well as others, by my association with affectionate brothers and sisters. I have had only to run in a path straight before me, where going right was the easiest. The case is now widely altered. I am of no profession, and my choice is limited only by morality and prudence. My earnest wish is that I may obtain a clear living view that it is my duty to move. External considerations (such as might be alleged to one's friends) are numerous enough, resting on common prudential grounds; but hope and fear are pulling stoutly one against the other over reasons to me individually weightier than all others. The question on which my mind is most painfully excited is, whether I am to be trusted as my own pilot on the sea of life; and whether I have not faculties which will be called out, and faults amended, by a feeling of my own responsibility, and the absence of confidential human advisers. Heaven can bear me witness that no sordid considerations weigh at all with me. I here record it for my future shame or satisfaction, that I wish only a moderate competency, that my solicitude is for the building up of my character, the filling up the place that God has assigned me. I am conscious of being too fond of reputation, and

I trust Divine teaching will correct it, but no worse principle is predominant in my motives.

My weaknesses are many and various, but not one, except the above, ever reigns over me for long together. I must not, and I will not give in to foolish fears in the face of the promises of our holy religion, so numerous on the very point I need them, he that lacks 'wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not;' 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find;' 'No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly;' 'Call upon Me, and I will answer him;' 'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He *shall strengthen thine heart:* wait, I say, on the Lord.'

Next sixth day I propose to go to London to look out, I feel intensely, *wickedly* anxious about the result.

10th month, 6th.—I am now suffering from a state of mind which for months past has been seldom long absent from me. It is a craving after *reality*, a *living sense* of truth; an oppressive consciousness that my soul has not realised the foundation upon which it must be built. In these humours I generally fly to reading as a drunkard flies to the brandy bottle. I flutter over the thoughts of others, and keep myself from dwelling upon my own till I am in such a mood as will allow them to wander idly but pleasingly in the limbo of fools.

I cannot much longer endure the chaos that exists within me, without form and void of life, and covered with thick darkness; yet have I never felt as if the Spirit of God was hovering over me?

I am at a point where there is no resting, I must move. But my guide—though I know where He is—is

hidden from me in a thick cloud, my thoughts are all unlinked.

Yet those about me see nothing different from what they have seen, and when in company (except at times) I feel much as usual.

My moral being and my intellectual being, my character both speculative and practical, all seem to be mixed up and made one in my present state, and all seem to be looking towards one living principle of unity to set them right.

I am under heavy intellectual obligation to F. D. M. When I first became acquainted with him, I was contentedly reading on, or rather endeavouring to content myself in reading on, and putting my stock into tables, like Psyche sorting the grain in the temple of Ceres; but he showed me (what I had felt indistinctly, yet strongly before) that there is a more excellent way. That way I have not got clearly into. My subsequent wanderings have been often painful—very painful—but I sometimes feel confidence that I shall know the right when I see it and that I am progressing towards it. I did not believe F. D. M. at first, but I thought him mystical, not knowing that truth in its highest form is mystical. But I am yet all among clouds and phantoms.

Kind friends and relatives who overrate me come to ask how they are to proceed in the work of intellectual cultivation. O shocking mockery! What am I? What have I successfully cultivated? What have I produced?

I love truth, I *know* it is my duty to pursue it. But where and how? I indeed know where, but how? how?

11th month, 1st.—Ever since last first day my

path has seemed plainer than it did before, and I have been favoured to refer good things and good thoughts more distinctly to the only source of good, with fewer of those horrid doubtings that have so long chained me to earth or rather to hell. Teach me, O God! still to wait in patience, and at this moment I feel that I shall one day attain through Thy grace to light and liberty. Yet even now I suffer from the presentiment of a return (nay, of many returns) of my old enemies. O Father! do Thou enable me to drag them from their stronghold, and so shall they be annihilated in the light of Thy countenance within me.

I had derived encouragement from observing that the state of mind in which I now am has been growing upon me for the last year or more, and therefore that it is not a mere morbid product of external impulses.

Yesterday my dear old friend Michael Maurice took his departure from the town, and if it were not likely that I should soon leave too, I should have been quite melancholy at the circumstance. I became acquainted with him when I was eighteen years old, just after I had undertaken the secretaryship of the Anti-Slavery Society. Since then we have become intimate, very intimate, and his kindness to me has always been like that of a most affectionate father. For real devoted kindness, for always thinking of every one's welfare before his own, I have not known his equal; and if I ever in my future life meet with a friend like him, it will never be in the power of the other to show me the same persevering and considerate love, overlooking age and every other difference.

Shortly after the commencement of my acquaintance with him, I was introduced to his son. At that time I

was attempting to make myself a utilitarian and something else that I dare not name, and was most affected and pedantic in my tastes. F. D. M. was instrumental in teaching me that I was wrong, and reintroducing me (so to speak) to myself, the self of reality and childhood. My mind is not yet sufficiently settled for me to be able to put what he did for me into an expressible form; but I feel that he was true and kind, and I look on his friendship as one of the happiest events of my life.

Let the modern Quaker read Fox's Journal, and observe carefully how few of its pages are not occupied with matters that all the Church of Christ would think equally good and important.

A change of heart, 'the new man,' shifting of the will from one state to its opposite, a change so great that nothing material can be compared to it, is what is meant by becoming a Christian. Our notion of identity is confounded in the magnitude of the transformation. No plastering over, no patching up will do, but all things must become new.

Sixth or seventh day I expect to go to London. I feel by no means confident that my prospects there will come to anything, but I begin to feel trust that all will be right.

11th month, 25th.—I spent last first day with my dear friends Maurice at Reading on my way home from London. It was a delightful day, and I thanked God for giving me such friends.

12th month, 31st.—Before the end of the year which begins to-morrow, I may be a bookseller at Holborn Hill. The future is dark before me, but Thy will, O Lord, be done!

CHAPTER IV.

1836.

QUAKERISM—GROWING DISSATISFACTION WITH THE SOCIETY—DEPARTURE FROM SOUTHAMPTON—PARTNERSHIP WITH DARTON.

1st month 25th, 1836.—As the enjoyment of the present is too much an object of idolatry to the sensual worldling, so is it often too much an object of contempt to the Christian. It is a temptation common to human nature, which shows itself both in Christians and the many who are led on in various paths by the ignis fatuus of earthly ambition, to keep their eyes fixed on something future, without being careful that at the moment which is present they are taking a step towards it, and their end becomes like his who, steadfastly looking up at the stars, fell into a deep pit. Thus, in those who have declared themselves to be pilgrims to the heavenly Jerusalem, too many go mourning on their way, neglecting to give God thanks for the many lovable objects which surround them, and allowing their minds to be taken up with a vague notion of the future, not consciously realising what their Redeemer has declared is within them.

1st month, 28th.—Never will it be known to any but the Searcher of hearts what sufferings I have endured

during the last few months. My thoughts have been like the dogs of Scylla when I have bad thoughts, but often smoky phantoms have been passing through my mind, all doubting, each one doubting of his predecessor.

If I dared to say what medicine was likely to be the means of healing me, I should say some undertaking or line of occupation in which a sense of duty and my ruling tendencies might work together.

What would I give to be able to converse with F. D. M.! I think he has endured something akin to it, with the difference that would be occasioned by greater powers and more cultivation. Not that I expect anything from human aid, but human sympathy is always delightful, and I scarcely ever conversed with him in vain. He has already been an instrument of much good (or rather what ought to be good) to me, and I should look to him for the same now.

1st month, 29th.—My mind is in a healthier state—I have felt the sweet influence of prayer.

I am now more sensible of the objects which occasion me pain and difficulty at the present time than I was yesterday, and I look at them with composure and see them to be in the hand of Providence. Is there not a state of emotion in which the object that excited it becomes lost to the consciousness, like a spark is lost in the flame which it has kindled, when it ceases to be an object and becomes a part of our being? Is this what I have felt, and does it bear any real resemblance to what Shelley describes as the effect of steadfastly looking at a beautiful object, as the moon—

> 'Whose intense light narrows
> In the white dawn clear,
> Until we hardly *see*, we *feel* that it is there.'

The only man that need make *time* an object of his thoughts (so far as practical purposes go) is the sluggard. To the healthy mind, enjoying proper freedom, it ought scarcely ever to suggest itself. At the beginning of an undertaking of whatever kind we ought to be slow and deliberate, only taking pains that every step is made with the utmost care. True despatch will be the result of tension of mind, of singleness of purpose, never of the will to be in a hurry. While the mind is girding up its loins, be careful that your thoughts have at each individual moment a well-defined centre, as small, as much of a monad, as may be, never taken away from its real relations, but always held distinctly above them. It may be hoped that this will at length become a habit, into which the mind will fall by instinct, and it may then cease to be a direct object of consciousness.

Sundials and clocks and watches are useful things, but they are far enough from being true measurers of the life of a wise man. They are meant for the vulgar, for our bodies, when we are to meet each other at a given hour, but never for our spirits, except we be sluggards, and then only to frighten us by showing us little bits of our past lives by way of specimen. The wise man will act as if he had an eternity to work in, and the notion of time will never occupy his thoughts for any practical end.

When George Fox heard men addressing those above them in rank and those below them in a form of speech essentially different and conveying a notion of contempt for the latter, he judged that it was an unrighteous insult to man, that it was an infraction of the command of the inspired apostle, 'honour all men.' He bore a

vigorous and honest testimony against it; and who can say how far the conduct of himself and his followers (few as they have been) may have influenced the inhabitants of this country to address all men in the plural number, while the tyrannical distinction still exists amongst our neighbours, the French and Germans? In like manner, he and his contemporary followers retained the mode of dress which they had been accustomed to in their youth according to the custom of their country, but never certainly did they contemplate our not availing ourselves of improvements, or dressing in a fashion *different* from the rest of the world *in being more expensive* and *less simple.*

The alteration of the names of days and of months seems to have been one of the points on which G. Fox embraced a cloud. Perhaps, along with our other peculiarities of language, he took it from the Brownists and other sects which existed in the time of Elizabeth (de quibus, vide Hooker's preface to Eccl. Pol. Vol. I. and Hoornbeeckii 'Summa Controversiarum'), without sufficiently discriminating the grounds of the departure from established usage; or perhaps he did it in weakness—'Homerus aliquando dormitat.' The only passages of Scripture on which the argument depends, are those in which the chosen people of God are commanded to put away the *names* of strange gods from amongst them, such as Hosea ii. 17, Deut. and Exodus xxiii. 13, &c. It need scarcely be noticed that the word *name* may be fairly interpreted as a pleonasm, and the texts become of course only emphatic commands against idolatry. But let us carry the rule out, and the names of heathen deities must not be mentioned even historically, although we find Baal and Jupiter and Mercury and

many others mentioned in the Scriptures. We must rename the stars—that indeed would be a trifle; we must dig to the roots of the language we use, in order to see whether some little fibre of mythology does not exist among them; we must avoid *Hermetically*, although John and Paul have been content to retain words from the same root, Ἑρμῆς, *Mercury*, all the old names of the metals and other chemical substances, volcanoes, &c.

Of course the harm or the benefit of words will always be dependent on the notion they may convey to the minds of those who hear them. Centuries before G. Fox's time the names of days and months had ceased to represent anything beyond the order of precedence of the several periods of time. There was therefore no more reason for his making the change than there is now for our retaining *thou* and *thee*, when the rest of the world address a king or a footman alike by *you*.

There is some resemblance between a modern Quaker and Don Quixote. In the early days of chivalry there was something to be done, the knights went out armed to slay giants and monsters; but when the giants and monsters were all slain, then the worthy knight of La Mancha armed himself in like manner and found nothing to attack besides wind-mills and skins of wine and charmed heads. So G. Fox found errors, real errors, to attack and protest against by preaching and conduct. And now when those errors have disappeared and given place to others—now when there is but little chance of finding priests so ignorant as to suppose the *Bible* to be the *Word* spoken of by St. John, and when every one uses the same pronoun in addressing both prince and peasant, the modern Quaker puts on the same arms, and to the courtesy of the *world* he owes

it that he does not make as strange a figure in his day and generation as Don Quixote would have done any time during the last two centuries.

I have this evening heard that J. Wilkinson has resigned his membership of our Society. I had hoped that he would have continued with us and become a reformer amongst us, seeing (as he has long done) our errors and deficiencies, and yet impressed (as I hoped he was) with the notion that our part in the Church of Christ is not yet completed. If this latter notion is not true, I trust our Society may speedily fall to pieces. God is my witness that I have suffered much anxiety on the subject, and that hitherto all that I have been firmly established in, as it regards our future proceedings, is that we must be greatly changed, and must throw off the strait waistcoat of tradition in order to see whether enough reason exists within us to make it worth while for us to retain our being as a religious body.

If I were not a Friend, what should I be? The question is not answered in my mind. If I should ever leave the Society I may be a wanderer, but may I ever be a member of the true Church! The *ideal* of all religious societies of orthodox Christians contains some peculiarity to admire, and in more than one this peculiarity makes up the essence of the idea; but the *actual* of all is far enough from what will satisfy any honest, intelligent mind.

3rd month, 6th.—How many seeds of truth lie scattered over the pages of Coleridge's wonderful volumes! Of all his works, it ('Biographia Literaria') seems to be the one least likely to be praised by men in general, but most of all calculated to catch hold of and instruct those young men who have *thought* them-

selves *out* of Lockism, and are just adrift on the sea of doubt and feel their situation truly. Perhaps without some previous acquaintance with his other works, or else a knowledge of German metaphysics, there are passages unintelligible in the 'Biog. Lit.' Taken in connection with the 'Friend' and the 'Aids to Reflection,' many will have cause to thank God for having put it in their way. The obscurities in it I conceive to arise from *unripe* thoughts, but very seldom (I do not know one instance) from false ones.

I have seen, and spent much time with Burnet Burnes, a New Zealand chief, who was born in England, but at the age of nineteen was taken prisoner by a tribe of New Zealanders and tattooed. He afterwards obtained the chieftainship of another tribe. He is a very interesting man, and but little injured (as seems to me) by his peculiar mode of life. I have prayed that he may be rendered useful to my dear friends the New Zealanders, to whom I have always been particularly attached, and what he has told me has by no means lessened my regard for them.

I have just diligently recommenced the use of a Common Prayer-book, and I trust I shall find my account in it. The healthy body never suffers us to forget its need of earthly food, and the healthy soul has not less a regular appetite for spiritual food. What then is the state of my soul that it does not feel its need of what is essential to its life? It is sick, and none but the great Physician can cure it.

'Lord, mend or rather make us; one creation
Will not suffice our turn.
Except Thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.'

4th month, 10th.—Nearly the whole week has been occupied by attending the Monthly Meeting and Quarterly Meeting at Poole, with the necessary journeys, as I drove my mother there. Though I experienced but little satisfaction *at the time*, I have much reason to be grateful that I attended.

I heard a marvellous discourse from our dear friend, William Forster, on the passage which occupied much of my attention this day week: 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.' My generally unbelieving heart had no difficulty in recognising in that sermon the influence of the Holy Spirit. God has not left the genuine *unmutilated* truth of the Gospel without witness in our Society.

4th month, 23rd.—When Christ said 'This is My body,' 'This is My blood,' &c., 'The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world,' how was the metaphor applied, or in what sense can it be interpreted, if not, that as material bread and material wine became by various processes of digestion and assimilation a part of our bodies, so must the great historical fact of the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross without the gates of Jerusalem, applied by the Holy Spirit, enter into and become a part of the soul? and that no longer than we are fed by a deep and ever-renewed sense of this, could we be spiritually alive. O ye who call the atonement 'only one of many things,' on what foundation do ye build? from what source do ye learn the object of your faith?

The state of our Society still gives me intense pain and anxiety at times. Most of our members are in great error, and while they have declaimed against *human* learning and *human* reasoning, they have been

entangled in spiders' webs of sophistry and heathen wisdom, which, if not *human*, is certainly not *heavenly*. Lord, teach me what I am to do, and save our souls. Make us Christians, and do unto Quakerism as seemeth good unto Thee.

6th month, 4th.—Fourth day I returned from London, where my sojourn has been one of deep and painful interest in several ways. This day two weeks I took leave of George, about to sail to Mauritius with his wife and child and his friend P., with his wife and child. May God preserve them and render them useful in the work of love to which He has sent them. It is no trifle to take leave of a brother under such circumstances, and it pressed heavily on my heart, but the feeling was not grief.

I was representative of the Yearly Meeting, at which I had an opportunity of seeing more into the character of our Society than I had ever done before; and the result on my own mind has been, that I would leave it immediately, if it were not for the fear of grieving my beloved parents, and that I hope by continuing in it (perhaps only for a time) I may be the humble means in the hands of God of rousing some of my young associates from that state of sleepy ignorance into which so many have fallen, dreaming that they were born on the very summit of Mount Zion, above all the rest of the Christian world. I was comforted and strengthened to find others of like mind with myself (grey bearded men), with whom I attended two private meetings at J. Braithwaite's lodgings. We were no party, we appeared to have no common bond of union but Christian love, and the same general views of Divine truth in relation to the present state of our Society.

One or two expressed themselves as being ready to resign their membership immediately, but the others, amounting to more than thirty, agreed to remain as they were for the present. We instituted a system of correspondence, by which we hope, with the blessing of God, to strengthen and instruct each other. If we should ever see our way to leave our brethren in religious communion, I believe some will go one way and some another, for I must confess that I now think we are no Quakers, nor do we seem to have any new view on which a sect might be formed; and it was evident at the meeting that we greatly differed in our estimation of other societies, some inclining to Dissent, others to the Church. It was instructive to see that, with only one exception, we were all plain in dress and speech, and the ages of most were such as to preclude the notion of their running after new things for nothing; so that there was but little ground of attack from the many who, a little while ago, asserted that the difference in the Society sprung up amongst a few young men, who were impatient of 'walking in the narrow way.'

6th month, 19th.—I begin to think that I can now look upon the controversy in our Society on the firm ground of fixed principles. Oh, that God would bless me with His Holy Spirit, and enable me to feed upon His truth, and (if it be His will) give me the power of continuous thought and correct expression to declare it to my fellow-men. Even if the love of worldly distinction be not quite absent from this desire, Thou knowest, O Father of spirits, that it has for its spring a deeper, more enduring, and a holier feeling.

"Let us make man in our image."

There is a higher sense in which man is the image of his Creator, but it is worth while to note wherein the Divine intellect and man's intellect have led to the application of the same principles of nature to the same ends, and thus show that in a sense they are alike in kind, one being finite, and the other infinite; one created, and the other uncreated. Last evening, I saw on the branch of a tree some little membranous capsules, of a dark brown colour, about a quarter of an inch diameter, much resembling limpet shells. On taking some of them off, I found them to be filled with some very white soft silk, containing in the middle of it a few orange-coloured eggs, of exceedingly minute size. If I had never seen jewels wrapped up in cotton, I should not have seen the purpose of the arrangement. Man had constructed the telescope before he understood the human eye.

7th month, 3rd.—To-morrow night is fixed for my departure from Southampton, and perhaps I may never after to-morrow call my father's house a home. I am still much like one in a carriage with lamps, in a dark night, who sees only a few paces ahead; but the little flickering glimpse of certainty that the prospect of a removal to London gives me, calls for gratitude. O Thou, that holdest the hearts and minds of all men, Thy will be done! Strengthen, enlighten, purify me, and give me faith, built upon love, above all things.

8th month, 21st.—My inclinations, desires, views of the past and future, are all undergoing a change. I feel as if I were leaping over a bottomless chasm, but the land I am reaching after is worth the risk. Inward and outward all seem going together. Will

God indeed uphold me? Will He strengthen me and enlighten me? He will,—for His promises fail not. I am, indeed, at times supremely happy, though I seem to be suspended in chaos, and the devil laughing at me. But Christ has died for me, the Holy Ghost has stirred within my soul, and God loves me. I will not fear those cloudy forms that flit between me and reality, for I know that there is life and reality though they may gather together like thick thunder-clouds, and I know that the Sun of Righteousness will dispel them as the day advances, at the hour which He has appointed.

10th month, 23rd.—The preliminaries of my arrangement at Holborn Hill are now verbally settled. Thou, who alone knowest the future, grant they may be blessed in the way that may seem meet to Thy wisdom.

The working for myself, which business now involves to me, is what will never yield me content. This is a fixed point. It is true you may do some good as you go along, and you may live in the sight of God. But I have sought, and I have sought honestly, and I have found it not my place.

Nothing will fill my longings except the Church, and such a step as that would involve, would dissever me from nearly all my relations and many of my friends. I do not indeed say that I should be prepared for it myself immediately, even if external things were more favourable, but I believe that there lies my sphere of duty.

O Thou, who knowest the wants of Thy Church, and to whom the secrets of all hearts are laid open, let Thy will be wrought, and may we all be ready to obey Thy requirings, and placing implicit trust in Thee,

livingly believe the place Thou hast ordained for us the best!

11th month, 13th. Southampton.—I must henceforth strive in earnest to get out of the dreamy state into which the devil has led me. I must learn 'self-annihilation,' in the sense which the expression bears viewed in the light of Christianity. A prospect of the future opens before me, which seems to render my past existence intelligible; which enables me to thank God for what before seemed unmingled evil, and on which my rebellious mind had never rested in peace. What I have to beware of now is, that no honest scruples be overlooked in the ardour with which I trust I shall be inspired; that nothing connected with my past life may be left incomplete; and that I may proceed in the way that will be least painful to those of my dear relations who may differ from me. I cannot be enough thankful for the discovery that my dearest mother will not be grieved by my change, so far as her own feelings are concerned. And He who has influenced her mind may also bring my father into accordance with it.

A restraint of religious prudence is still laid upon my making an outward change, because I ought not to add to the unsettledness of our family just at the present moment, unless conscience, acting from some other quarter, commanded me. I therefore propose to go on as I am for some time longer. Then if it should please my Father who is in heaven to prosper me in outward things, I should wish to throw up all pecuniary connection with my family and go to Cambridge on my own resources. This will of course bring my ordination too late in life, but there are very many considerations which seem to render that rather desirable.

The oscillations of feeling that have taken place within me since I dared disclose my vision of the future to Fred: Maurice have been very great and painful, but not such as in any degree to affect the stability of my intention. 'What hast thou' (a spirit has at times said to me) 'to justify thy chalking out for thyself an uncommon course? Hast thou thoroughly investigated the Established Church, so as to make it right for thee to join it; and even if that be the case, is thy acquiescence sufficient to authorise thy signing the Articles and becoming a minister? What art thou, or what dost thou think thyself, that thou shouldst think that God has chosen thee as an expounder of His Word?' Then at other times, and that too when my mind has seemed most itself and has rested firmest, these doubtings have seemed snares of the evil one, and a deep and solemn answer has come up out of the depth of my soul, referring me to my doubts long struggled with, my *honest* and *earnest* efforts to think our Society right, the everlasting yearning after a dispensation of the Gospel in God's time, and my having felt how unjustly Friends and Dissenters have treated the Established Church. Still my views need progression, and every piece of evidence must be carefully sought out and turned over before I dare move outwardly. Thou teacher of the simple, Thou strengthener of the weak, Thou who lovest and knowest all things, guide me, and let me know Thy guidance!

My dear mother begged me to defer an outward movement for some time to come, and I assented to her suggestion. It was for my father's sake.

12th month, 29th.—The disingenuous conduct of the Yearly Meeting Committee towards the evangelical

Friends appears to me to have arisen necessarily out of the constitution and discipline of the Society, and to be no otherwise chargeable on the members of that committee than as showing that they allow their part as Friends completely to overlay their duties as men.

I take the root of the evil to be the indistinction between law and religion, and on this confusion I believe nearly the whole of our discipline to be founded. That the dictates of religion are ever to be obeyed in preference to worldly laws is a position that needs no proof; and it is equally clear that human laws ought ever to acknowledge and derive help from religion. But they can never be identified without consequences injurious to both. Indeed the laws of social polity and the dictates of religion must ever be in a sense antithetical to each other. It is true that the completeness of the Christian character would not allow a man to be otherwise than a good citizen; and thus in an individual, citizenship is included in Christianity. This, however, is only ideally true, for a man cannot become a good subject, but by obeying all the laws of the state in which he lives; and therefore the Christian cannot act out his religion without transgressing his duty as a citizen, except in a state of which the laws are framed in a spirit of accordance with that religion.

The antithesis is this: religion contemplates men only as they ought to be, law as they exist; religion looks solely at the inward mind, law solely at the outward act; religion has to do solely with ideas, law, practically, solely with facts.

It must be right in innumerable cases for a man to be allowed by law to do that which by religion it

would be very wrong for him to do. Nay, it is in the nature of the office of all magistrates and peace officers to do that which as men they have no right to do; and their doing it is only to be justified on the supposition of their personality being merged in their office.

Consider then that part of our discipline which has to do with affairs of trade, such as the rule respecting failures; or the query, 'Are Friends careful to avoid defrauding the king, &c.?' and several others. It has often almost shocked me—early prejudice alone prevented it from quite doing so—that these should be so near the solemn question which indeed the Church has a right to ask of her members, 'Is there any growth of the truth amongst you?' It is clear that the answering of these queries can avail nothing in a religious point of view, nor indeed in any other, except as rules salutary to keep up a voluntary combination of men, and then at the expense of the highest duties of citizenship, by sustaining *imperium in imperio.*

The history of our Society, looked at in relation to the two facts of religious well-being and members, will show how this has acted. A decent exterior has been preserved by expelling all those that would not help to preserve it; our members, in relation to the progression of the population of this kingdom, have diminished; and what has become of our spirituality?

Religion, the foundation of a Church, and law, the foundation of a state, ought indeed to have points of intercommunion. But woe to that system in which the distinction between the two is overlooked, for hypocrisy and injustice must unerringly be amongst the consequences.

CHAPTER V.

1837.

REMOVAL TO LONDON—BAPTISM.

2nd month, 26th, 1837.—I spent about a week in Southampton, during which I had some very happy hours. Dear old N. C. blamed me for being instrumental in publishing 'Letters to a Friend,' and it opened the way for my telling my opinions to my father and to him, in a more direct manner than I had previously done, for which I am very thankful.

While thy faith is sound, know that nothing is a delusion, nothing a temptation in any sense in which a temptation is to be dreaded.

To his SISTER.

HATTON GARDEN, first day, evening.

MY DEAREST REBECCA,—The more I see of the evangelical Friends, the better pleased I am with my resolution to have no direct connection with them. I give them credit for having started under a solid conviction of certain truths, and I cordially rejoice in their having manifested little or none of a spirit of party bitterness. I am scarcely less pleased with the charge that some of the traditionals bring against

them of being undecided and ill-compacted, as it is in some sort a proof of their sincerity. But there are two things which I find very general amongst them that I especially object to: one is a disposition to regard the ordinances in what I apprehend to be a wrong light; and the other an indifference to one of the most beautiful truths held by our Society as contradistinguished from the Dissenters—the idea of a Church.

It seems to me that the only right clue out of our errors is the reception of right views of the influence of the Holy Spirit, and till these are attained, the Sacraments cannot be seen in their true character.

From MS. book. 3rd month, 19th.—To-morrow evening I propose to go home, where I suppose I shall remain for three weeks, and almost immediately after my return I hope to be baptised. O my God! Thou art witness that it is hard, very hard for me thus to go against the wishes of my dear father. Never certainly before have I had such a hard trial, and perhaps I never may again. It is a deep and solemn sense of duty—it is a gnawing unsatisfiedness in remaining where I am, that urges me on. I wish to deny nothing, but the Church is substantially right, and God has appointed me to do my little might in her cause. The state in which I am now is not indeed one of settledness or happiness; but it is one in which I *feel* that I am right, and here is no small part of my confidence. Since I took up or more fully and boldly carried out right and scriptural views of the Church, I have been able to understand and take an interest in much of the Bible which before was sealed up to me; and I have *felt* (let me record this with deep reverence and a

single eye) a greater abasement of self and a stronger necessity of looking unto Christ than I did before. Still, until the outward step is taken I cannot speak out, nor hardly carry out my views; things do not comfort or harmonise, and what if the very strength of my conviction produces this—a certain self-condemnation, yet balanced (and more than balanced) in its practical relations by my duty to my parents? This feeling is strong within me, and to the goodness of God I owe it, that it has not raised any turbulent doubts within me, but all through I have seen it as a conflict between two right principles, though I cannot deny that it disturbs the current and expression of my thoughts.

O gracious Father! Thou whose mercies are as broad as the blue canopy of heaven, deliver me from self; give me an ever increasing sense of my sonship to Thee, my brotherhood first to the Son of Thy love, and next, to those whom He has redeemed by His precious blood. Make me to know the self-sought pit from whence Thy love has digged me. Let me never forget my garments dripping with the waters of distinction, on which I thought to swim in my own strength, but from which Thou, whilst I was an enemy, delivered me.

4th month, 16th, 1837.—This day I propose to partake of the rite of holy baptism. I can thank God for the faith which is at the bottom of my soul that this is a right step; I thank Him for having taught me in some degree the meaning of His sacrament, the mode in which it increases faith and holiness, and supplies a corrective to nearly every heresy. Yet it is my decided conviction that this and the other Christian sacrament, according to the simplest view which

the mind of man can receive concerning them in connection with the Gospel history, do imply a confutation of every religious error.

When carnal notions spring up in my mind, I am oppressed with a sense of loneliness—yet I see this is carnal, very carnal. For I join God, and Christ, and the angels of heaven, I join thousands of saints on earth who are all conscious of the relationship, and I join the intentions of very many scattered up and down in the sects, who see not how much better they are than the systems they are annexed to.

4th month, 16th, 1837.

My dearest Rebecca,—This is an awful period of my existence, and to attempt to convey to thee a notion of my present sense of it would be utterly fruitless, although the effort to express myself to one I love so much is an immense relief. In a few hours I shall have joined the Church of England, the Church which I have been taught from my infancy by those whom I venerate and love to look upon as idolatrous and corrupt beyond hope of amendment. I am, of course, in holding my resolution, giving proof that I have now no part in their views; they are a lie, and however good may be the men who hold them, they come from the devil, and are a most potent snare of his to beguile the unwary. My mind is made up, and (I thank God) on no uncertain grounds. The vision I see (whether others see it or not) I see with my eyes open—as open as were those of the Midianite prophet when he saw the star that should arise to rule over God's people.

But when I think of leaving the Society in which

I have grown up, and nearly all the members of my dear family, is it rebellion against the Father of mercies to feel at times as if it were hard to be constrained to go contrary to that very authority on earth, which alone renders intelligible God's authority in the Church; to cut myself off, in a sense, from my father's house in doing what I can to assert that men are one family in Christ? But God knows all things; He knows what chastening I have need of, and what our dear father needs. He will make all things work together for our good because we love Him.

Is there not a something fearful in the first act which is deliberately and intentionally done, in contradiction to the authority of a parent? A something fearful, which none of the relations of that act can take away, however they may overbalance it?

It is but quite lately that I have seen the real connection between the existence of the Church and the Sacraments, although I have long been convinced of the sacred origin and Scriptural authority of the latter. I do now (as I think) see, that schism does in fact despoil them of their meaning, and that Friends have a great advantage over all, except the Church, in the controversy, because Dissenters can only keep them up as acts of obedience to the letter of Scripture, which is just placing them on a par with the sacrifices and purifications of the old dispensation. I do not mean that a rightly concerned mind ought not to deem obeying a very express and simple command, as required, though he may think it at variance with certain principles that he supposes ought to be universal. In such a case he ought rather to distrust his judgment than the plain word of inspiration;

but still it is a dismal dilemma, and he will not know how to meet the man who asserts the principle in opposition to the letter, without admitting that conscience, that something which he feels and cannot help feeling is right, is at variance with Scripture. The matter stands thus—Christ and His apostles have declared that we are come to a dispensation of fulness of knowledge, that one great sacrifice has brought to nought the dispensation of symbolic sacrifices, that we now have the substance in place of the shadows. This recommends itself to our conscience and judgment, but yet Christ has commanded that we should be baptised and eat of the holy communion, both which acts we must see to be outwardly, not essentially, different from the rites of Judaism.

Meditate well on this text, 'but the law having a *shadow* of good things to come, and not the *very image* of the things, can never make the comers thereunto perfect.' Now what is this *shadow* (*or sketch*), and what is this very image? Let a Friend interpret it if he can. Is not the first most clearly a Levitical sacrifice, the latter a Christian sacrament? It is of no use to evade, it is an *image* that is spoken of; it is not inward faith, or outward history, but it is an image, the very image which may be seen, and tasted, and felt, and understood, and by being understood will make the comers thereunto perfect.

If this is just, a great portion of the Epistle to the Hebrews is taken up in distinguishing between a Christian sacrament and a Jewish rite, and great indeed would be my condemnation if I did not raise my feeble voice to deny the miserable confounding of the two which I see to be around me.

It is hardly necessary that I should repeat to thee the *historical* grounds of this distinction, which are perhaps the least answerable, though to my own mind not the most important. The Jew had ideas of an incarnation, of an atoning sacrifice of one who was to be the head of God's Church. He had a law which in every one of its enactments prophetically recognised these truths. He knew that his sacrifice was a figure of a greater sacrifice, that his washings were emblematic of what was to be effected for the spirits of men. But look at his expectations of what Christ was to be, and to do, as described in the Gospel history, and see what absurd notions had possession of their minds; nay, it is plain that this very ignorance, this very misunderstanding of their own religion, was essentially interwoven with God's purposes. For how otherwise would the Lord of Glory have been crucified. They indeed lived amongst shadows, and they were the uncertain shadows of the early morning, for the Sun of Righteousness had not yet risen. Still had it not been for those shadows, they would never have known that a Sun of Righteousness was to arise. This they did know, and forced upon their carnal minds as it was by miracles and deliverances from worldly evil, they paid an obedience to the literal law, but it was an obedience against which they were ever ready to murmur and rebel.

But Christ came and fulfilled the law of the prophets. He left His disciples doctrines, and He left them a history, both clear and full. The rites He enjoined combined the two; they were memorials of facts, and expounders and witnesses of doctrines which the wit of man could never entirely pervert. Preachers may

go wrong from individual peculiarity or from the influence of the age in which they live, but the Sacraments have *only one* meaning, or else they have no meaning at all; of course this meaning may be and is seen with various degrees of clearness by different parties and persons.

The Jewish rite is *prophetical*, the Christian sacrament *historical;* the first commended by an inspired man, the second by the incarnate Deity; the first indicating that something would be done for man, they know not how, the second, how that something had been accomplished. The first was done in slavery to time, place, and the minutest circumstances, but both the latter are simple and natural acts, to be performed at any time and in any manner consistent with solemnity and good order. Surely here is difference enough.

But there are perhaps many who will admit this difference, and yet abstain from participating in the ordinances, because they say that they are not *essential.* O that I had the trumpet of the angel in the Apocalypse to warn men of this miserable starving distinction between *essentials* and *non-essentials.* Is God to be bargained with for a seat in heaven? Are we to inquire of Him what He really *needs* from our hands, when He has declared what He *wills* concerning us? May we not with as much propriety reason in regard to every good habit, every act of morality? Only conceive the insane absurdity of asking whether I can be saved if I do not go to a place of worship? whether I can be saved without giving alms to this or that person? what literal acquaintance with the Bible *is necessary to* meet an examination at the gate of

heaven? Yet I contend that each of these queries would be quite as reasonable and infinitely less pernicious than the asking whether the Sacraments are essential to salvation.

If God has commanded them, and we are convinced that He has commanded them, they are required of us; if not, the belief in them constitutes the *only* error in which *all* good Christians from Jesus Christ's advent to G. Fox were agreed; and God did indeed wonderfully let His Church slumber in darkness for sixteen centuries of its existence. There is much in the Bible to teach us that the Church is to be afflicted, that wolves are to come in sheep's clothing, that Antichrists will prevail. But is not the whole tissue of Gospel promises opposed to the notion that *any part* of God's truth (I mean that portion of it which belongs to the existing dispensation) should be left entirely without a witness? Such, however, must be our conclusion on Quaker grounds.

But little good to individual minds is to be gained by entering into the controversies at present agitated respecting baptism. The simplest view is the best, or rather I ought to say I have found it so to my own mind. This seems to me to be its simple and impressive language according to the form of the Church: that we are degraded and polluted by nature, that we require something out of ourselves to cleanse and save us. The element used is pure water, and the ceremony is performed by another person when we are unconscious of it. In this then two texts may be considered as embodied. 'Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water,' &c. 'While we were yet sinners' (when we

were in the sinful flesh and knew not our need), 'Christ died for the ungodly.' Every promise in Scripture is made to those to whom the Gospel is preached, and their obedience to it is the condition required. There is everything said in Scripture to lead us to suppose that the literal use of water baptism was strictly enjoined by Christ, and that the practice of it was strictly universal among the disciples. Hence it is not unreasonable to say that the promises of Scripture are addressed to baptised persons, however we may object to dogmatise in the negative respecting those who have not participated in the rite. Neither is it unreasonable to speak of baptism as the entrance into the kingdom of God, for it is the first act of outward obedience to His commands in reference to the individual. As to the identity of what we understand by the Church and the kingdom of God, it is necessary to observe that there is no consistent mean between the final perseverance of the Antinomians and the views of the Church. Either a man who is elected to heaven, to the unconditional exclusion of his neighbour, is alone in the kingdom of God, or else you may address every man in a Christian country in this manner: 'You are brought into the sound of the Gospel, you have a thousand helps to grace around you, which you never made for yourself or sought, and if you are a sinner, it is because, while you have been brought into the kingdom of God, you voluntarily cut yourself off from it and become a rebel.' Any hypothesis on which this language would not be applicable must involve broadly the Calvinistic division between the elect and the reprobate.

It is part of the system of *all* Dissenters to under-

value what Christ did for us when we were unconscious of it before we were born. And it is forgetfulness of this which raises most of the objections to the Church service. Much as many of them talk against resting on human merit, such a tendency rests necessarily at the bottom of their belief.

I hope thou wilt be able to make out what I have scribbled, but whether or not, ever believe me lovingly thine,

S. CLARK.

April 30th.—When I was talking to F. D. M. about the text, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you' yesterday, and the abuse to which it has been put by the Society of Friends, he answered, 'And so, in a very important sense, may it be said that the kingdom of England is within you'—and I gloried in the pith of this saying.

May 6th.—I defer taking the Lord's Supper till after I shall have been confirmed, because that arrangement will best express what I mean as distinguished from what those mean who look upon the Sacraments as individual acts, belonging to a lower and vague notion of religion, rather than as deriving their life and worth from being parts of the organised system of the Church.

2nd day, even.

MY DEAREST BECKY,—Thy recollection of my birthday is very sweet to me, and do not think that I can ever forget the least fragment of our happy childhood, especially that point of it in which my attachment to thee was first brought out into consciousness. The love between a sister and a brother is in some

respects more divine than anything else on earth. It is eternal, for it has no conscious beginning, and in its own nature it can never die. I had forgotten my birthday till I received thy letter, and in sooth I had no reason to regret it, to be so reminded of it. Above is my first grey hair, which I send to amuse thee, and to remind thee that we are growing old together.—Ever most affectionately thine,

S. C.

From MS. book. June 11th.—To-day I have been at Hornsey, and there heard a wonderful sermon from the Rev. Theo. Townshend Smith, Assistant Lecturer at the Temple, on 'Now if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new.' In setting forth the true interpretation of this text, which can only subsist in the light of the idea of a Church, a really existing kingdom of Christ, he never forgot to explain and pay due respect to the facts which give rise to the erroneous notions afloat respecting 'the necessity of a change.' It was one of the most logical discourses I ever heard, and withal beautifully pious and practical.

As I was coming home with W. W. and I. M. D., we heard a very ugly, shabby-looking man in the street preaching to a company consisting mainly of little boys and girls. We got into a retired nook and listened to a remarkably forcible appeal on the constitution of human society in Christ, couched in fair language and delivered well. Whether the man was an Irvingite I know not, but he uttered from his heart deep and solemn truths.

'Wherever there is power' said he, 'there you

must recognise God. He rules through kings and priests and fathers, and it is for you to obey His government so carried on. To many of you this is the only way in which you can show that you love the Lord Jesus, into whose name you have been baptised, and who is the head of all things,' &c. This was his strain, and it is very remarkable for a street preacher.

HOLBORN HILL, 6 month, 16th, 1837.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I can assure thee that the step I am about to take has been a subject of the deepest concern to me, and never certainly have I before had a duty to perform which was so repugnant to my natural feelings. I have been at times ready to pray that it might not be required of me to leave the Society. But the matter is plain, and no kind or degree of reform in the Society would answer the purpose. It is my solid conviction that the views and doctrines of Quakerism are not consistent with the plain sense of Holy Scripture, and woe is me if I obey not the conviction.

I may say that I do see and regret as clearly and as deeply as dear father, or any one else who may have separated from the Established Church can do, the evils existing among men. But I differ from them widely in regard to the remedies they would apply, and in this case I think I could corroborate Scripture, by appealing to the plainest testimony of experience, in comparing the present operations on human society of other religious communions with those of the Church of England. In doing so, one thing must be carefully kept in view—that as the purpose of every sincere anti-Calvinist, in being one of a religious

communion, must be the greatest possible amount of good to his fellow men, the value of any particular religious society must be estimated not less according to its effect upon those persons whom it turns out, than upon those whom it retains.

But (my dearest mother) thou and I can bear sad testimony to the inefficiency of Friends' usages and views to counteract the evil which is incident to our nature, even in those who not only remain in the Society, but who hold high places in it. The two points which have pressed most heavily upon my mind have been the expedients contrived by the early Friends to preserve a greater degree of spirituality amongst the Society, and to make a more decided separation between *the holders of the truth* and *the world*, than had ever been effected by any other communion of Christians.

The first, they hoped to achieve by abolishing the outward observance of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and certain other things immediately connected with them. It is very painful for us to put to ourselves the questions, How have they succeeded? Have we at this present time more spirituality than others? I know that those who have been in other religious bodies might answer by other questions: What good effect do you see follow upon individuals from the use of the Sacraments? Or, what good can you possibly conceive can ensue from them? But surely all thoughtful persons must admit that these questions can never be safely put, until it has been most clearly shown that the Sacraments are not Divine institutions and borne testimony to by the Holy Scriptures. If *the contrary* can be proved, as I confidently believe it

can, I would tell the objector that if not one of the Israelites, suffering under the sting of the fiery serpents, had believed Moses when he promised them a cure if they would but look at the serpent of brass, that still *there* would have been the healing power, and the love of God would have been manifested, though men would not receive it.

George Fox, in doing as he did, might have experienced a holy feeling like that which moved Hezekiah to break the brazen serpent in pieces when it had become an object of idolatry to the Jews. There might have been those in his day who misapplied the Sacraments, and he would no doubt feel a righteous indignation against anything like worship of created things. It would of course be his duty to protest against it, but the question is, whether he protested against it in the right way. I am constrained to say that in my opinion he did not, and the result, as shown by the present state of the Society of Friends, has gone to prove it.

In the present day, besides the light we may derive from this experience, there is less excuse than there was in his time for rejecting the ordinances, because there is (*I am most firmly convinced*) very little danger of men's placing any undue confidence in them. The general tendency of the age is to seek for the reasons of things according to natural operations, and to reject means when they seem to their mere human understandings to be insufficient to produce the intended ends. The persons who would now say that the outward part of the Sacraments is of *any use whatever* without the inward, which must depend on the mind and will of the individual, are very, very few.

That this is the temper of the present time, is evinced by the fact that so many, amongst Dissenters especially, defend the Sacraments merely because they are commanded in Scripture, and annex scarcely any profitable meaning to them whatever.

The other point in which the Society seems to have signally failed, is the effecting of a separation between its members and the world by a peculiar dress and mode of speaking. I need not go into this. Thou art too well aware of the certainty that a plain coat does not shut out the spirit of the world. I am only anxious now to tell thee why I feel it to be my duty to throw off these peculiarities, in spite of a most painful conflict of natural feelings and old standing habits.

My chief objection to them in general may be expressed in nearly the same terms as those in which some Friends express their objection to the Sacraments —that they seem to be something while they are nothing, and are in danger of taking off the mind from the inward work, which is necessary to its purification and salvation. They produce a confusion in the mind by referring a number of things to conscientious scruples, which can by right have nothing at all to do with the conscience. They are like those tricks of the magicians described by the prophet, who set before God's people good, and called it evil; or like the teachings of those vain doctors, who said, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' whose doctrines could be of no value for the satisfying of the man who had eternal hopes and fears.

Being convinced on this ground, that the peculiarities *are worse* than of no value considered in themselves,

another argument why I must give them up is added, from my belief that the Sacraments are Divine institutions. I cannot think with Luke Howard (who has just been baptised) and many other Friends, that a Friend may participate in the Sacraments because there is no rule in our book of discipline against his so doing. I think, on the contrary, that the denial of the ordinances is the essential part of Quakerism, and that any person virtually becomes not a Quaker by being baptised or taking the Lord's Supper. In common honesty, therefore, I could not retain the outward badge of membership (more especially as there are many privileges annexed to it), when I had ceased to be a member in heart and in fact.

If any should say that this change in me is going out into the world, they grossly falsify. I cannot express what I have endured in coming to the resolution on many accounts, but chiefly from the pain which I knew it must give you, my dear parents. My conscience is clear for me to say that there is no one, nor no body of persons on earth whom I do so devoutly desire to please. But truth must be above all things, and you will not love me the less for following where it leads.

From my heart I love and approve the objects which the Society of Friends has had in view. I honour the men who through evil report and good report, and through bitter persecutions, have asserted what they believed would lead to those objects. But I can go no further in my agreement with them. I am compelled to avow my conviction, on the grounds of Scripture and experience, that they have proposed

false remedies for the evils of the world, and I could no more continue to appear to other men to approve those remedies, than I could recommend a quack medicine, which I knew to be ineffective as a specific for some deadly disease, when by doing so I might prevent the patient from trying some medicine which would indeed cure him.

I wish that I could have had more opportunities during dear father's stay with us of telling him my mind, and I trust as opportunity may occur that thou and dear B. will not omit to assure him that I am decided. I trust that He who orders all things well will find us each in that frame of mind which is one with His, in regard to this trying movement; and that we may never so far forget the unspeakable importance of those truths on which we agree, as to dwell overmuch upon those on which we may differ. For as the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, so neither is it nice differences or outward distinctions, but righteousness, and truth, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

May we all, my dearest mother, find these blessings richly, as subjects of that glorious kingdom, both now and for ever; being numbered amongst those whom the Lamb will lead by the fountains of living waters, and from whose eyes God will wipe away all tears! So prays with inexpressible feelings of affection thy loving son,

S. CLARK.

HOLBORN HILL, 6th month, 30th, 1837.

MY DEAREST REBECCA,—In answer to thy implied *question* respecting the 'Kingdom of Christ,' F. D. M.

has not the least reason to be discouraged by the reception it has met with, neither have we. We had no right to look for *many* readers. I most readily grant that there are some parts of it which are hard to be understood, but that is owing to the subject rather than to any faults in his style.

Thou knowest that 'he who attempts to follow an original thinker on *any* subject, takes a chamois hunter for his guide,' and must stand by for the consequent exertions. But in this instance the subject is one on which I am sure no sound conclusion will be come to, in this particular age of public feeling and opinion, without recurring to principles which are far enough out of the reach of the wonted habits of *un*thinking, in which 'persons of information' are educated. I say this with no morbid feeling of disaffection towards what is present. There is much in our prospect fraught with glorious hopes. But certain principles having reference to religion and religious communion have been strangely lost sight of, and the best of men seem to be permitted to be blind to them, while they are groping close to them, and often evince that they are engaged in a painful struggle with just the very difficulties which those principles can alone solve.

And yet there is not in the nature of the principles themselves any more difficulty than there must ever be in truths which are out of the way of the senses. But men are brought up, beset with prejudices, and nurtured in habits which are contrary to them, and unfavourable as much to the perception as to the reception of them.

One of these is the confusion between the National

Church and the Church of Christ. Of course I do not mean that men are apt to identify the Church of England with the Church of Christ, but they imagine that the Church of England aspires to be the Church of Christ in a similar manner to that in which the Church of Rome aspires; and that the supremacy of the king is akin to the supremacy of the Pope, except that the former restricts his claim to his own dominions. This is a gross fallacy, which is fruitful of many evils, and amongst others, of the difficulty which certain conscientious persons feel respecting some of the Articles. The American Episcopalians may open our eyes in this respect. They use our Liturgy and adopt our whole ecclesiastical constitution, while many of their members are staunch Republicans. The Articles are there modified according to their national relations.

The true purport and design of the Articles seems to be the providing by the State of a security for the conduct of the ministers of the Church in their pastoral functions. The laity have nothing at all to do with them in reality. They are never presented to a layman by the Church in any way whatever, and therefore the difficulties or objectionable provisions they may contain are not for a mere member of the Church.

I do not say this by way of smoothing over anything thou mayest have found in them which is not in accordance with thy views or my own, for I think there is scarcely anything which, when rightly understood, will prove to be so. But to rightly understand them, it is essential that you should keep the design with which they were composed, in view.

HOLBORN HILL, 7th month, 21st, 1837.

MY DEAREST BECKY,—I am very glad that the Southampton folks are so loyal; loyalty is at all times a very precious feeling, and our present good little Queen seems in her own person to deserve it eminently. Many of the Tories are showing what they mean by loyalty by what they at present say and hint at respecting the Queen, to the great edification of those who look on dispassionately and have their eyes open to the various workings of self, especially in all party-matters.

I must in candour tell thee, in reference to one part of thy letter, that our sale did prove a failure; but many other of our transactions have turned out very well. It is indeed strange that we should ever despond when once we have realised the inward sense of an omnipotent Father in heaven, the Father of the spirits of men, and Lord of all things. One sad fallacy appears to me to be the allowing the idea of God's omnipotence in the work of creation (an idea which we who have the promises, have in common with all men) to swallow up or to overlay the idea of His *spiritual omnipotence*, and His revelation of Himself as our Father through the incarnation of His eternal Son.

To this radical error may be traced all the corrosive mistrust that cankers the world, and every form of heresy in religious matters. The words of the Lord's Prayer need but to be taken in their honest and literal meaning to include a perfect cure for both. Mahommedans and pagans, and infidels and devils have known and felt that there was one God, holy and just, who required them to be holy and just. But it

was reserved for us who have been graffed on to the seed of the promise to see the Eternal One as bound to us by the tenderest of all relations through Him who was made the first-born among many brethren, who took on Him our nature, and was tempted in all points like as we are; and to know for certain, not left to guess in precarious gloom, that the movement of the Spirit within us is His teaching and His familiar communing with us as a friend. It is the tendency to forget this, that originates Calvinism and certain errors in regard to the influence of the Spirit with which thou and I are familiar.

It has seemed to me that we may look on it as a primary object of Divine wisdom in the Scriptures, to identify the One which *must* exist as the Creator and Architect of the universe, with the Father of men. Hence the book of Genesis, the first of the sacred books, contains first an announcement of the fact that God created matter, and next introduces us to the dispensation which shows Him especially as the familiar friend of man in his daily life, openly and directly instructing and assisting him. Again, in the order of occurrences in St. John's Gospel, the Word is first set forth as eternal, the Creator of all things and Enlightener of every man; He is next seen having taken the flesh upon Him, showing how He is Lord of nature, of the being of material things by turning water into wine,* then expounding the spiritual birth by which God is our Father, and which His coming was intended not to produce, for it had existed since the promise to Adam after the fall, but to explain and

* Observe, that this is essentially a *creative* miracle in a way *that no other* is.

confirm, and next comes the memorable conversation with the Samaritan woman.

If thou examine the matter, I am not afraid that thou wilt think this fanciful; for I firmly believe that no thoughtful person can read attentively the earlier parts of St. John's Gospel without seeing that the purport and significance of the whole would be materially disturbed by the transposition of any of the events recorded.—Ever most lovingly thine,

S. C.

From MS. book. Aug. 18th, 1837.—I was suffering from head-ache occasioned by indigestion, and some of my friends persuaded me that change of air would do me good, so last Saturday fortnight I started for Boulogne. A tremendous storm caused us to put into Ramsgate, which we left on Sunday evening. I spent just a week in Paris, and came down the Seine to Havre, stopping a day at Rouen.

'This is the will of God, even your sanctification.' Hold up thy faith in this, O my soul! Hope against hope, and tell the devil, when he denies it, that he is a liar. Stop not to inquire into thy physical peculiarities and tendencies; be not depressed to find that what others do with ease, is to thee a matter of difficulty and struggling—nay, rather glory that God shows Himself to thee in that struggling. Never for a moment suffer thyself to think that He has intended thee for a lazy sensualist, moved by divers lusts and carnal inclinations; or that He has placed thee in a position for which thou art unfit. No, He wills thy sanctification and freedom, and He can will nothing

imperfectly, nothing by halves. He who is omnipotent, the Lord of thy spirit and the Creator of thy body, has willed thy perfect purity and freedom. What better title canst thou seek? Stand forth boldly and assert thy right.

Go forth now to thy daily duties and know that God wills a perfect discharge of them, and has given thee power to that end.

Sept. 20th.—'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him: but I will maintain mine own ways before Him. He also shall be my salvation: for an hypocrite shall not come before Him.'

Through all the struggles that the spirit of man has to go, his own will, often working under a dreadful sense of individuality, seems to be employed by God in the assertion of his own faith at a time when all that is objective seems darkness and confusion. He seems at such times to be in the midst of clouds, around and above, with not a star in view, standing upon a solitary point, itself insulated by black mist; but that solitary point is a point of the rock of ages. Let him not fear for that point, the gates of hell shall not prevail against him.

Then is there a holy defiance of God, a holy justification of himself, nay, a calling the Creator of the earth to an account, a demanding that He would fulfil His covenant. Though even the movings of the Holy Spirit be hid from his view, though his understanding be bewildered and torn, though the lightnings which every now and then flash across the gloom serve only to make the gloom visible, though he be not sure whether he is standing still or going onward, though *the past seem* a dream, the present blackness, the

future despair, yet can he assert that he is a child of God, a member of Christ. Though the Spirit seems to acknowledge Him not, yet he is in Christ, and Christ in Him. He through whom the worlds were created shall be his salvation, and he the poor solitary sinner is true in saying so, and thus he will maintain his own ways before God; but an hypocrite, one who will believe the lying spirits of the air that walk the surrounding mists will fail, and his ways will be cut off.

HOLBORN HILL, 12th month, 4th, 1837.

MY DEAREST BECKY,—I join with thee in admiring them (W. L. and E.), and their good works would be such a rich addition to the Romish stock of supererogation as would hardly be behind the contributions of the greatest saints in the calendar. But I expect thou wilt join with me in mourning over their want of deep and steadfast Christian feeling, the feeling of assurance which says, 'If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things;' which rejoices that the handwriting of ordinances which was against us is blotted out; which recognises inwardly that the law (not *only* the Mosaic law) has waxed old and vanished away; which is the peace that passeth all understanding, acquiesces in the mysteries of God's providence, joining in the chorus of the elders in the Revelation: 'We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; *because* Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power, and hast reigned.' It is only under a sense of my own manifold deficiency that I should feel justified to say that, on the contrary, in our dear Wm. there is so much

of looking out for evil, of a *faith* in evil, of a feeling of bondage in regard to himself and others, that I can never think about him without pain, the more pungent, from his extraordinary worth in other respects. Oh, that we who profess Christ's name could all cease idly to look out for what God means to do hereafter, either concerning ourselves or others, in the living sense that at this moment we '*are* come unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.' Faith forbids us to change the present tense into the future. If we see it not, the crime is ours, we have wilfully put the fleshy veil over our eyes and have turned to the old things, to the law, which we can never satisfy; having done all, we are unprofitable servants. Why should we spend our money or our labour when we are assured that the true wine and milk is to be served to us *without* money and *without* price? It was given to Isaiah and the saints of old to see the Gospel while they served the law, and they glorified God for the vision; but we, now that Christ has taken our nature upon Him and declared liberty to the captive and the opening of the eyes to the blind, &c., have come to that service which is perfect freedom, where we can see the law and know that it is holy, just, and good, having (if we will, but to obey the voice of the Most High) that spirit of love spread abroad in our heart which includes the law and keeps it, but which is in no sort of bondage *to it.*

I need not remind thee what a vague thing it is to recommend a course of reading, and thou knowest also what a latitudinarian I am in regard to what I would let young people read. Not but that I think they ought not to read a great many of the books which exist, but I would *pre*scribe for them many which serious people in general would earnestly *pro*scribe, and *vice versâ*. The best historical books I know for young persons are Palgrave's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons;' 'The Pictures of English History,' published by the Useful Knowledge Society; 'The History of Greece,' a volume of the Library of Useful Knowledge; 'The History of Scotland,' by Sir Walter Scott, and of Rome; the best compendium continues to be Goldsmith's, which is only the best because there is no better, and not because it is a good one.

In natural philosophy, there is 'Readings in Natural Science,' published by the Society of Christian Knowledge, a small volume, or, which is better, 'Arnott's Physics,' Mudie's 'Guide to the Observation of Nature,' White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and Stanley's 'British Birds.'

Parley's books are all very good except the 'Wonders,' which is a quack thing written by a man who only pretends to be Parley.

But every young person ought to have it in their power to read Wordsworth's Poems, Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' Dr. Biber's 'Stories from Church History,' Paley's 'Natural Theology,' and 'The Story without an End,' Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' Southey's 'Thalaba.'

Thou wilt laugh at this odd melange, but believe

me, there is more reason in it than at first appears.—Thy most loving brother,

S. C.

12th month, 11th, 1837.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As several of the doctrines and views professed by the Society of Friends appear to me, after anxious and deliberate examination, to be inconsistent with the sense of Holy Scripture, it is my duty to inform you that I no longer consider myself a member of the Society.

Under a deep sense of the solemn importance of the step I am now taking, I feel as if I must not let the opportunity pass without declaring how painfully I experienced, both for myself and others, while I was in the habit of attending Friends' meetings, the want of a regularly constituted and educated ministry. And, however liable such an institution may be to abuse, in common with everything else entrusted to men, it is, I conceive, of Divine appointment and what cannot be dispensed with by a Christian body without imminent peril.

I must also express my assured belief that the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper are vitally connected with the constitution of the Christian Church, and were instituted by its great Head as enduring witnesses and seals of truth. It being consequently required by my conscience that I should participate in them, and as I hold such participation to be most decidedly repugnant to the principles of Friends, I have thought it right to take this method of disuniting myself, though it is not without a painful struggle that I thus voluntarily cut myself

off from a society in which there is so much to which my heart is closely knit.

With fervent desires for your prosperity in the best things—I remain, dear Friends, your affectionate friend,

S. CLARK.

3rd month, 10th, 1838.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,—I am very much obliged to thee for thy last kind letter. It has been, I can assure thee, with much unwillingness that I have put off writing to thee for so long; but as it is, I think I shall not feel entire freedom without simply confessing to thee that my delay has arisen in great part from the restraining influence of an inward conflict, which I have had respecting the points upon which thy conscience and mine require us to differ from each other in our conclusions. The strength of this conflict has been in proportion to my affectionate and dutiful feelings towards thee; and He who discerns the thoughts and intentions of the heart knows that I am sincerely convinced that nothing less than the imperative command of that power which to each man ought to be above every power, and the commands of which each man at his peril must alone interpret for and in himself, would have induced me to move, so far as I have done, contrary to thy wishes.

If I could have been easy without it, and if I could have otherwise honestly accounted for not having written to thee more frequently of late, I could have fain avoided recurring to this subject in my communications with thee. But though some degree of pain may at first be produced by adverting to it, I

think that a danger of a much more serious kind attends the opposite course. I believe that we may often lose much strength and happiness through a want of openness in our intercourse with each other. When a difference of religious views exists, the difference may be exaggerated for want of understanding its true connection in the mind of the other; and what is of yet greater importance, through the fear of having some favourite notion of ours shocked, we omit the duty of communing together on those great and glorious points on which we should perfectly agree. But perhaps most of all to be dreaded is the influence of this selfish or timid reserve on those warm and lively feelings of love between members of the same family, which ought to be cherished as among the choicest blessings of God. When no definite dispute is produced, a dull coldness may often quietly and unconsciously creep in, which serves the devil's purpose equally well. I trust thou wilt accept these remarks, my dear father, springing as they do from a pressing conviction of their importance, as an apology for recalling a subject to thy mind which I too well know must be painful to thee.

A sincere desire to avoid hereafter all needless recurrence to points of difference, and at the same time not to forego that happiness which I feel it to be my duty to avail myself of as far as I can, might indeed of itself have induced me to write this letter. I cannot be willing that either thou or I should be ignorant of the joy or support which each may derive from the possession of the true religion. Our faith has one object, our hope has one ground; we both worship the living God who (having given His Son

as a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world) willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live. We know that in us, as children of nature, dwells no good thing, but that from the teaching of the Holy Spirit alone proceed all good thoughts, words and deeds; and that we are the children of grace, and the temples of the Holy Ghost, not by any merits or strivings of our own, but only through the blood of His dear Son. I obey a call of duty in expressing a fervent hope that no dissimilar opinions on other topics may prevent us from often communicating on these, upon which, through the boundless mercy of God, I believe we perfectly agree.

It seems to me that there are many conclusions connected with the profession of religion having to do with outward things, such as Church government and discipline, which are kept alive and stirring in the minds of men, almost wholly on account of the ease with which controversies may be agitated respecting them; while the deep truths of God, those things which we concur in, professing to look upon as the true food and life of our spirits, and as the law of God upon which he who is pronounced '*blessed*' in the first Psalm meditates day and night, are supposed to be dormant in the soul as if they were mere lumber. I have felt this to be a perilous snare to myself, to avoid which much prayer and watching is requisite.

I cannot express the deep and earnest feelings of my soul that nothing may disturb or embitter the love which thou and I owe to each other, while each

walks in obedience to the light afforded him. However imperfectly I may have expressed myself, I trust thou wilt receive what I have said in the sense in which I mean it; and believe me to be, with a most deep sense of the duty I owe to thee both as a father and personally, thy ever affectionate son,

S. C.

CHAPTER VI.

1837-1839.

LETTERS—NOTES OF JOURNEYS—MATRICULATION AT OXFORD—EDUCATIONAL MAGAZINE—LETTERS TO MR. STRACHEY.

HOLBORN HILL, October 20th, 1837.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—I positively cannot write a line upon any other subject, till I have vindicated the inquiries I made respecting Mr. HB.* from the most unjust imputation you have cast upon them. If you had been anything of a phrenologist you might have known how large my organ of philoprogenitiveness is, from the way in which my hat sits upon my head. And if I had been deficient in the mere animal instinct, do you think I should 'not care one farthing' for one of those dear little creatures who have never broken their baptismal vow, though they knew nothing about it? I can assure you Mrs. Godwin has judged me much more correctly, and when I inquire in future, I beg you will harbour no such naughty suspicions, unless you think that I should despise the young gentleman *because* he is yours. But really

* Mr. Godwin's child.

to be serious, there is something in infancy of overpowering sublimity. The deep mysteries of nature and grace that meet in the little troublesome brat, are the subjects which the angels desire to look into; the first generous affection it feels is a reflection from the Supreme Love; the first sense it has of there being a right and a wrong is the voice of God within it, struggling with the fulfilment of the promise of the serpent to our first parents, 'in the day ye eat thereof, ... ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil;' the first sense it has of its own eternity (which I am disposed to think is in general very early) is a conscious seal of its communion with, and relationship to, the Supreme Reason. It is not a convertible material which can be used for a purpose, but it is a *person*, an end, for which *things* are created, an eternal constituent, in one way or another, of God's empire. Without any Platonic dreams, and without those associations with which Christ, in what He said and did personally, as well as through His ordinance, has invested the infant man; without asserting that

> 'Trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home;
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

Taking just the most prosaic view of the subject which a man can take, is it not a most sublime thought that the birth of a man is the beginning of an eternity? There is nothing in the range of my reading which has struck me as so unpardonable and disgusting as Dr. Priestley's remarks on the infancy *of our* Saviour in the history of his early opinions

respecting the nature of Christ. Have you read them?

But I thank God that I have, in common with beasts, and birds, and cetaceous fishes, a strong instinctive love of the young of my kind. I love to think about the little creatures, to look at them, to talk nonsense to them, and above all, to watch the singleness of their emotions. A free healthy child actually seems to be the personification of his ruling emotion. He is the only part of God's immortal creation in which we can witness the absence of those chilling conflicts, and ragged, patched-up states of mind of which *we* are conscious in our more advanced career. After this confession you must never on any account have the shadow of a suspicion that my interest in a child (and, need I add, especially in a child of yours?) is anything but a most solid and sincere feeling.

Was ever anything so mournful as what has befallen our poor friend, Dr. Joe? We shall never, my dear friend, look upon the like again. Can you ever forget the porter and the oyster on the fork, with the half-squinting eyes meeting on the oyster, so full of quiet fun? He was, moreover, at the bottom, a real, good fellow, as sincere and correct as any one I ever knew:

> '—— cui Pudor et Justitiæ soror,
> Incorrupta Fides nudaque Veritas
> Quando ullum inveniet parem?'

I say this of him after an acquaintance of nearly twenty years' standing. I cannot help mourning over him as dead. His father told me that he was in a very happy state of mind, and did not appear to be

in the least disqualified for inward thinking, though entirely for outward intercourse. They still *hope* for his amendment, but I fear there is little ground, and we know how easily affection will convert a wish on such a subject into a hope.

During the six hours I spent in Southampton the other day, I saw Brookfield. He was quite well, and did not seem to have changed his identity, though he still retained the good graces of Dr. Wilson and his followers, and has not 'toppled down headlong' (like Eutychus), as was sagely prognosticated of him.

I cannot tell you now what the epithet I applied to Lord Lyndhurst's mouth was, but I suppose it must have been something nearly synonymous with roguish. I beg your pardon for writing so badly, but you must know I *never* learnt to write; however, as I have a profound respect for the final end of writing, I think I must some day make a sacrifice to it, and cultivate the habit of putting in every letter of a word in good round portly style.—Ever very truly yours,

S. CLARK.

CAMBRIDGE, 12th month, 22nd, 1837.

MY DEAREST MARY,—Though I might truly plead a close succession of engrossing engagements, still I cannot make thee any sort of apology which would be adequate to my feelings of regret on account of my long delay in answering thy two last letters. I know, however, that thou wilt not be ready to judge unkindly, in supposing that forgetfulness or want of affection has had any part in causing the deficiency.

I am sure I wish, quite as much as thou dost, that

I was nearer to you, and could converse much and often with you on the subject of religion. As to the controversy which is agitated in the Society of Friends, I should be very glad to be out of the reach of hearing of it. I feel more and more the extreme unsatisfactoriness of religious disputes, not only, nor yet chiefly, from the unkind and bitter feelings which they are apt to produce in each party, nor yet for their tendency to make one party deny the truth of some real principle, which the opposite upholds; but I feel them to be still more injurious to myself, and I see them to be so to others, from their being sure to produce a false estimate in the minds of those who are engaged in them, of the value of particular notions. I do not deny the great value of right doctrines; on the contrary, I look upon them as deeply necessary, and as being the ground-work of what has preserved the Church; but still they are only valuable, as they serve to teach and confirm men in the knowledge and feeling that God is our Father, and that we owe all that we possess to His free grace. It is this feeling living and reigning within us, that makes the state called 'the kingdom of God,' 'the new Jerusalem, and other such terms in the New Testament. It is a great comfort, my dear sister, that, however widely we may differ from some that we dearly love on particular notions, still we can meet on this broad ground, that the Creator of all things has reinstated us in the condition of sons and daughters, that He spared not His own Son 'Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth,' but sent Him down to be our brother and fellow-sufferer in all the evils to which our nature is subject, and therefore that we are all

tied together as brethren and sisters, first in the earthly bond of the same human parentage and origin, and secondly in the spiritual bond by which we have been begotten again in Christ Jesus. This is the marrow of all Divinity; it is that which babes may attain unto, and which the profoundest philosophers cannot go beyond. One great reason for my preferring the Church to any sect is, that this great truth forms the perpetual subject of its services, and that the caprice of individual preachers can never be a cause of its being forgotten.

I have thus hastily answered thy questions amidst the idle gossip of a coffee-room, but if thou wishest me to resume the subject at a future and more fit time, I need hardly tell thee that I shall do it with pleasure.

To-morrow I hope to see some of the curiosities of this ancient seat of learning. I wish my dear sisters were here to enjoy the sight with me.—In great haste believe me thy truly affectionate brother,

S. C.

From MS. book. Grantham, 1837.—I am now in a very strange part of the country. A few days ago I travelled full fifty miles without seeing, either far or near, a hill or a hillock or any protuberance on the surface bigger than a mole-hill. Besides this, no commons, woods, nor coppices, nothing but tidy looking fields, scanty rows of trees, and wretched roads. The windmills are built so high to catch the wind, that hereafter, if windmills should go out of fashion, some of them may be taken for a sort of Magian temple, on which the Host of Heaven used to be worshipped, like

the celebrated round towers of Ireland. Most of them too have five, six, or seven sails instead of four, which looks very queer and outlandish. The people are semi-barbarous, saying '*while*' instead of '*till*,' and committing various other outrages on the Queen's English. The most memorable and beautiful feature in the scenery is the churches. Many of them are very noble structures, fit for cathedrals, and similarly furnished inside, with a chapel occupying but a small part of them. Lincoln Cathedral I think beats all the glorious edifices I have ever seen. It stands on a high hill, and is kept in excellent order.

Lichfield.—I intend to go to the cathedral here tomorrow. It is a very pretty building, but small. It has three spires, and the west front is as fine as anything of the sort that I have seen. Yesterday I saw Dudley Castle (which is a glorious ruin on the top of a high, steep hill), and went above a quarter of a mile underground. When I was surveying the ruins, I heard what I thought was loud thunder, as the sky looked that way inclined; but on descending the hill, I found it proceeded from a stone quarry, one of two, each of which has been carried a quarter of a mile into the hill during the last century. What a lot of spades and pickaxes and pounds of powder that little bustling, burrowing, sailing, railway-travelling, would-be-flying-if-he-could creature man must have expended in torturing and disturbing these quiet rocks. A spacious passage leads you into a very lofty and irregular cavern, which was lighted up last week by 8,000 candles for the gratification of the members of the British Association, who made an expedition to it from Birmingham. It must have been a very pleasant occasion, though it rained

dismally, and many of the poor half-drowned philosophers were obliged to go to bed at the inns and there lie while the chambermaids and cooks *dried their clothes.*

The cathedral of Durham is in the style of architecture called Anglo-Norman. It is very different from all the ecclesiastical buildings I ever saw before, and far less fine than any of the cathedrals, though it is very large. The pillars of the nave are very massive, and resemble each other only in being round; but each opposite pair are different from all the rest.

One pair is fluted straight up, another spirally, another with two small flutes, and the third with a sort of bead laid in the flute, like the lower part of an Ionic column. Altogether the effect is very coarse, and reminds one of an Egyptian or a Hindoo structure. The arches are all plain and round.

Its situation is eminently commanding, and the river Wear runs almost all round it at the bottom of a deep gully, of which the sides are thickly wooded, with most pleasant walks between the trees. There are some neat bridges over the river, which add to the effect.

Durham Castle (till lately the residence of the Bishop, but now converted into the University) stands by its side, and looks very portly and consistent. The city of Durham seems as if it had fallen asleep 300 years ago (after the fashion of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood) and had just awoke, not knowing of the interval. I never saw a place with such slight traces of the march of improvement. It stands upon the hill, on all sides of the cathedral, so that the streets are very steep and inconvenient for traffic. There is a

picturesque *toute ensemble* about the place which makes me like it.

The women in this part of the country are much in the habit of smoking, and the poor men have a strange way of taking hold of your arm as they answer you a question. They are a very uncultivated race, and the poor children seem dreadfully neglected. I suppose this is common in the neighbourhood of mines.

Dickens's story of the five sisters of York is taken from a tradition that is pretty enough in itself. In the north transept of York Minster are five windows so peculiar for feminine grace, that if Daphne had been turned into a window instead of into a laurel, she would doubtless have been of the same pattern. It is said that these windows were given to the cathedral by five sisters, who worked in embroidery the patterns for the artist to copy in stained glass, each sister following her own fancy. The one furthest to the right, which you would fix on as the pattern of the youngest sister, is I think the most beautiful; but the five, taken together with the transept, form one of the most harmonious and unobtrusively magnificent pieces of architecture that ever came from the hand of man. Yet so perfect is the whole Minster, that I should be inclined to say as much of any one portion which might be seen at once.

The nave is the largest in Europe, except that of St. Peter's at Rome. When Jonathan Martin burned the wood-work of the choir, strange to say, the flames were drawn so straightly upwards by the pillars, and the weather was so still, that scarcely a pane of glass in the windows was cracked by them, though the roof was quite destroyed. The repairs of the injury then

sustained have not been fully effected for £100,000. It has been carefully calculated that the cost of erecting such a building as York Minster in these times would be upwards of two millions.

People in Yorkshire and Durham say 'it will' and 'I will' instead of 'it is' and 'I am.' Thus, I asked a Leedsman if the Methodist Chapel at Leeds was a large one, and he replied, 'Yes, it will.' And I heard a girl this evening say to a woman on the top of the coach, who observed, 'You are very wet,' when it had rained hard for some time, 'Yes, I will.' This is a Germanism; the German *ich werde* and *es wird* mean *I will* or *I am*, *it will* or *it is*. Yorkshiremen also say '*a deal*' very frequently, and '*a good few*' for '*much*' and a '*considerable number*.' The former is perhaps a Germanism, but I am not certain whether the Germans use *der Theil* in the same sense.

To-day I saw a noticeable instance of the persevering diligence of the shepherd's dog. One was engaged so closely in driving a flock of sheep out of the way of the coach, that he got under the feet of the leaders and was cruelly trodden on. He did not even cry out, but managed to extricate himself, and though limping most painfully upon two legs, went on in the zealous discharge of his constabulary duties, biting one sheep and barking at another as if nothing had happened, saving only the holding up of his poor bleeding feet.

They have a very odd-looking mode of hanging a long stick by the middle round the neck of their geese in these counties, to prevent them from getting *through the* fences. As the stick sinks into the deep

down of the neck, it looks as if it was stuck through; but it is merely hung on by a loop. I never saw this in the south, but perhaps it is new to me only from my Cockney habits of observation.

It struck me in hearing the First Lesson read to-day in church, as very remarkable that when Naaman asked Elisha for permission to bow his head in the temple of Rimmon when the king was present, he replied assentingly, 'Go in peace.' Did the prophet of the most high God, who had been throughout his career a pattern and martyr of righteousness, sanction the worship of an idol? or did he give permission to one, who it seemed was beginning as it were to 'see men as trees walking,' habitually to deny his convictions? I conclude that he must have been guided by an insight into Naaman's character and the extent of his convictions, and that, unlike some in the present day, he was not disposed to value outward conformity which he knew was not a branch of the true vine; perhaps he saw that the inward progression of Naaman's mind would tell him best when he ought to bear outward testimony to his belief in the God who had cured him of the leprosy.

If I am not mistaken, an important lesson may be learned from the words of the prophet to guide our treatment of those who see that there is a *right thing*, which they ought to seek to attain unto, but do not see it to be their duty to give up worldly amusements, such as balls, theatres, &c. I am convinced that more harm than good is done by the outcry against these things which is made by some pious people.

HOLBORN HILL, October 25th, 1838.

MY DEAREST BECKY,—I rejoice in this beautiful weather for you. In my mind's eye (no other eye, you may be sure, here in Holborn) I see the woods in their beautifully varied October livery, every now and then throwing off a leaf, that by its gay idleness before the wind beguiles one's fancy of the melancholy thoughts that autumn will suggest. I can easily believe how thou must enjoy it amongst the mountains and rocks and streams. You will get to Milford Haven in a few days. Think of 'Cymbeline,' and read it, if thou canst get at Shakespeare. It is a great favourite of mine, especially the scenes at Milford Haven. I have long had a great fancy to go there, though I do not know that the scenery is remarkably beautiful. Pray tell me all about it in thy next. I declare thou hast a great talent for topographical writing. Thy letters are quite a panorama of the places you have visited. Thou hast noticed the good effect of gay colours on peasants' dresses in a landscape. I have long mourned over the nice old *red* cloaks going out of fashion, for there is a fashion even in dairy-women. —Always thy most loving brother,

S. CLARK.

OXFORD, January 6th (1839).

MY DEAREST B. B,— . . . I am very much pleased with Mr. Jacobson. My examination was nothing more than a pleasant talk between familiar friends. These truly learned and great men are the simplest and pleasantest persons in the world. I never felt less frightened by a celebrated man, though the occasion

made me awkward and nervous. Mr. J. would have taken me to his own house to spend the day, but the white kid glove was or ought to have been on the knocker.

To-morrow at ten o'clock I have to put on the trencher cap, gown and bands, with a white neckcloth (which Mr. J. is to lend me), and walk to the house of convocation, there to inscribe in a vellum book in Latin that I am the fifth son of a gentleman, and have entered Magdalen Hall as a student. Then to declare my loyalty and intention to observe the laws while I remain in the University, which finishes my business here till next October.—Your affectionate brother,

S. C.

To Edward Strachey, Esq.

London, August 6th, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I have put off writing to you till now, that I might send my letter in company with Maurice's Lectures,* which have just made their appearance. I have not yet read them, and I heard only two of them delivered. The net profits for the National School Society amount to about £60, so you can judge how numerously they were attended. The audience was quite as large as I expected, though so immensely less than the lectures deserved. The Bishops of London and Norwich were there two or three times, and were amongst those who requested Mr. Maurice to publish the lectures. Is not this monstrously odd as regards the latter? His son, young Spring Rice, Mr. Sterling, Nelson Coleridge, and others of the class to which the first-named two

* 'Lectures on National Education.'

belong, were the most regular attenders. If you had been amongst them, I think you would have been better satisfied with the character than the number of the audience. You must not, however, imagine from what I say that there were *none* who yawned and slept and looked vacant.

Probably you saw in the advertisement that Maurice's first title was, 'Is the State or the Church *best able* to Educate the Nation?' In spite of its lack of grammar, he gave it up most unwillingly, so fond is he of the word *able* in that connection.

Do you remember the wretched and unprincipled 'Educational Magazine'? It has now fallen completely into our hands, and we are going to bring it over to the cause of the national and diocesan system. During this year it will retain its name and that of its old publishers, but the management of it is to be in the hands of a committee, comprising Maurice, Mr. Acland, Mr. Wood, Mr. Moody, and another not yet determined on. The man who will take the drudgery of the editorship is to be called the secretary of the committee. Mr. Stephens, Librarian of King's College, is to hold that office till the end of the year at least. Next year the publication is to be changed *toto cælo* in name and arrangement and nominal publishers. The price is to continue the same (6*d.*), and the object of the work is the instruction of the diocesan and national schoolmasters. Articles on higher education will not perhaps be wholly excluded, but they are not to make the substance of the work. I hope that without deviating from its prime object, it may be made sufficiently interesting to clergymen and others interested in right education.

Something has occurred which I think will prevent me from residing at Oxford till the Term after next. I do not so much regret this, as I hope afterwards to give up nearly the whole of my time to a college life.—Believe me, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

S. CLARK.

November 5th, 1839.

MY DEAR MR. STRACHEY,— . . . I continue to proceed with algebra, though at a snail's pace. I must tell you that my disinclination towards it is not quite on the same grounds as yours. I merely feel that it is a sort of painful solitude to stay long in. When I have been turning my attention to it for some time together, I feel the want of men or spirits or some sort of living creatures. But I do not feel this to be more the case in algebra than in geometry or arithmetic, and of the three I think I like it the best, though I ought to speak cautiously, for I know by far less about it than I do of the others. Of course all three come into our consciousness only by means of symbols, and I confess that I do not see why the symbols of algebra should not be as interesting to us as those of geometry, unless it be that it requires a greater effort to apply them. Perhaps the lines and points of geometrical books are a kind of picture language, and they are in a degree like the conceptions which they represent, while the a's and x's of algebra bear no other relation to particular quantities than they do to the sounds they stand for in alphabetical writing. If so, I can easily imagine

that the latter may be on the whole less interesting, and it is very likely that I shall find it so as I proceed.

You will be pleased to hear that Mr. Trench has nearly completed a translation of a play of Calderon's. How little we English seem to know about Calderon. My knowledge of him embraces the facts that he was a Spanish writer of plays, who lived some years ago, whether fifty or two hundred I am uncertain, of a philosophical character, who is much esteemed by the best judges in Germany, 'and no more' (as the new Act of Parliament obliges them to put on the omnibuses). So far as I know, none of his pieces have ever been translated into English, and I have never seen any notice of him in the foreign review or any other. The play which Mr. T. is translating is a Mystery, on the fall of man.

. . . I remember talking to Dr. Graham on the Sacraments some time ago. He expressed something like surprise at my being able to see anything in them, having been brought up a Quaker, beyond an obedience to Scripture and the usage of Christians in general. I am curious to know when that most stupid and perilous abuse of the word *regeneration* commenced. It may doubtless be found amongst some of the Puritans, but I cannot find that it prevailed over any large class before the time of Wesley, who must surely have possessed an unenviably comprehensive mind to hold to it along with his Arminian notions. The Evangelical clergy do, I am convinced, as you say, recognise some reality in baptism, but it is in spite of themselves that they do so. I believe

most of them would be glad to be quit of all those parts of the baptismal service which express the soul of reality in it. I do not mean that they have the feeling in entire consciousness; but they feel themselves to be fettered, and they do what they can to make themselves contented in their bonds, which is certainly the next best thing they can do to opening their eyes wide upon the truth. Few of them, I should hope, would go so far from the truth as Coleridge, in a passage which I noticed in the 'Table Talk' a few days ago, and which is a sad set-off to the one I called your attention to when I saw you last in Town. After some remark, which seemed to me almost silly, about his emotion on seeing the little innocent in the clergyman's arms, I think he says, 'The only part of our baptismal service which may be objected to, is to me no more than an assumption, at least harmless.' For my own part, sooner than put up with any of the formal notions of baptism which are so general in this day, I would revert to the Quaker view, and give up outward observances altogether. I don't say that it is not much better for *them*, in the midst of their blindness, to follow as much as they can see of the letter of the Scripture; but I think that I have been brought up under the influence of a different set of prejudices, and having first looked upon certain truths from a different side, could not do as they do with a quiet conscience. Still, melancholy as the fact is, it must be conceded to them that the errors of the High Church party of the present day do in a great degree palliate their own heresy; for nothing that I have heard amongst the

Evangelicals has so much disgusted me as the talk among young High Churchmen about 'baptismal regeneration.' Very few of them ever endeavour to get a distinct notion of the word regeneration, and not a few take it up in a kindred sense to that in which the Evangelicals employ it, and then madly give them battle upon their own false ground.

I was disappointed with Mill's article on Bentham. It has rather lessened Bentham's intellectual character in my esteem than otherwise. Do you not think that Mill has very much overrated what Bentham did, in setting people to talk freely about the faults of their rulers, &c.? He happened to come out just after the revulsion took place in people's minds from the French-revolution-feeling, and therefore a short period of extraordinary reserve on politics happened to show him out in relief. But men spoke out what each believed to be true in the old time, much better than he or his followers have done. Does it not show B.'s strange slavery to words to have grouped together in a tedious manner, as he has done, the various phrases by which men refer to the moral thing within them, and to have inferred from the great difference in these phrases that it did not exist at all? I wonder that the passage does not show obviously to all his readers that the moral rule *is*, and from the different names and notions by which men designate it, that it is above the understanding, and therefore not a regard, distinct or indistinct, to utility.

You are, no doubt, right in the meaning of *subtle*, when it is applied to mere intellect and when it is contrasted with acute, but I am not quite sure that

you are right as to the latter word. My objection to your use of *subtle* arose from your applying it as describing a characteristic of Maurice's genius. I have not time to enter into particulars, but it seems to me that the word is not properly applicable to anything but a turning, twisting, property which is *almost* necessarily evil. Shakespeare, in the only two passages I remember in which it is found, uses it in a bad or practically bad sense, and Milton does the same in six or seven places—'pendent by subtle magic,' 'subtle fiend,' 'by subtle art concocted.' I can only think of one line in which a contrary application occurs—Ithuriel and Zephon are called 'subtle spirits.' From what I remember, Milton must use the word very often. Maurice, without doubt, has subtilty, but I should not approve of your calling him a subtle writer.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

S. CLARK.

To the Same.

. . . I have only had time to glance at Coleridge, but I have seen enough to know that I shall like a great many of your annotations. I must confess that I do not agree with your opinion as to the inexpediency of publishing *all* the papers of great men. I think, on the contrary, that it is the duty of those, in whose power it is left, to do so. I acknowledge that the force of their teaching may often be most painfully diminished by what may be thus disclosed; but I can hardly doubt that much greater harm has arisen from a concealment which seemed, on the occasion, to be

prudent or proper. I look upon George Fox and Middleton (the Cicero Middleton) as affording notable instances of this. G. Fox would never have been so unjustly depreciated in this age, or so absurdly idolised in a former age, by the Society of Friends, if his papers had been published without selection; or if Gray and his fellow executor had not burned and concealed what Middleton wrote in the sincerity of his closet, so many simple, honest people would never have been puzzled by his book on miracles, as they would have known at once that he was not a believer in Christ. Is not the whole tenor of the Sacred History an example of setting before us *whole* men?—Believe me very sincerely yours,

S. CLARK.

LONDON, December 26th, 1839.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—Your aphorisms will appear in the January number. . . .

I have of late been so much occupied that I have not had time to *do* anything. I have been obliged to give up myself to become the means by which certain things have been done. I have been the wretched victim of an intractable bustle. I make this silly apology for not having written to you before. The *causa causæ* has been that accidental circumstances have thrown the duties of other men upon me, and that I have been striving to get certain things done before I go to Oxford, which I hope will be the 14th or 15th of January. As the time approaches, I look with a certain kind of timidity on such a complete change in my way of life, and clouds

of doubt now and then come over me. It is a blessed thing to know and remember as men, *Quid sumus et quidnam victuri gignimus: ordo quis datus*, &c., and to go on quietly doing what stands next to one to be done, but a horrid thing when we get anxious (as some of us do by constitution and others by circumstances) to know for one's own self,

'Quem te Deus esse
Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re.'

However, the die is cast, and, thank God! I have no abiding feeling of hesitation, or one that ever touches my heart of hearts. It is only when I feel myself dragged captive by outward things and undoubted present calls for my exertions, that any uncomfortable emotions come upon me. Then I have to feel just what you may imagine a man must feel when a great (to him) and difficult object lies before him, while what is immediately round him, by a thousand packthread ties, keeps him from doing anything towards it, and not only so, but by its peculiar nature restrains him from any feeling of inward power. But I do not think that any good can come to me or pleasure to you from thus talking about myself, so I shall dismiss the subject.

There will be in the next 'Educational' a long letter of Niebuhr's to a young man who was going to give himself to the study of Philology. It is a glorious production. Near the end, where he says something like 'if you give yourself up to falsehood, it will make me very unhappy,' in the original it stands 'it will indeed be a fall in Paradise.' Is it

not an odd expression? Maurice thought it would offend, and so altered it. The letter was translated by Julius Hare, whose style you will recognise in it; though I think in it, as in all his later productions, he has been less distinguishable as relates to his lesser crotchets. By the way, have you read his papers on grammar, which have been printed but not published? I wish he would write an English grammar, not because I esteem him as the best man for such a work that could possibly exist, but because I believe he has observed and thought more than any generally right-minded man living on grammar, technically considered. We have no grammar that aspires to critical eminence except Crombie's, which if I am not mistaken is a very poor thing, or at the best a mixture of clever and acute observations with some very stupid and crude. The general arrangement for learners of our beautiful verb (which is in its flexibility and precision the most perfect organ of expression in any language) is sadly disfigured by all grammarians. We particularly need some things to be decided, if only by dogmatical authority. No one seems to me to be at ease in regard to certain forms, especially the passivifying of the participle in *ing*. Maurice never knows whether he ought to use it or not. Old Crombie declares as he is wont, with all the confidence of one just come down from the Intermundia with a message from Jupiter, that active and passive are not applicable to participles, but only past and present. He brings as an example Domus ædificatur—*the house is building*. It is tolerable in this case and convenient to say so, and we may also say *the goose is roasting;*

but in a great number of verbs it would be intolerable —in all certainly which express emotions, *love, hate, scorn,* &c., &c., and several other classes. And even in the first class, it might be a most inconveniently ambiguous phrase in New Zealand to say, *my servant is roasting;* and we express two different things when we say a man *is dressing* (even when we add helped *by his valet*) or being dressed (ab) by his valet. On the other hand, it is at times very ugly and, though not capable of being misunderstood (of misunderstanding according to Crombie), not perhaps strictly correct to say *being ——ed,* as the house is being builded. I see that Carlyle sometimes adopts the old form *a ——ing—the house is a building.* This might be very useful, if our ears would bear it and if it could be kept to the passive use of the participle. But I doubt, when it was used, whether it was so restricted; and I am not certain whether the Hampshire phrase, in which *a* is inserted in the present active, was then a vulgarism or not. We want some man to write a grammar of our *living* tongue, a man who sees that there are living powers in language. Such a man has never set his hand to the work. Most of them have set about the task as if they were cutting up a mummy for purposes of demonstration: 'Now, gentlemen, this is a hand, and this is an arm, and this a leg.' Not a word do we hear about its life, nor can we distinguish its living form. Anatomists, physiologists, and even butchers may each have a proper and necessary part to act in treating a language; but these mummy carvers, who kill and dry language for the purposes of demonstration, are a monstrous class of

creatures.—Believe me, my dear Strachey, yours very sincerely,

S. CLARK.

P.S. Are you not very sorry that we are disturbing the Chinese? I have a great regard for them, and though they are so stupid and misjudging on some points, I feel very conservative towards them. A people who have lived and in a manner thrived upon one idea (Honour thy Father and thy Mother, &c.) for thirty or forty centuries are surely a most venerable object. The consequent feline subsistence of their national life, as shown in their quarrels with the Tartars, is one of the most striking things in history, and an awful fulfilment of the conditional promise, 'that thy days may be long in the land.' Their crabbed, letter-bound intellectuality, their obstinate materialism, their enmity to ladies' feet, and all sorts of improvement, and their having possessed for above 300 years longer than we, the three most potent practical contrivances that have ever been (printing, gunpowder, and the compass), without making any use of them in furtherance of general cultivation, do but emboss more strongly their one principle of strength upon their national character. I could imagine that the principle will one day form a noble stock for Christianity to be graffed upon, when it shall please God to let the light shine upon this most ancient *τῶν ἐθνων*. I wish this latter word had never been translated *Gentiles*, which conveys to most Englishmen a notion of a class of *persons*, instead of a recognised collection of *nations*. To unthoughtful

Greeks *τὰ ἔθνη* must, unconsciously, have conveyed a very different conception from what the word *Gentiles* does to unthoughtful Englishmen. I cannot think how the word came to be devised. I do not see a shadow of a reason for it in any age of the Latin tongue.

CHAPTER VII.

1840.

LIFE AT OXFORD—LETTERS TO MR. STRACHEY—LETTERS TO A FRIEND—DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

MAGDALEN HALL, 2nd month, 2nd, 1840.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have now been here two weeks, and I am thankful to say that I do humbly believe that I have taken a right step. I earnestly desire that I may be kept in a state of ready submission to the will of God. If he should prosper our business, and continue it as it is at present, I shall have to thank Him for the means of indulging my early inclination, and pray that I may exercise it to His glory. But if, on the contrary, J. M. D. should find that he cannot carry on the business without my whole time and attention, and that we cannot safely afford my expenses, I hope to be able to go back, and cheerfully thank God for what will be left to me. In that case there will be no harm done, except that I shall have spent a few pounds of my own money here.

John is very kind and generous; though, if I continue my college life, I hope to make such an arrangement as will remunerate him for my deficient services.

I shall still spend more than half my time at home. This is the longest Term I shall ever have to keep. I hope to remain here till the end of next month.

I have no doubt of my having chosen well as it regards a college. There are in our Hall many men of my own age, and several much older, and they are generally serious, hard-working persons, who come here much in the same way as I do. Our principal is just such a person as Dr. Birkbeck in disposition and manners, and our tutor is a truly excellent man.

I am in private lodgings, but I have to attend worship twice a day, to dine, and attend lectures in the Hall. I feel very much at home, and should it be the will of God to preserve me from being a burden to anyone, I have no hesitation in saying that I am in my right place. It would be an unspeakable joy to me, if my dear father could approve of what I am doing. But that is in God's hand, and (as far as one may lawfully take comfort in one's own conduct) my conscience clears me of having been deficient in due filial reverence and obedience. At my age, I believe, I should not have dared to place myself in an entirely fresh position against the wish of a parent for anything less than an imperative call of duty, which is the voice of God. I know that thou (my dearest mother) wilt pray for me, that I may be directed in the right way, and always believe me thy very dutiful and affectionate son,

S. CLARK.

MAGDALEN HALL, February 3rd, 1840.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—There are many men here of my own age and older, and as to scholarship, the Hall

has, during the last two years, borne a larger proportion of the honours of the university than any other Hall or College. This (I think) is mainly owing to the character of our tutor and vice-principal (Jacobson), who is the perfection of a college tutor, as far as I have been able to judge. I shall forbear saying anything of my own reading and studies for the present, for they have not yet been effected by the college system. All that the university has yet done for me, is to invest me with a cap and gown, and to feed me at a college table, and to make me attend prayers twice a day—that is, outwardly, for as you may judge, these circumstances, with the mere fact of one's feeling one's self to be a member of a college, would somewhat change the current of one's thoughts and emotions.

I have felt my mind relieved from the burden of the mystery of the Prometheus of Æschylus by a theory strictly eclectic (*particulis undique coactis*), mainly German, partly Maurician, partly Coleridgian, and partly Quarterly Reviewian. Æschylus, though a Greek by birth, was not one in the character of his genius—neither indeed, *me judice*, were Plato or Pythagoras. If I may trust my own impressions, you may take the whole family of man from Japan and proceeding westward to New York, where there is or has been any exercise of intellect, and you would look in vain for two more distinct characters of intellect than may be represented by Pythagoras, Plato, and Æschylus on one hand, and by Aristophanes, Aristotle, the orators, and Lucian on the other. The latter I take to be representatives of Athenian genius. Keeping this in view then, take Æschylus by himself,

and in the Prometheus especially, consider him as setting forth a Phœnician or an eastern myth with the naked boldness of a universal (not a national) genius. Prometheus seems to have been spirit or free-will incarnate, Ζεύς (not the πατὴρ θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων of Homer) the hard irresistible powers of material nature operating through the agency of strength and force, his ministers. The Oceanides were the social affections, and Io the spirit of earth, the yearning of lower things after something above themselves; she indeed is a witness against *self-satisfaction*, taking these words in their philosophical, not popular sense. The whole progress of the antitype of Io is of course co-existent ἐν τῷ νῦν αἰωνίῳ. In another phasis Wordsworth personifies it:

> 'Earth fills her lap with pleasure of her own
> Yearnings she hath of her own natural kind,' &c.

But unable in herself to satisfy her yearnings, she becomes restless and wandering, till associating with the mighty spirit that is in man, she sees hope coming from afar, and foretells a time when she shall find rest, and the spirit freedom.

Such I take to be the outline of the meaning of this marvellous myth. In this letter I look upon myself as φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν (or συνετῷ), and therefore I do not attempt to enlarge or go into the particulars of the play. One thing I would, however, suggest to you, to compare the magnificent passage in St. Paul, wherein he speaks of the same subject as I suppose to be that of Prometheus, with this interpretation: The restless wandering of Io and her looking out for good to come ἀποκαραδοκία τῆς κτίσεως,

τὴν ἀποκάλυψιν τῶν υἱῶν τοῦ θεοῦ ἀπεκδέχεται. In being the victim against her will of these fretful impulses, *τῇ ματαιότητι ἡ κτίσις ὑπετάγη οὐχ ἑκοῦσα,* and again, *ἡ κτίσις συστενάζει καὶ συνωδίνει ἄχρι τοῦ νῦν.* The suffering of Prometheus is not extinct even in the Christian life, when the Holy Ghost (personally) is helping our infirmities—*αὐτοὶ τὴν ἀπαρχὴν τοῦ Πνεύματος ἔχοντες, καὶ ἡμεῖς αὐτοὶ ἐν ἑαυτοῖς στενάζομεν, κ. τ. λ.* But read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the whole passage, and see whether in it is not the *ἀποκάλυψις* of the Sublime Story. I think if you agree with me, you will have more regard for the unfortunate Io. Hercules of course you will see is something of a Messiah, and Mercury is the *ψυχικός*, the *understanding* (Coleridgicè), who with hard and cutting words cannot comprehend the workings of the spirit in Prometheus.

In the mythology of Homer, *Ζεύς* is merely a generally worthy sort of person of great power, but who can only act under the omnipotent decrees of Fate, which he can consult, but by no means avert. The common Greek genius could personify God no higher than in exaggerated humanity. Herodotus saw this when he spoke of the Persian religion: 'It seems to me,' says he (or something like it), that the Persians *οὐκ ἀνθρωποφυέας ἐνόμισαν τοὺς θεοὺς, καθάπερ οἱ Ἕλληνες, εἶναι.* To speak *phrenologically,* and as it happens conveniently, the Greeks had ideality and marvellousness, but were lacking in veneration. They could conceive and embody the materially beautiful, they could people the groves, caves, brooks and mountains with unseen creatures; but here, taken up by *little fitnesses* and *little harmonies* (if I may so

speak), they saw not those grand and fearful truths lying at the bottom of our nature, and which have been alone harmonised by the incarnation of the eternal Λόγος. Some of the Easterns, with various degrees of distinctness, and the Italian philosophers, with more closeness of reasoning and regard to practical life, saw these truths, and steadfastly looked at them. The writings of Plato show the utmost they could do, not possessing those blessed lights of Revelation which God has vouchsafed to us.

I am very much interested with your remarks on Euripides, and the passage you point out is a perfect one. I go the full length with you in admiring it. I have not read one play, or even one page of Euripides. By the will of God I hope to 'do him' at some future time. Mind you begin Plato with Gorgias, then Phædo, and then Parmenides, and then Phædrus. I have not read further myself, but I am sure this is the right order.—Most sincerely yours,

S. CLARK.

MAGDALEN HALL, February 3rd, 1840.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—There seems to be a very pleasant lot of men at the Hall, and a sufficient number of those who are of advanced age. I am quite optimistic as to my present position, as it regards the outward man in the University; Oxford is the best University *that is*, if not, *that might* be, Magdalen Hall is the best place in Oxford, and my lodgings are the best near Magdalen Hall. No College or Hall at present stands so high for scholarship as Magdalen Hall, still you know the scholarship is not such as you and I should choose. We assembled

only on Saturday, and I suppose lectures will not commence till the day after to-morrow; I have not therefore much to say to you respecting a college life. Since I have been here I have been reading by myself, and have led a hermit life except at dinner, when I have dined with the few men that have been at the Hall. I have only been dissatisfied with one thing in particular, which is, that all of us who matriculate above twenty-five years of age are constrained to be gentlemen commoners, and are distinguished by a silk gown and a velvet cap, and dine at a separate table. I care less about this being a miserable satire upon the position and pocket, than that it prevents us from immediately and completely feeling ourselves to be one of the society of which we are members, and unseasonably reminds us of our age. You, on many accounts, would not perhaps be so sensible of this as I am. But after beating about in the every-day world and working for one's bread, it needs an effort to feel that one has really become a member of a University, and this effort is enhanced by the aforesaid distinction. I have, however, to thank God for a thousand helps to this feeling, tending, as it does, towards apostolisation. The ecclesiastical form of the buildings, the church bells for half the day, the caps and gowns around me, and above all, the daily prayers, have so impressed me and helped me to feel myself at home, as if I had been here for years.

Jacobson, as a tutor, is all that could be wished for by those who know how to understand his single deficiency, which is in what perhaps Maurice is redundant. Dr. Macbride is a very kind old gentleman, who most respectably fills the office of principal. I like him

much better as a man than as a divine. But we have scarcely anything to do with him, except to pay our money to him, to dine with him now and then, and (if we feel inclined) to attend his Divinity lectures. Jacobson is the life of the Hall.

I like your proposal respecting a partnership in writing aphorisms * exceedingly, though I am sure I can write nothing that is worth printing. I mean, however, to try, but you must not wonder if I should be too much taken up to do anything towards it for the next month. . . .

I am afraid, from what you say, that my *παλινῳδία* of what I first said of Carlyle's book was not so full as I meant it. I opened first on the passage about the Church, and standing alone, it seemed to be much more monstrous than when read in connection with what precedes and follows. The whole essay is worthy of its author. The comparison of the unspeaking but groaning common people to Enceladus, with its context, is equal to anything I ever read.—Believe me, my dear Strachey, very sincerely yours,

S. CLARK.

MAGDALEN HALL, February 24th, 1840.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I am in love with Oxford, and enjoying my position in it. I am at times almost tempted to forget the end and purpose of my coming here. As you may guess, I have to suffer from my *untaughtness*. My deficiency in Latin and Greek (besides my want of general discipline) was really frightful at first. But I have now got into the way of looking at it coolly, so as to work on quietly, and I

* For the 'Educational Magazine.'

trust through God's blessing to remedy it, as far as may be meet for what I shall have hereafter to do.

Our tutor is all that could be reasonably hoped for as a tutor. He has a most healthy heart, and most accurate and extensive knowledge. He does not obviously show you that he goes very deep in insight, but in some way he is always right upon the surface. He seems to know all controversies in detail, and to be firm and open, and yet no party can claim him, or say that he agrees with them in this or that. You and I should be able to see that he is a sound Churchman, and yet the Low Church people hear his sermons and remarks on the New Testament lectures with cordial admiration and concurrence. I look upon him as a very wonderful person, and a genius in his own most peculiar way. As a man, everybody likes him and honours him.

I have been disappointed to find that our society at the Hall is most distinctly cut into a High Church party and a Low Church party. And this is not the worst, for those who profess to hold to the Church are, almost all of them, mere formalists, and hold themselves rather daintily as gentlemen; while the more earnest men are bitter Calvinists, who are exemplary in their outward conduct, and consider that the others are High Churchmen 'because they have not felt the grace of God.' The controversy is seldom or never introduced between the two, as they are kept very much apart from anything more than distant civility, by one party assuming a superiority of spirituality, and the other party a sort of superiority of rank. Perhaps I feel this more than most would, *because* I have happened to become acquainted with

some of *each* class, whom I would fain keep in with, and this is somewhat difficult in a college society, from its necessary habits and manners. What I have now mentioned is the only peculiar objection to Magdalen Hall, and even that arises almost necessarily from one of its advantages—the advanced age of many of its men.

I go to hear Newman preach every Sunday afternoon, and Sunday week I heard Dr. Pusey, who preached one of the University sermons. I cannot say that my impression of their theological views has become more favourable from what I have heard from their own lips. I never heard a sermon from either, the *chief* subject of which has not been their doctrine of repentance and its corollaries. Yesterday, Newman (with his exquisite, though most peculiar voice and manner, and his exquisite and not peculiar language) went at great length into the division of sins into deadly and venial, in just such a manner as to lay himself most open to the charge of Romanism. The consequence of the former he carried out to the utmost limit of the view contained in the objectionable part of 'Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism,' which I once thought, judging from his books, that he would not have done. His burden seemed to be that sin was an outward act, an *opus operatum*, and you know what an awful show of truth may be made of such a notion. In short, it seems to me (and I should like to know whether you agree with me) that this conception of sin and repentance is derived from a *fact* of experience, and becomes visibly wrong only when seen in the light of super-intellectual grace and faith. What is done *is* done for ever. The

sense of the *is* (*τὸ ἐστὶ*) in the perfect tense partakes of the *τὸ νῦν αἰώνιον*. Horace told no lie when he said that Jupiter

> '———non tamen irritum
> Quodcunque retro est efficiet; neque
> Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
> Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.'

Perhaps the language of one of Milton's devils will occur to you to the same effect. I cannot call up the words, though I remember the thought. It is more than possible that evil deeds never die as to their effect on the agent or the passive. A man who has committed a sinful act (and who, alas! has not?) may *perhaps in no instance* feel as he would have done if he had not done it. He may have to carry the burden of his sin to his grave. But he is not in the eyes of God as he is in his own eyes. God's forgiveness is never imperfect. Does the man at any given moment repent in his heart of hearts, his present self is at that moment all that God looks at; and God asks for *real*, not *perfect* or *sufficient*, repentance, else would His invitations to sinners be mockery. His work is always perfect, and therefore His forgiveness, whether of our first pollution at the font, or of our subsequent sins in the absolution of our daily service. Our repentance may always be shallow and sceptical, but there is no necessary or God-imposed limit to its depth or efficacy. And if there is no such limit placed by God, but only by our own wilful obduracy, surely it is not so much the place of the minister of grace to remind us of what we do not, as of what we might do. To say *(as I have* heard both Pusey and Newman) that we

can never stand so justified in the sight of God after sin as we did at our baptism, is to me an appalling error, and opposed to all sound spiritual philosophy.

Newman sometimes brings in some most perverse criticism to support his view, *e. g.*, the repentance sought by Esau spoken of in the Epistle to the Hebrews. When I hear him so criticise, so philosophise, and so Jesuitise in cataloguing deadly and venial sins, I cannot but marvel greatly at his being so firmly and transparently right upon other points. I wish you could hear him, for he (and Jacobson) belong to the few who are worth hearing.

. . . The men who do best here are hard-headed, hard-hearted, hard-fisted persons, who have a firm faith that Oxford training is altogether the result of consummate wisdom, and that Aristotle and Aldrich are two princes. There is one illustrious example of this faith belonging to our Hall—a man who came up with 'little Latin and less Greek' about my own age, and is likely to take first-class honours. Then men should moreover not direct their labours with respect to their own *minds*, but with respect to their examinations. A little brain and a good deal of industry will do well thus directed. It is true that Plato has not been unfrequently introduced in the examining schools of late, and Maurice, Coleridge and Carlyle are becoming known and recognised. But at present, judging from my associates, their writings are merely talked about or notionalised, and Plato is read rather to *see* what he says than to learn how he felt and thought. Sewell is the great patron of Plato, and he delivers lectures in his professorial capacity on Plato and Butler. He is a fine fellow, but crotchety.

At Cambridge they examine the men on *Paley's* 'Moral Philosophy' and *Butler's* 'Sermons.' There is nothing quite so foolish or contradictory done here. The necessary books in that line are Aristotle's 'Ethics' and Butler's 'Analogy and Sermons.' For a preliminary you may either choose logic (chiefly according to Aldrich) or three books of Euclid. I think I shall take the latter as being the honester. You may be sure of no humbug in Euclid. There is, however, plenty of time for me to make up my mind, as I cannot pass my responsions before July, perhaps not till October. At present my staple reading consists of Aristotle and Thucydides. The latter is wonderfully instructive, and Jacobson's lectures on it are most interesting. I like his lectures on Aristotle very much, but they are not in general favour on account of his not saying much about what is called here 'the Science.'—Believe me, my dear Strachey, yours very sincerely,

S. CLARK.

MAGDALEN HALL, Sunday evening.

MY DEAREST B. B.,—I have felt very unwilling to be silent so long, but during the past week I have had all my leisure taken up by Parley's Atlas* and other matters of the like kind. . . .

It will not be very long (if all be well) before I see you and the dear duckling, which will be a very

* He was the author of 'Peter Parley's Wonders of Earth, Sea, and Sky,' and 'Peter Parley's Ancient and Modern Atlas.' See page 93. The original 'Peter Parley,' an American, said that there was only *one* book among the English 'Parleys' that he should care to have written, and that was 'Wonders.' He asked to be introduced *to the writer*.—ED.

great treat to me, though I like Oxford so much that I should fain call it my home. Till I felt myself to be a godfather, I never knew how instructive a child is, though it was not then that I began to love children. I can now enter into that part of Wordsworth's grand ode, where he addresses an infant:

> 'Thou best philosopher who still dost keep
> Thy heritage,'

and

> 'Thou little child, still glorious in the might
> Of heaven-born freedom.'

I am rejoiced to see that your advancing experience in human feelings and human circumstances serves to interpret and endear the poetry of Wordsworth to you, as I find my own experience does to me. The numerous allusions to childhood scattered over his works are quarries of rich and right thinking, such as it does one good to dwell upon. He is the great teacher of our age, and I am disposed to think that no writer living so deserves our gratitude. It is edifying and consoling to see how the popular poets of *our youth* (whose works attained their power by a false, bustling effervescence of earthly feeling and confused thinking, which, having gone off, has left them to the minds of their former admirers as flat or as distasteful as a glass of exposed soda-water) have given way before him. I see it especially amongst the thoughtful, poetry-loving young men here. He has some profound admirers amongst us, and many more who are opening their eyes to his truth and beauties. I consider it my bounden duty to take every opportunity to give the latter class a nudge in the right direction, considering that no thorough

admirer of Wordsworth can be a bad man. I have just been vindicating (or attempting so to do) the passage which Byron and a host of others have so much ridiculed, the mention of which reminded me of little b. b., and of the probable consequences of the mode in which those duties towards her will be performed, which I have taken upon me to see rightly discharged.

'My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural Piety.'

I do not wonder at these lines startling any one who reads them for the first time, and who has not previously led a thoughtful and family life; and I should have anticipated that unfledged young men would not understand them without a good deal of trustful docility. They do, however, express a most solemn truth, and one that it behoves us to dwell upon and be thankful that we have it so lovingly and well expressed. Each prior state of mind produces, or is the parent of the succeeding state; and it is proper that we should look back to the pure movement of the Spirit within us in early infancy with veneration and awe, which may rightly be termed *filial*. A prior state or condition of mind may be as a good father, or a bad father, to our *present* state; but no particular connected with our

existence can be more worthy of our love and veneration than the first conscious dawnings upon our hearts of love, truth, and beauty. The rainbow,—most eminently if it have, from our earliest recollections, been associated with the narrative of Genesis, as it has been, thank God, in you and me,—is of all created objects that most calculated to form the links of our successive stages of being. The three ideal graces, love, truth, and beauty, unite in it; and even when we have attained to the inquisitive age, and are ready to destroy and cut up most things, to see what they are made of, the jargon about refractions of spectrums, and primitive and secondary colours, and magnetising experiments with the violet ray, &c., cannot supplant our old lovely impression. This, however, is but a subordinate point. I only feel anxious that those who already admire Wordsworth in general should see the truth of 'The child is father of the man,' and that the man's recollections of his childhood should ever continue to be respectful and holy, and therefore rightly termed *filial* by a poet.

So much for Wordsworth, but I have to add for the Pickaninny, that you continue to give her the daily allowance of kisses on my account. I hope she goes out every day now the weather is so fine, and I shall be very glad for her to get into the country and particularly into the hands of her dear grandmother. —My dearest B. B., thine most lovingly,

S. C.

LONDON, April 7th, 1840.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I am here alive and well after my first Oxford campaign. Your last two

(aphorisms) are the best of all. As to the one on Calvinism, I doubt whether you are quite right in following Coleridge's comparison of the German Reformers with our modern Calvinists. I venture to think that Melanchthon went quite as far wrong as Edwards and *in the same manner*, except that he affected system less. There is however a general truth in the remark, and it is objected to (if at all) only on the ground of its being possible for a modern Calvinist to entrench himself strongly behind Luther and Co., and *almost* fairly. At all events we should never forget that Edwards, Scott and Newton were themselves very different from their followers and much nearer to the reformers; followers of systems do and must always fall away.

I send you a few aphorisms, and entreat you to burn them without mercy or hesitation if they do not piece in with your plan. I have plenty more of the like kind. If you do not like them, and think them nothing worth, I shall take it as a valuable proof of your friendship and confidence in me if you exterminate them. . . .

Easter-Day, 1840.

My dear Strachey,—I hope you will continue to be 'the Arranger' (as the Pundits called their great master). Indeed, in all the cases in which skill and judgment would be required for the task, I should be utterly incompetent for it. I have given Maurice an additional aphorism about an Indian. I should not have acted thus contrary to our deed of partnership, but Maurice was much pleased with what the Indian *said, and* wished particularly to insert it in the

present number, so I did not think it worth while to send it to you.

I think you are right respecting the German Reformers; but from the little knowledge I have of Hooker, I should not have thought that he erred with them. Do his expressions ever express or involve more than our Lord's words in Matthew xix.? Besides the *παλιγγενεσία* substantially existing *ἐν δυνάμει*, there is to be superadded *τὸ ἀκολουθεῖν Χριστῷ ἐν τῇ παλιγγενεσίᾳ* or *παλιγγενεσία ἐν ἐνεργείᾳ* to realise the idea of regeneration, as the Church would have it and as God would have it. The awful anomaly of regeneration existing potentially, and potentially only, in connexion with the miserable confusion which Popish teaching had made in men's minds, might have restrained Hooker and Luther too in their day from speaking of the grand truth of baptismal regeneration with the same freedom as it behoves us to speak, who have a different phase of error to face and fight with.

Do you not think that what the present generation of Calvinists (as distinguished both from their predecessors, and from Catholic Christians) have done with 'justification by faith' is just the same as Locke did with anthropology in general, Lawrence and Carpenter with psychology, and Paley and Bentham with ethics? It is just the vulgar blunder of putting the cart before the horse; or the juggling of changing a bird under the right-hand cup with the die under the left. A man believes *because* he is justified, and is not justified *because* he believes. He has senses, legs and arms *because* he is a man, and is

not a man *because* he has senses, legs and arms; he has a secreting and absorbent system, *because* he has life, not life *because* he has a secreting and absorbent system; and a good action is useful *because* it is good, not good *because* it is useful, as modern jugglers teach and prove to the entire satisfaction of the respectable public.

One could go but a little way in convincing a candid person of either one of these errors, without reference to the accursed system of individualisation fathered by Locke, and brought to its full monstrous growth by Brown in his essay on cause and effect, and most dextrously chemicalised and naturalised by Sir John Leslie. What a dismal dream we and the world, and *what* we must then put in the place of God, would be, if cause and effect, cause and effect, marched on like spectre kings in Macbeth, with as little connection, and in no more vital method and order. In such a limbo, any shifting and juggling becomes an allowed trade. You may say of it, whatever it may be, ἔξεστι, '*it is out*' of any restraint from the place. If you are a moralist, say 'Honesty is the best policy; what is good is useful, ergo, what is useful is good.' If you are a physiologist, ask any objector you may meet with to show you life without organisation, or perfect organisation without life. Your logic has nothing *in itself* to check you; for in nothing, except what you can see and count, can your logic and senses together ever distinguish genus from species.

I am at a loss to know when or by what process the recognition of the reality of potential existence

as potential only, or the habit of speaking of things as real which potentially exist, slipped out of moral philosophy. I was so ignorant of Aristotle till very lately that I ascribed it to him. But I find that he most clearly receives the principle. I was especially struck with a chapter in the ninth book of the Ethics, in which he distinguishes εὔνοια from τὸ ἐνεργετικὸν and φιλία. Till I know more, I throw the blame on Voltaire and Locke. Great as the error is, however, by them and their teachers making the *division*, it is possible that we may more clearly and profitably contemplate *the distinction* between existence ἐν δυνάμει and ἐν ἐνεργείᾳ.

I suppose you know that Butler is the only English author on which there is an examination in the Schools. I see more wisdom in this than I did a little while ago, and am more than ever in wonder at Paley's keeping his standing at Cambridge. Butler, of all our old established ethical writers, is the great witness for *man*. He teaches that a man is still a man, though his legs may both be wooden and his eyes of glass, and his once arms of flesh buried and turned to dust. I doubt whether on the whole you could find in our language a book which could with propriety be substituted for it except Coleridge. There is moreover a healthy, English, untechnical simplicity in his mode of approaching a question, which is a good lesson for one. His very clumsiness and faults of style are not without their use in the absence of very high qualifications, for they are not hid behind humbug of any sort. There is (I think) no old English book which I should be more content to study for an examination, except

perhaps the 'Instauratio Magna,' a great part of which happens to be in Latin.

You see I have not scrupled to write to you on Sunday, and on the solemnest Sunday of the year. I believe you have an objection to writing letters on Sundays. I have none when the letter is one of which the subject is such that I would freely talk of it, if you were present; and when it is neither addressed to a person of over irritable conscience who would suffer pain on account of my doing so, nor to a worldling who would mistake the freedom to which I feel a right.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

S. CLARK.

LONDON, April 26th, 1840.

MY DEAREST MARY,—Thou wilt not be surprised to hear that I was exceedingly delighted with the return of our sweet little duckling, whom I found wonderfully improved in every respect, although I had left her one of the dearest babies that ever was seen. She seems to grow and advance in interest and intelligence every day. I can now hear her dear little voice in the other room, crowing and laughing most jovially.

I am sure, whilst thou wast enjoying her company at Southampton, thou must have felt it very pleasant to think of the relation in which thou and I stand towards her as her sponsors. There is something in our relationship to her which is in a manner higher than all others, and may God grant His blessing upon it, both for her and for us! According to the dispensation of God's providence, we have been the instru-

ments by which she has been received into the Christian Church, that body to which are alone directed the promises and warnings of the Holy Scriptures. Her first little thoughts and feelings of consciousness are not to be left to the mercy of false doctrine or doubtful inquiry, but as soon as she can see any meaning in the words, she is to be confidently told that she is a child of God, and that the blessed Saviour has died that she might be adopted into the holy family. It is our delightful task (my dear Mary) to tell her of this sacred truth, and we must make it the corner-stone of her education. It is most comforting to reflect that she will certainly believe all that we tell her till she finds out that we do not speak the truth. Implicit confidence is the great beauty of infancy, and what throws such a heavy, yet most glorious, responsibility upon its first teachers. She may be even now, or at any rate will be very soon, receiving impressions for good or evil which may determine her future character. We can place no limit to the first operations of the Spirit of God, or of the snares of the world in the mind of a little baby. It is, therefore, wise in the Church to have appointed the first step of Christian education, that is, the rite of baptism for the first days of the little innocent's existence, so that it must necessarily anticipate its first conscious thoughts.

I feel assured (though thou wast not present at the ceremony) that thou couldst, and still canst, join with me in the beautiful thanksgiving of the baptismal service. It is worth while for us to remember that our little one, in being baptised, has been as clearly and effectually blessed by the Saviour, as if, while He was

upon earth, she had been one of those whom he took in his arms and said to them, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' It is alone through His goodness, and the ordering of His providence, that she has been born in a Christian country and where she will enjoy all sorts of Christian privileges, and it is the commencement of these privileges which is called in the Prayer Book, and was always called in the former ages of the Church, *regeneration*, and the becoming *a member* of *Christ*. It is on this account we thank God that 'this child is regenerate,' and that we may afterwards boldly teach her that she has become 'a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven,' and on the same ground only we must teach her to bend her knees and to put her little hands together and to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.'

The dear child will be a rich blessing to us, if we carefully and prayerfully discharge the duties we have taken upon ourselves; and I am very glad to be associated with thee in the pleasant charge. Farewell, my dear Mary, and believe me, your most affectionate brother,

S. CLARK.

LONDON, April 27, 1840.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—You will be glad to hear that he (Mr. Maurice) means to relax for six weeks up the Rhine, and in Switzerland, with Mrs. Maurice. He is now at Reading, where he has been a week, except Friday, which he spent in town on account of the Professorship of English Literature in King's College being vacant, and he has been invited to take

it. Whether he will get it is a question. I should prefer his having the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, which will soon be vacant in regular course. If he be not appointed I hope Sewell will be re-elected, in spite of his virulent antipathy to Carlyle. This is what I heard him say in a lecture: 'Pantheism is invading this country in a great variety of modes, and in particular *a man named Carlyle, who writes in a grotesque and striking manner*, has introduced it in a most objectionable form,' &c. In another prælection of the same course he was quite rabid in the same strain, as I was told but did not witness. This is to me passing strange, for really Sewell is a wonderful man, with deep and varied insight and no sectarian.

If you really would in every way prefer me to be 'the Arranger,' I will accept the office, and must only beg of you to give me all the hints you can for my guidance.

It is superfluous for me to add that I write in extreme haste. I will reply to the other points of your letter when I get to Oxford.—Believe me, my dear Strachey, yours most truly,

S. CLARK.

MAGDALEN HALL, Sunday.

MY DEAREST B. B.,—After no small perils and anxieties, and yet a very pleasant journey on the whole, I arrived here safe with whole bones and a whole skin. The mail was loaded in such a manner as I never saw a coach. We looked liked a moving mountain, and five of us were edged together where only two were licensed. One gentleman threatened

legal proceedings, but as we arrived all alive and well, I hope he will forbear. The night was lovely, with bright stars and frolicsome meteors (one or two of which were very remarkable), and we were regaled a good part of the distance by nightingales' songs. I found that my kind landlady had made every little addition or alteration to my lodgings that I ever hinted at as being desirable. The faces at our Hall look very pleasant again, and I feel as if I was amongst old friends. I have not seen Jacobson. I know you will be pleased to hear that I stand higher by *twenty* men than I expected (I say in sober truth twenty higher than I expected) in the classification of the men of our Hall, which I find quite unexpectedly stuck up in the dining-room. I trust there is not much mixture of vanity in my feeling thankful for this little circumstance; for I really am relieved by it in some degree from a depressing solicitude which has more or less discouraged me, lest my solitary pursuits had been misdirected and overrated.—Thy ever affectionate brother,

S. C.

MAGDALEN HALL, May 25th, 1840.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I am now attending five of Sewell's lectures weekly, and I must tell you that he is certainly coming round respecting Carlyle. He quotes him largely in every lecture, and speaks of his 'good heart,' 'sound sense,' and even of his involving in his writings 'a complete system of Church philosophy.' The truth is, that he has read more of him and thought more; but still he accompanies every quotation with some such caution as, 'I do not wish

you to read his writings,' &c. He repeated this so often yesterday, that the last time he uttered it he laughed outright at himself, and we all joined him. On the whole I like Sewell's lectures more and more, and his influence in this university is an incalculable blessing. I wish he was a better tempered and larger hearted man. His head is wonderfully clear and full, his heart warm, and his imagination rich and chaste. As a lecturer on his own subject I do not know his equal. He wants but little of being a great man, though I should think no one ever thought of him as such.

I feel just as you do towards Pusey's letter. Did you notice his inconsistency in finding fault with the Methodist hymn, alluding to a past state of grace in the mind of the writer as being greater than the present? If you only set the fact back a few years, almost without a change of expression, Pusey could well enough sing it himself. How much do both the Methodists and he show the want of some higher, drier, less slippery ground!

Now I have begun to write to you, the mystery of my disinclination unfolds itself. I had too many things to say to you to be shaped up into one letter. I must go on just as things occur to me without apologising (as you have done) for rambling. I do not think I could write anything worth putting in the 'Educational Magazine.' I should certainly like to say something about China, and I have looked up some information on the subject, but I do not feel as if I had time to do anything with it. I am bound and driven to make every such thing a mere bye-work at present. It will, however, probably end in my

sending you some sheets to read, and leaving them at your disposal.

I think it was Bishop Andrewes who was so fond of Shakespeare.

I find on one of your letters a note of my own, 'Butler's Analogy, part 2 ×.' This terminal hieroglyphic was intended to remind me that I had mentioned to you Butler with much praise when I had read the first part only, and that afterwards I had not liked the second part so well. I do not think I said more than was true, but at the time I did not conceive that his deficiencies were so great as they are. When you see how low he keeps, it strikes me as being wonderful that he was not more contaminated with the bad philosophy of his time. He knocks down unbelievers with a great deal of vigour and dexterity, but leaves them bruised and disheartened on their own ground, instead of showing them a better. In short, without seeming to be so at first sight, he is a mere destroyer.

. . . Were you not very much pleased with Maurice's article on socialism? There is a whole world of awful truth in it. . . .

You some time ago found fault with me for depreciating logic and praising Euclid. I would have you know that I have the profoundest respect for logic as a scientific art, but as we are examined on it here, it is mixed up with humbug *ad nauseam; e. g.*, '*Vox est signum rei vel conceptûs ex instituto vicarium*,'—which '*ex instituto*' you must understand in no other sense than *arbitrarily—sicut enim imago rei est in oculo, ita idea in animo*, and much more of such stuff. Now do you wonder at my preferring honest Euclid? But

I must also add Oxford logic's definition of itself: *Ars instrumentalis dirigens mentem in cognitione rerum.* —Believe me, my dear Strachey, very truly yours,

S. CLARK.

P.S. D.'s examination is now going on, and he seems likely to get a first class, if he do not fail in his knowledge of Scripture. The examiners are getting more and more particular in this respect, and in general I like their proceedings in it very much.

HOLBORN HILL, July 6th, 1840.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I had written a letter for the 'Educational Magazine,' having reference to yours and Miss Taylor's on rewards in schools. It seemed to me that they were rendered *unlawful*, first by the idea of baptism, and secondly by the idea of a school as an epitome of the state. I have now cut up the letter into aphorisms, which I shall very much thank you to read and pass judgment on, and alter, omit, or reject altogether as you think best. I am afraid the thoughts are very loosely aphorised, from my having first sought to give them a continuous form, and I am especially doubtful as to two or three of them.* . . .

You may confide in my not spreading any disrespectful notions of Carlyle. I think that you and I entirely agree respecting his merits and the sort of effect he is producing on his age. All sectarians will

* Besides' aphorisms, he wrote 'Chinese Education,' 'Thoughts on Grammar,' and 'Sisterhoods.' His articles were signed X or Y.—ED.

be gigmen or worse. All truly great men, not firmly united with and acting as servants of the Church, will be sect leaders in *this day*. Coleridge, with all his piety and wisdom, was in some degree such, and lots of gigmen one sees about the country who are called by their acquaintances 'Coleridgians.' Carlyle, not even avowing the Church, will of course be in danger of being much more so. In stronger times it was not so. There were no 'Baconians.' The Church preserved us then, and if men would be preserved from the same evil now, it must be by the Church. The Church is now more than ever the only safe sphere for men to work in, and perhaps it is impossible for any man, not a clergyman, to be a teacher, without becoming the leader of a sect. I think it might be almost proved *à priori* from the temper of this age and this country, and *à posteriori* from every walk of human intellect and exertion.—Ever yours truly,

S. CLARK.

HOLBORN HILL, July 26th.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I have made the notes on the other side as they occurred to me. I have received a letter and article from Maurice, and in the letter he says that he is deeply ashamed of not having written to you. He seems to be enjoying himself very much, and Mrs. Maurice is as well as usual. The article is a comment on a notable passage in Guizot's 'Cours d'histoire' respecting the Church. We have now so much matter for the magazine, that I shall not send you the doubtfuls to stand trial as I in-

tended (at least, not immediately), for we can fill the number without them. Acland and Wood each contribute letters on the late movement of the Government, and as they are very full of matter, I propose to make of them a leading article with a brief heading, stating that in the absence of the editor we are glad to substitute them for an article on the subject in the editor's form. You shall see this before it goes to press. I think it absolutely necessary to tell people that Maurice is away, to account for his saying nothing on passing events, as well as to relieve him from the responsibility of the letters, with every word of which he might not agree.—Believe me, always most truly yours,

S. CLARK.

LONDON, August 3rd.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—You will be amused when I tell you that a flinty Calvinist says that your last letter is the best thing which has appeared in the magazine. Now (not to flatter you) I do not much differ from him in the conclusion, but when he spoke of the grounds on which he had so judged *ἀφιστῴην*. He had taken hold of your mention of 'free grace.' You will remember where. Thus do these poor creatures feed themselves with the husks of words. I do not think you have theorised in the least too much respecting Shebna and the Jewish nobles. Your view of Hezekiah's reign altogether is a most instructive piece of writing. I think it is the best part of your letters, good as the whole of them have been.

I am looking forward to a journey westward in a fortnight, and I mean, if the Fates will permit, to spend a day with you. . . .—Most truly yours,

S. C.

LONDON, 14th Sunday after Trinity, 1840.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for your last letter, which has reached me at a time when from the pressure of circumstances I particularly feel the want of such teaching. I must, however, tell you that, as it regards the abiding habit of my mind, I think it very likely that you, and even Maurice, may suppose me to be more deficient than I am on the point which forms the chief subject of your letter. I do not conjecture this from what you have lately said, so much as from my being conscious of a general disinclination to talk to you and him on what is so immediately connected with my technical life. I make no apology to you for speaking with this undisguised egotism, because I hope I say, what I do say, with a single heart, and I feel something of strength and peace in expressing my real practical agreement with your views.

Whatever I may have said against a man's studiously contemplating his own vocation, I deliberately meant no more than that there are times and circumstances in which there is especial danger in so doing, and when he should just go on with the work that the day brings to him, leaving to-morrow to God. The duties that lie closest to him are, I believe, at times, all that a man ought to desire to see, except the blue sky of God's favour over his

head. External things are perhaps the only index of this state, and it is likely that your experience may have led you to dwell chiefly upon another side of the truth. For my own part, I must say that at an early age I had a strong impression on my mind that all men should have a calling and a recognised place in society which they should never forget, and towards which they should always work. I dwelt upon it with too much objectivity of self; and God in mercy chastised me by a series of circumstances from which I humbly trust I have learnt a practical lesson.

It seems to me that in a state of spiritual advancement higher than I have yet realised, fair and complete retrospection of one's past life brought out in words may be salutary in many ways. We should find in it that many a wilderness in passing along has become a garden to look back upon, and (alas!) the contrary. If we begin in the faith that God had been our Guide and Friend through all, we should be brought to see it in fact, and thus to our strength and comfort realise the harmony between faith and fact. Yet what snares beset the undertaking! St. Augustine himself has hardly kept out of them. But of this, more when the time comes.

As it bears upon my present practical movements, I have no difficulty in seeing that my trading education is to have an influence on the discharge of the duties of my future calling. In these days every thoughtful man must see that there is need in the ministry of a sprinkling of persons who have known something practically of the *idola fori*, and whose outward life has exempted them from the suspicion

(which so generally checks the influence of the ministry) of having long bowed down to the *idola theatri* or the *idola specûs*. I will not now tell you how I have been led to see that, by God's help, I am to be one of those persons. You may know that my conviction is not a wavering one, from my having overlooked certain personal disadvantages and irretrievable defect of early education, not a shadow of a prospect of patronage and the absence of worldly possessions, together with obstacles of a still more painful kind. But I must tell you that you were not quite right, some time ago, in supposing that I hated trade as a calling. It seems to me that I should have contentedly settled down in it, if I had held a position in which I could have carried out my own principles and plans. You can easily imagine how partnerships tie one's hands. It is true that I never could bring myself to love or to feel an interest in accumulating money, and that without any consciously generous intention I have given up some advantages in a manner that some people have not deemed prudent. But still when I could with propriety, I have followed business zealously and methodically, and I know as much about it as most men of my age. I am deluding myself sadly, if those with whom I have had most to do would not acknowledge this; and so I am, if I am not myself acquainted pretty well with the duties and peculiar temptations of tradesmen in our own age. I think I see their difficulties and snares in their dealings, in their exercise of their political rights, and in their relation to the Church, and could give them some not unapt admonitions thereupon.

Circumstances have been certainly favourable to my acquiring this knowledge, and whether I am right or not in estimating my own progress in it, I do not undervalue it. But there are reasons which check me from suffering it at present to be a very distinct object of contemplation in connection with my future duties, and hence I suppose resulted the state of mind which expressed itself in the loose and unguarded observation to which you have referred. From the particulars I have mentioned to you, it would have been idle and visionary for me to have made up my mind to become a candidate for holy orders, without first resolving to accept thankfully any sort of appointment (at home or abroad, married or single) that God may place before me. Seldom has any one had less internal or external ground to expect anything above the humblest curacy. It is therefore very unlikely that I shall ever be in any sphere of duties in which my previously acquired knowledge and experience will bear *directly*, and in a way on which I can reckon beforehand on my ministry.

I believe you will see from what I have now said that I am only acting according to religious prudence in not formally and expectingly shaping my mind for a station that I shall probably never fill, and in straitening my views as much as possible to the simpler service of Christ's kingdom; still, however, strenuously holding the faith that God's past dealings towards me, nay, even my own deficiencies and stumblings, have all a meaning with reference to my future life in some way that will hereafter be revealed to me. In more than common uncertainty as

to where or what the past and present may be tending to, I look forward to no less than being able to say *δοξάζω τὴν διακονίαν μου.*

In these days of conscious distinctness, and where one class of men say that their great grandfathers were old fools, and another class say they were holy in heart and giants in intellect, but both classes agree in despising their immediate fathers, it is most important to remember for ourselves, and to remind others, that a man's education, whatever it may have been, has been what God's wisdom has given him. No one person has power over another, but by the appointment of God, and no person is the subject of any sort of external influence which may not prove a blessing to him, if he will so have it, and will be true to himself. His own past failings and faults shall redound to God's glory if, in his present self, he regards them truly. The more we *optimise* as to our past life both inward and outward, and throw the responsibility of all defect and shortcoming on the present, the better.

There is a connexion (if I am not deceived) between the general principles I have spoken of, and the subject of Inspiration, on which I meant to have entered at greater length specifically than I can now do. Will you just weigh these hints?

First, consider that no knowledge of the truth can come from any source but God; and I need not say to you that the broad truth is not affected by the intervention of a law producing a succession of ordinary sequences.

Secondly, that God, as the God of both Jews and Gentiles, as the King of kings, as the Father of the

covenants, and not less the Creator of the ends of the earth, rules *all* outward events, and directs their effects upon the minds of *all* men.

Thirdly, that all the holy prophets who wrote the Scriptures were specially educated by outward circumstances, and being born in a nation which knew how it stood before God from generation to generation, to them all outward things were sanctified and connected with their Divine Author.

Fourthly, that Plato and Co. came into an uncovenanted polity, and had not the aforesaid outward advantages. They were taught that they should struggle into, what the others were taught they were already in.

Fifthly, that in a simpler, *more churchified* age, men bothered not themselves with the question of Inspiration,* but received into the canon what did not belong there. And as the writings thus received were for the most part good and useful, even the wondrously wise, discriminating, and knowing men of succeeding generations, of which the character was similar, left them quietly where their predecessors had placed them.

Sixthly, consider the consequences of your view of two sources or kinds of truth. 'The devil *or* man' (as the Prayer Book says) may originate falsehood and wrong, but it must be *God*, or God *with and in* man, who can alone originate truth and goodness.

I will repeat these notions more deliberately and connectedly, if (as I suspect) you should be able to make nothing of these hasty hints. Though it is

* Who were the first to make inspiration a subject of formal consideration?

Sunday, I have written in a crowd, and with constant interruptions, and I expect my writing shows the effects of it. I hope to write to you on secular subjects to-morrow.—Believe me, my dear Strachey, yours gratefully and affectionately,

S. CLARK.

LONDON, September 27th.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—The question between us is not what is the Bible? or what degree of regard we should pay to it? or why should we pay this regard? We should, I believe, agree in saying that it is the complete book of the Universal Church, to be implicitly obeyed and received when its meaning is known, because God intended and adapted it for that end. God has taught us this by manifold outward and inward teaching, by a thousand harmonies of the objective and subjective, and all sorts of influences of persons and institutions. He has not so taught us respecting Shakespeare's plays or Johnson's 'Rambler.' If the Church or any council or section of the Church had said the same of either of them, it would plainly be an apostate, and its members would have been misled. Whether you or I should under such circumstances have had light given us to see the error, I do not pretend to say. We should certainly be under gross delusion, and should have to suffer the consequences. I do not therefore think *τὸ ἐπερώτημα ἂν ὀρθῶς ἔξειν*, if you will allow me to say so.

It seems to me that the real question between us does not refer so much to the Bible as to the truth which exists in other writings or utterances. We are

agreed that the Bible was written by men perfectly taught by the Holy Ghost. . . .

I acknowledge no source of truth open to the mind of man or angel but 'the inspiration of the Almighty.' I know of no other faculty receptive of that inspiration but the reason 'which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' though when it has been received it 'giveth understanding' (*διανοία*) and quickens the very sense. I therefore acknowledge the presence of no element in *the inspiration* of the Bible which does not exist in every *true* expression of truth, and in all right movements of our own hearts.

I need not dwell upon the internal evidences of the fact (nor its consequences) that those circumstances which determine the style and selection of matter in other writings—the natural dispositions, taste, and acquirements of the authors—have been allowed their full play in the composition of the Bible. I will, however, just add an instance which has occurred to me in reading to-day, which, as far as I know, has not been noticed before. From the few notices of Mark the Evangelist in the New Testament, we may infer that he was of a volatile, but pleasant and companionable disposition, *e.g.*, his parting from St. Paul and Barnabas in Pamphylia, Barnabas liking him so well as to quarrel with St. Paul on his account, and the mode in which Paul afterwards tells Timothy to bring him to Rome or Ephesus, or wherever he was writing from. Compare this with the very lively and picture-like style of his gospel, though he was not an *αὐτόπτης* as contrasted with Matthew. If St. Peter helped him, and he was so intimately associated with that

apostle as ecclesiastical tradition makes out, the case may stand good for both of them. But to my argument.

That the Bible differs from every other book, in having been preserved by God in all its parts from error, in other words, in being inspired from beginning to end, I firmly believe. I conceive, moreover, that there are two distinct elements in the Bible, as a whole, which exist in no other book, one arising from the peculiar qualifications of the writers by the relation to outward things in which God placed them; the other element arising from the subject matter, it being throughout a history of the race which God singled out to be the recipient and preserver of His truth.

I must make a few remarks on the qualifications of the writers. It appears that they were men visibly educated for the task by outward circumstances. God inspired no ignorant barbarians, He did not make use of chance men, He did not give a tongue to stones to utter His sure word of prophecy, as He might have done. It is true He made an ass speak, He spoke from Mount Sinai, He audibly called Samuel, He uttered a still small voice to the prophet in the wilderness. But the words in these utterances were not more surely and certainly inspired than those which St. Paul addressed to the Athenians, composed in the strictest rules of Greek rhetoric. I will add what I am well aware may be grievously misunderstood, but which I need not fear to say to you, that I think Plato and Thucydides, supposing them to have been throughout their writings earnestly honest, as it regards *the mere fact of inspiration considered in*

its kind only, to have been in the same case with St. Paul and Isaiah. God saw fit to make use of them in a different place, and as far as they filled it honestly, they were His servants. In regard to their many mistakes, if the 'wrath of man' shall serve God, surely his involuntary error and darkness shall do the same. It was often their duty to show forth and enlighten by example the defect, of which the subjects of a different dispensation were to show the remedy. I do therefore believe that the essential difference between the entirely honest heathen writers and the writers of the Bible lay in the disposition of outward things.

The prophet and the philosopher were illuminated from above by one light, but they stood on different ground. The latter was surrounded by mists and delusive shadows and meteors, while the other stood in full sunshine under the clear broad sky. God gave them that one light, which was His inspiring word; God also appointed to each the ground He stood upon and the surrounding circumstances, so far as they affected his personal mind.

It would, no doubt, be correct to say that the inspiration of the prophet was fuller than that of the philosopher. He saw and knew the ground he was standing on, and from whence came the light, which the other did not, because he was born in the midst of error. For a special end the prophet was so enlightened and preserved, that he uttered nothing of his own fancy, for as no Scripture is ἰδίας ἐπιλύσεως, neither is it ἰδίας ἐπινοήσεως, being altogether absolute and universal. But still, what of truth there was in the utterance of the philosopher,

was as much inspiration as what came from the prophet.

It appears to me that if you do not allow this, or something like it, to be a true theory, you cannot admit that all Scripture is given by inspiration without absurdity, and even contradiction. Secondly, that the truth which does not come from the Bible must come from something not God, though you cannot deny that it is still truth.

October 26th.—I attend Maurice's lectures at King's College. They are exceedingly interesting, as you may judge, and please men better than I expected. Indeed, I think they will make an era in the life of the college, being, I believe, the very first effort in any place to make a regular study in class of an English author. I am more than reconciled to Maurice's having a professorship of *English* Literature, and think that no man would have filled it so well. I look forward confidently to his giving a tone to the study of our native literature, or, I may rather say, to his making it into a study; and could he perform a nobler work for his generation?—Yours affectionately,

S. CLARK.

HOLBORN HILL, Monday morning.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I can at present give you no hopes of 'Sartor Resartus' becoming a second-hand book. It is much more likely that it will be crammed into an ugly one-and-ninepenny or two-and-threepenny double columned pamphlet, with flimsy yellow covers, like poor Elia and the new translation of 'Undine.' I

will let you know when this comes to pass; that is, if you have been carried away by the spirit of the age so as to be able to read such ungainly things, against which I have a great enmity.

Carlyle has not written anything else in the line of 'Sartor Resartus,' unless there may be one or two like it in his magazine essays. . . . You will find (if you are disposed to read it) the sketch of Cagliostro a very wonderful and interesting piece, though not quite so amusing as Teufelsdröckh. If you are fond of reading Critiques, that on Burns is exceedingly fine, and there is a most remarkable and very interesting paper entitled 'Characteristics.'

I merely mention these because you ask me. But will you forgive me if I so far assume the Mentor as to warn you against giving up too implicitly to the spirit of Carlyle's writings. Amidst a vast fund of truth some grave errors pervade them of a subtle and unobtrusive kind. There is much to be gained from reading them, if we are careful while doing so to rest our minds upon the fixed and distinct doctrine of the holy Catholic Church. But without this there is danger, particularly to those who have been educated in Quakerism.

Again begging your pardon for this assumption of Mentorism, believe me, dear madam, yours sincerely,

S. CLARK.

To the Same.

HOLBORN HILL, October 1st.

DEAR MADAM,— . . . I am sorry that the obscure passage in my last should have given you any trouble,

and still more so that I cannot relieve you by interpreting it. If I had any meaning in my head at the time (which seems very doubtful), my pen must have run away from my wits, or else I was inspired with some thought at the time which is above my present comprehension. I would recommend you to adopt the latter hypothesis, as one far more becoming a faithful disciple of Teufelsdröckh, than its more probable but grovelling rival.

Do you really wish to be told what *transitive* verbs, *oblique* cases and *adverbial* forms are? You will find them most luminously explained in the 'Comic Latin Grammar,' at least the two former. *Adverbial* forms are peculiar to German grammar, and are only the simplest and shortest forms of adjectives, which undergo no change of inflection. They are in fact the same in all but meaning and construction with the adverbs of the same roots.

The word *oblique* is applied to all cases of nouns except the nominative, called by the old grammarians 'the upright or straightforward case.' Transitive verbs are those which literally *pass over* from one noun to another, that is, from the *subject* to the *object*, the *nominative* to the *accusative*. They are distinguished from neuter verbs, which have no *object*, or include their object in themselves, as 'my head aches,' 'it rains;' and from passive verbs, in which the subject is a passive recipient of whatever the verb expresses; and from substantive verbs, which merely declare existence without reference to state or action, such as '*to be*,' '*to become*.' Murray and a host of others call them *active;* but that name is inappropriate in the case of such words as 'walk,' 'jump,'

&c., which are neuter in grammar, but active in sense.

If I have been clumsy enough to mistake your meaning, and have taken as a real request of yours what you said only in sport, I beg your pardon for my awkwardness. I beg you not to think I make this conditional apology, thinking it strange that you should ask such questions, but merely because I know you to be somewhat given to plead ignorance when you have no just claim to the plea. You know that, with *my peculiar* views, I should think an absence of knowledge on such points very becoming in a lady, and I ought to have replied to your first questions without using such pedantic words, though I could not then have told you what I wished in such small compass. As Faust says, 'name is but sound and smoke,' but yet we could not well get on without it, and when used properly, how quickly does it become bright flame!

I am very glad you see the Quakeristic vagueness of some of Teufelsdröckh's philosophy. If this is kept in view, his book may be read with wonderful profit and delight. I hope you will enjoy the 'Friend,' which you will find follow on very naturally, if the fun and quaintness of 'Sartor Resartus' has not given you a distaste for Coleridge's graver earnestness. As I know you are very much interested in Petrarch, I send a book for your perusal which your sister thinks you will like.—Believe me, dear madam, yours very sincerely,

S. Clark.

P.S. When Faust uttered the words you quoted,

he was labouring under the sense of the burden of the stuffed skins of words which make up the discourse or rather the talk of journalists and system-mongers, playwrights, scribblers of novels, 'penny-a-liners' (as the Cockney booksellers call them), &c. But words uttered from a heart and head in union have a vital flame in them and are living powers. Things are 'smoke and darkness' without them. They are the most glorious gift of God to us mortals, and the links and harmonisers of body and spirit, the angels on Jacob's ladder, the messengers from earth to heaven.

To the Same.

LONDON, November 4th.

MY DEAR MADAM,— . . . I am ashamed of having delayed so long to return you this piece of handwriting, which I entirely forgot when I saw you at Reading. It is almost too much to expect a definite written character from the few hints that may be picked up from the mode in which a man may embellish or disfigure, connect or dispose his A B C on paper, and I shall not therefore wonder if I widely err. You must therefore make due allowance.

I suppose the writer to be a gentleman, and I should think him to be proud, courteous, and when not influenced by kindly feeling, standing much upon ceremony; shy and perhaps mistrustful of himself; generous as the world says it, but not to the pitch of real self-sacrifice; deficient in true moral strength and elevation, but possessing specious substitutes for both as it regards mere outward conduct; studious and patient, but not very energetic; his understanding rather slow, but accurate and clear within narrow

limits. Possibly there may be added to these points a certain sentimental *adhesiveness*, as the phrenologists say, which ought not to be over much trusted; yet withal a general intention to do right, and a sincere respect for the Good and the True.

I have really been more definite than I meant to be. If the writer is a friend of yours, pray burn and forget this note as soon as you can; for under such circumstances it is painful to see a character cut up into shreds, when one feels all the time there is a unity, a human heart, above all that can be *described*, and which is still there and dear to one, though it might be easy to find a thousand faults in the outward conduct of the person in whom it dwells. By this, however, I do not mean to say that we ever ought to be blind or indifferent to the want of moral elevation in character. But it is very likely my guesses are wrong.

Trusting that I shall soon hear of your perfect recovery to health, believe me, very truly yours,

S. CLARK.

To the Same.

LONDON, November 12th.

MY DEAR ——,—Thank you very much for the 'Legend of Florence.' I read it with great interest, as I do most of Leigh Hunt's things, from their being thickly sprinkled with scraps (though scattered scraps only) of beauty and truth. Still I do not esteem it very highly as a fiction or a drama.

The fiction is at least unwisely framed, and perhaps immorally; for I do not think it right to figure out

those monstrous attachments which *barely may be* without guilt. I said *unwisely*, because the improbability of the incidents prevented them from taking hold on my curiosity or interest. As to its dramatic qualifications, there seems to me to be here and there a stiff little bit of bad clay modelling after Shakespeare; generally there is no character in it. But for all this I respect the piece very much, for there is not a little, living, verdant expression in it.

I like your defence of your notion of canine morality very much, and there is great truth in it, as Lord Bacon witnesses. But it is nevertheless, as you expressed it in the book, likely . . . to confuse the mind of a thoughtful child. God once saw that all that He had created was Good, not merely man and animals, but plants, earth, air, water. Let the child be taught to follow his Maker in this glorious contemplation, and see no Evil until he is conscious of it in his own heart, and let him, when he is apt to refer what is out of the law of order in nature to the moral law, be led immediately to see that in man's heart *alone* is sin *originant*. I hope you will not quite misunderstand this hasty hint.— . . . Believe me, dear ——, yours very sincerely,

S. CLARK.

To the Same.

HOLBORN HILL, Thursday evening.

MY DEAR ——,—I am truly sorry to hear that your eye is worse, and would earnestly exhort you to be contented with darkness and indoors for a while, though I am sure they must be much in the Cross to you. . . .

Though as I said, I feel most ready to sympathise with your temporary blindness, and to feel how trying it must be to you, I think you must at least at times feel something in it not wholly undelightful. You, a handmaid of the Muses, ought not now to forget that they love blind people and reveal their choicest secrets to them.... Witness Milton, Homer, and those earlier songsters of whom we only know the names and reputation, whom Milton has so magnificently associated with himself. I hope you often call to mind those glorious passages in the 'Paradise Lost' and his other poems, in which he speaks of his blindness, and at the same time illustrates most wonderfully the blessed side of his affliction.

And after all, the greatest lesson to be learned from blindness is the value of sight, and I shall be most rejoiced when the possession of it is restored to you. . . . —Believe me, very sincerely yours,

S. CLARK.

To the Same.

LONDON, December 9th.

DEAR ——,—As to the plagiarisms with which Coleridge has been charged, I do not think it by any means necessary to go into detail. No doubt Schelling and he have in many instances expressed the same Truth, and he has himself been forward to confess that he owed very great obligations to Schelling. But as to anything that may justly be called *plagiarism*, it seems to me entirely impossible that it can be charged upon such philosophical writings as those of Coleridge. Every part of them is vital and coherent, joined to a root in the spirit which God had given him. Minds

like Coleridge's are not built up brick by brick and stone by stone. Schelling's mind may have been one of those, and may have been as like Coleridge's as one elm-tree is like another (in its philosophy I mean), but the thoughts of each were their own proper branches.

Moreover, God does not help those who filch the brains of others to pour forth their pilferings in living words like Coleridge's. You may be pretty sure of those to whom God has immediately sent an angel to touch their lips with a coal from the altar of truth, and you may generally be as certain that a passage of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Coleridge is a fair part and parcel of the mind that uttered it, as you may that a crystal in the midst of a block of granite was not put in there by the hand of a man. . . . —Believe me, your very sincere friend,

S. CLARK.

12th month, 19th (1840).

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I was very glad indeed to get thy kind letter last evening, though it would have been very pleasing to me to have heard something of the last hours of our dearest Mary. . . .

It was a very severe shock to hear of the loss of our dear sister, quite unprepared as we were. But the dispensation has been full of mercy, and has almost every consolation that can attend such a bereavement. Her last visit to us was altogether so very satisfactory, and it was such a happy thing that she had seen us all so lately. The state of her mind seemed to be quite what it ought to be (as no doubt R. has told thee). From several things she said to us, it was evi-

dent that she was looking forward to the near approach of death, though at that time we saw no particular reason for alarm. Her lamp was burning, and she has died in God's faith, fear and love, so that we have good reason to thank Him.—Thy most affectionate son,

S. CLARK.

CHAPTER VIII.

1841.

LETTERS.

HOLBORN HILL, January 5th (1841).

MY DEAR ——,—I am very much concerned to hear of what has befallen you, and I regret that I cannot have the pleasure of calling on you to-day, but I hope to do so to-morrow. I hope you will have that most pernicious animal slain immediately, without waiting for judge, jury, or any other forms. Halifax law is the only law which such treacherous bloodthirsty creatures deserve; sooner than he should continue to live, I would perform the office of executioner myself. From this moment I shall be his implacable enemy as long as he breathes; but I hope already his vile untoward life has been offered up as a sacrifice to duty and the honour of the race of spaniels, of which he was, or is, without exception, the unworthiest son I ever knew. I think it right that you should know that he has for a long time been giving the lie to a well-known proverb, as it regards all your friends with whom I am acquainted. Every one except yourself will rejoice in his death, and I hope you will pardon

me for saying that I shall have not the least sympathy with your sorrow, though I have a great deal for the pain and dark imprisonment which you are now suffering.—Believe me, very truly yours,

S. CLARK.

SOUTHAMPTON, January 26th, 1841.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,— . . . I was glad indeed that you thought I had written my second letter on the Sisters more clearly, for though I am deeply convinced that it was ill-done, and was also conscious that I had written it in too great a hurry, I had your strictures before my mind while I was engaged upon it, and tried to turn them to account. Will you always be as friendly with me? If I may say so much of myself, I really think that I know how to receive correction thankfully and without bowing down hopelessly under it. That vast and vague sense that one conjures up of one's own defects and faults is far worse and more depressing than the definite corrections of a friend on whose candour you may rely. This, at any rate, is according to my tendency of mind.

I have come here to spend three or four days in quiet hard work before I go to Oxford. . . . I have forgotten to tell you in my former letters that I do not quite agree with your high praises of Coleridge's letters. They are (as all he ever wrote) well worth studying, and contain a host of truths and views of truths which will strike home most valuably in the minds of attentive readers. But that divarication of his between the passages in the Bible introduced by such formulæ as 'the Lord said,' &c., and the other parts is to me very objectionable. There are besides

some parts that are loose and have a neologist tendency, that is if I am not deceived.—Believe me, yours affectionately,

S. C.

WILMINGTON SQUARE, Tuesday evening.

MY DEAR ——,—Though a sense of my own weakness might well make me tremble in attempting to give you spiritual counsel, I have felt very unwilling to allow so long a time to pass since I received your note expressing your kind confidence in me, without going into the subject of your doubts more deliberately than I have yet done either by letter or conversation. But it has seldom happened that I have had so little time at my own disposal as I have had of late, and I never remember to have felt so much difficulty in getting a little portion of that kind of leisure in which one can best write a letter on a grave subject. I am now sitting down at a very late hour and with feelings of fatigue and depression, so that I can hardly hope to do more than to furnish you with another expression of my cordial sympathy with your present difficulties and discouragements.

I regard you as at present coming out of a false state, and I have no doubt that if you are true to the light that is given you from time to time, you will hereafter learn to see that your present inward troubles are sent you in mercy. You are (if I am not mistaken) in the beginning of the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death,' according to John Bunyan's beautiful allegory. You see nothing distinctly in it; your feet are slipping, and clouds are around you. Do not *just now* forget, that if God were not your helper inwardly, you would

not be able to judge and know that what is around you is darkness and confusion. The Apostle Paul says most truly, that if the law had not come, there would have been no sin. This is a phase of a spiritual truth which may be applied in your case thus: If there were no order there could be no disorder, if there were no light there could be no darkness. This law, light, and order are all *within* you. God gave them to you, and you should live upon them until the same merciful Father gives you to see, as He will in His own time, that there is also law, light, and order out of you as well as within. If you have thought enough on the words, I would say, until you see your subjective ideas have an objective realisation.

But do not be impatient. It may be good for you to dwell in darkness for a while, perhaps to wait there until it become a sort of relief for you to see a giant Apollyon approaching to fight with you. After struggling in confusion and vapour, there is a sort of relief in feeling the presence of a *personal*, distinct enemy, against whom you may use your arms. I refer you to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' feeling convinced that all who have thought and felt so much as you have done, must be assured that Bunyan was no mere slave of fancy.

I do not say that at this crisis in your experience, it may not be well for you to say that you will believe nothing consciously, unless you can receive it on surer ground than you have previously had. An utter blank of unbelief may have been a vision permitted to you by God for a time. But it will not, it cannot last. Your conversation and letters have convinced me that so far as such a vision has been before you,

you have been most uneasy under it, and let that fact teach you that God is in you. If it came to you from any other power, who could have his own way, he would make you satisfied with it, as such would be his interest. He cannot do so, because He that is in you is mightier than he. But it cannot last. It even fades as you express it; for while you say it is a feeling, a vision, a sense or what not of unbelief, you imply that there *is* something or some one to see and to feel. Consider for a while what that some one must necessarily be, and you will find that no other than a wise and loving God is very near you.

I am not without apprehension that you will think this mystical, perhaps fanciful. You would probably prefer that I should meet your more definite objections to Christianity distinctly and immediately. This I should despair of doing, till you find a ground on which those truths are to rest. Ours is no Hindoo system, in which the world rests on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, and the tortoise on nothing, but it has its foundation in the deep craving necessities of our constitution. As we advance we shall find at every step that this and the other point of the Christian faith *is* because it *must be;* but we must let 'patience have its perfect work,' and as (according to all laws) in duty bound, receiving a security for a part, must give trust for the rest for a while. I mean give trust just so far, that when the truth comes upon our souls, we may be ready to give it a cordial reception, and not expect that we can see it if we wilfully avert our eyes.—Believe me, very truly yours,

S. CLARK.

To the Same.

WILMINGTON SQUARE, January 14th.

MY DEAR ——,—I now feel as if, in the conversation which we had this evening, I had said many things which I ought not to have said. Not that I think I have uttered anything false, but from several external causes given way to, I fear I was not in that discreet and deliberate state of mind in which such topics as we spoke of ought alone to be discussed. You will I know pardon my presuming to say, that this solicitude rests upon me, because I am deeply convinced that you are in* serious error, and because I would fain speak no word on the subject which would be otherwise than helpful to you.

If the sympathy of a soul who has been similarly tossed and tried is of any value, I pray you accept mine. I should not address you thus, if I thought you were at ease in yourself. Will you allow me to say that I know you are not? That I am sure that your spirit is so sorely writhing under the burden of the notions which you expressed to me, that you know in some way that your impressions respecting God and man are strangely confused and out of place? You would gladly get conviction if you could, but you at times feel that you cannot, and dare to doubt whether such a thing as conviction exists in man, and whether all who rest on certainty are not dreaming in a land of clouds.

* By this I do not mean that you are in what some well-meaning persons call 'a dangerous state,' for I think God has given you a deep love for truth, and to that good feeling unsatisfied, I believe your present restlessness is owing. I call it 'serious error' because it is what keeps you from inward peace.

Allow the colour of this gloomy prospect to be correct, and darken the tint as much as you please, is there nothing it it to witness for God, nothing to give hopes of a dawn? Nothing. All is black, deathlike black, or still gloomier neutral tint; no little streak of light reddens the horizon, every spark that now and then shines out for a moment appears in the wrong place for the dawn of truth, and you see and know at once that it is a delusive meteor, the child of vapour and stagnation. What can be worse? the light there is, comes either from the fire-work devices of man's fancy on earth, or the mists of the atmosphere just over your head.

The most real thing you see is the blackness against which the false lights glare out. Where will you look?

First, for a few moments at least, I earnestly beg you to look within at yourself. You are standing *some*where, or you would have no sense of *no*where; you are standing on fixed ground, or you would not see things come and go in regular sequence as somehow they do; you must have an order within you, or how should you know and feel that what is around you is *dis*order. If you are true to your own heart, you cannot rest on self-centred, rebel power, as Satan did, when, according to Milton, he was passing the realm of 'old chaos and eternal night,' and move on, knowing you have no place. You may feel as if chaos and night were around you, but you have a voice in you saying they are not your home, and if you will listen to it for a few moments, it will tell you that not far off there is a home into which you can get. It is by a light set in your heart by God that you see and hate confusion.

That light, like every work of God, will do its work completely if you will obey it, and will eventually lead you into all truth. Then, my dear friend, you will look back and thank God for having led you through the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death,' and see that, in the mystery of His providence, trials and temptations are permitted to assail us only to strengthen us to glorify Him, and to recoil with double confusion on the head of their author.

I have not taken up the subject of the atonement respecting which you especially questioned me some time ago, because I think the subject is one (with many other kindred ones) which you should not approach until you have looked awhile at certain ideas involving the simple relations of God and man. At a future time, if you think it worth while, I shall be most ready to tell you how the truth came home to my own mind, and I humbly trust that my feebleness of expression may not dishonour that peace which God has given me in believing. I pray you not to look back upon past acts or past states of your own mind. When I see how disposed you are to do this, I am inclined to blame a system to which I know you have fondly clung, though I am not unmindful that the minds of all of us are too often drawn in the same way by natural tendency. It is a vile delusion of the evil one. God lives in an eternal now, and His Son has blotted out the handwriting of ordinances which were against us. Raise your hands and heart to God for an instant, and at that moment all that has passed in your heart, head, or actions shall not weigh an ounce to keep you from rising to heaven.

You have light in you, or you could not see darkness around you. You do not need to be told that that light is not of yourself, of your own making. It comes from God, and He would not have given it you for nothing. Try to think that He gave it you in love, and that He is a loving God; call up all sorts of witnesses for the fact that He is a loving God, and if you can find no better, take my solemn word for it. If nothing seems to you of weight as a witness, adopt it as an hypothetical notion, and try it fairly on that score. Hold it in any way for a while, while you look all round you and see whether it is not the best clue after all to this tangled labyrinth of a world which you have ever found. I mean the simple fact that God is a loving God, adding to it as a necessary corollary that man is free, and that evil potentially existing is a necessary condition of liberty.

These hasty remarks include such a small part of what I have in mind to say to you, that I shall not be surprised if they seem very unsatisfying and inappropriate. Should this be the case, pray just tell me so, and give me another opportunity of hearing your doubts. At least believe that I most fervently desire that you may soon find peace and joy in believing, and that I am your very sincere friend,

S. CLARK.

MAGDALEN HALL, March 1st, 1841.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,— . . . I was very much interested in what you said of Dr. Gregory, and feel a deep, perhaps too deep, sympathy with what you added respecting death. I never, as far as I remember— not even when the spiritual foundations of my hopes

were all tottering, and all was dark and confused, except just sensible beauty and life, to which I have been apt to turn fondly, at that time especially—*could* dread death as much as people seem to do. It seems to me as if the difference was an instinctive one, perhaps depending on temperament. I always felt as if I was the one whom Gray did not imagine to exist, and whom he certainly would not have respected, 'but who to dull forgetfulness a prey,' &c. Death is truly a great blessing, if you will regard the saying in a sanctified light. Do you not like the image of death in 'Sintram,' and is it not just the picture of what is in you?

But here we are alive, each with a post assigned him, and woe to the deserter, though he may be able to say that he could not see what good he was in his place. How much wisdom there is in that saying of a sergeant's to a new recruit who had done amiss with good intention, and in justifying himself said that he 'thought' something. 'You *thought*, you rascal; that is not your business, others are paid for thinking for you.' The man who tries to see what place he ought to stand in, and to realise all harmonies in the contemplation of his position, will surely find his attempt a vain one. As old Johnson said, 'This is a world in which there is much to be done and little to be known.' That man will have the most satisfaction in his knowledge, who does that which lies nearest to him with the calmest and most loving heart. But our thoughts will at times be struggling out into chaos, and perhaps it was not *first* given us in the curse to feel the burden and the mystery of the

thoughts that wander through eternity, and Adam in Paradise may have needed to be told by angelic wisdom

> 'That which before thee lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.'

There can, however, be no doubt, that love and hard work are two grand elements of our soul's health, and that the latter will often serve most unexpectedly to solve many a knotty problem of our speculative moods.

I am glad you take so much pleasure in that noblest of all dramas, the 'Prometheus.' Have you applied as a comment on it the 6th, 7th and 8th chapters of Romans? I once took some pains to make out the connexion for a young friend, and I felt great delight in the exercise. It is now so long since I have looked at the 'Prometheus,' that I cannot go into it to express it clearly, but there seemed to me to be a wonderful fitting together of the two writings.—Believe me, yours affectionately,

S. CLARK.

To MRS. DARTON.

OXFORD, May 9th.

. . . Pray let me hear how the dear chickie gets on, body and spirit. Do not indulge her, but let her know what it is to take up her little daily cross, for she is quite old enough to be a little lamb of Christ's fold, and all such must bear something, as a symbol of His sufferings and victory over self and the flesh. His yoke is lightest to the neck that is earliest inured to it, and every check of an unruly appetite or

a fretful will, given and taken in the right spirit, whatever degree of conscious knowledge or ignorance the subject of it may possess, should be regarded as the pressure of Christ's yoke, which will work a blessed discipline on the mind. . . .

To the Same.

. . . I should very much like to have seen the dear duckling drubbing her will into obedience as regards going into the passage. It must have been a very precious piece of discipline for her. The time at which a little child first learns to obey something out of and contrary to its own inclination, is a great era in its existence, and may indeed be considered as the first step in its progress heavenward. The finding out that there is a law to be obeyed, and that there is something in the heart approving and accepting that law, and the consequent cultivation of an obedient habit, may be regarded as the sum of true education. . . .

OXFORD, May 17th.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,— . . . I hope you liked Maurice's pamphlet.* It was very well received here, much better than I expected, especially amongst the younger men. Just now there is a great calm, such as naturally follows a great storm, and the lion and the lamb lie down together, thinking aloud that controversy is an unprofitable thing, and that after all, even if in any sense or degree we of the Anglican Church are split into two, we are nearer together and more like one, than any other two in the world, not

* 'Reasons for not joining a Party in the Church.'

excepting the Siamese twins. . . .—Believe me, affectionately yours,

S. CLARK.

OXFORD, Monday night.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—What you say of Maurice is wonderfully true, and I am very glad to have witnessed your uttering it. He is not, at present at least, a talking teacher, and hence it is that I always feel on parting from him, as if I ought to have got more out of him than I have. This feeling is sometimes oppressive, almost in an overpowering degree. But I should not greatly wonder if in this respect the unfolding of his son's mind should unseal his lips and give him freedom of oral utterance in as real, if not so striking a manner as that in which the naming of the Holy Baptist opened the mouth of Zacharias.

Mrs. Maurice and the little nameless one are going on remarkably well. The latter is to be named John Frederick. We may judge something of how Maurice will feel on the occasion of his son being endowed with a Christian name.

You seem to doubt whether I should agree with you in your strong-rooted stamp of hope, bound about with a ring of brass, as regards the moral life of our ever glorious England. I am with you in this respect with my whole heart, and often and often do *I* thank God for having escaped, as it seems to me through early impressions, from the dreadful fact-bound despondency which most conservatives are groaning under. As to what is going on just now, I shut my eyes to it as close as I can, having (as I conceive) tolerable private reasons for so doing. . . .

I am going in for my Little-go next Friday or Saturday. I hope I shall escape plucking, but the Little-go, though *little* it is, is just the sort of examination which makes a man feel the want of early teaching. Besides, an examination of any kind is really a solemn thing, and if it don't humble a man even when he gets through, he must be either very thoughtless, very stupid, or marvellously well qualified.

And now as I know what a genuine interest you feel in my concerns, I must tell you that I find myself involved in such a bottomless sea of perplexing circumstances and solemn calls for my exertions, that I have been obliged to make up my mind to leave Oxford for a year, and God only knows whether I may ever be able to return to it. As to my reading, I hope still to go on as if I was certain of coming back; but as to my expectations, it would be insanity in me not to strive to hold my mind in readiness to betake myself to my former way of life altogether, if God should not be pleased to order certain things differently from their present appearances.

I do not tell you this to ask for your sympathy in what you must know will be a great cross to me, one indeed which, as my present state of mind is, makes the whole prospect of my own worldly career gloomy and entangled. But if you were to allow your mind to feel this for me, you would suffer much more than I do myself. You know there is a *θεωρία* which each man has and no one outside of him sees, which is quite out of the reach of any describable

misfortunes or circumstances; and if this *θεωρία* have Christ in it, and be joined with a tolerably good bodily temperament, and the habit of giving out and receiving kindly affections, the man *must* be a fitter object of felicitation than grieving sympathy; but I have told you of the circumstances because I think it due to the terms on which we write and speak and feel towards each other.

If I leave Oxford altogether, I shall be heartily thankful for having come here for manifold reasons. I should like at some future time to tell you some of these in conversation. I have no hesitation in believing that the time and cost have not been thrown away.—Believe me always, my dear Strachey, your affectionate friend,

S. CLARK.

OXFORD, July 12th, 1841.

MY DEAREST B. B.,—I have only time to tell you I have passed my Little-go. It was but a small matter, but I feel it to be a good thing over. . . .

July 25th, 1841.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—His (Mr. Maurice's) child is a very noble boy for two months old, and worthy of his father and mother. I hope you feel as deep an interest in the young of the genus Homo as I do. Every year I live I find my powers of appreciating young babies increase, and I can now see marks of their being little eternities in their first movements and their first cry, which (as you doubtless know)

precedes the first smile. You have heard, I suppose, that little John Frederick was baptised three weeks ago. Mr. R. Trench was one godfather, and I was glad to be proxy for Sterling. It was a beautiful time in every way.

Your kind interest in, and most strengthening and refreshing remarks on, my circumstances are beyond any mere expression of thanks. I am just now working on hopefully, and as long as I feel that I have health and am working hard, I can thank God that things are as they are. At such times it is not hard to hold one's tongue, but at other times, when one feels one's own efforts to be in very narrow limits, and one's own self inwardly infirm and standing on sand, a word to a friend is most wholesome medicine. . . .

Now as to Hamlet, I confess that the array of my thoughts does not seem to be solid enough to oppose to yours, and I am in a position much fitter to learn from what you have said than to confute it. I see great truth in your view, and you are so far mistaken in what I meant to say, that I always agreed with the most part of what you have opposed to me. Still I am not satisfied with you, and I think you are striving to make out Hamlet's character as too complete, looking at him as a practical man.

This, however, was what I never in any mode or degree objected to in what I said to you, but to the general tenor and effect on the feelings of the piece. As the matter now rests between us, there are two points which may be regarded distinctly. Hamlet's personal character, secondly, the character or moral influence of the play.

But first of all, as you have made a front of the death scene, let me say that I do not in the least look upon it as Johnson did. It seems to be a due meeting of events, for which the wills of men had been working up in direct course. I do not even agree with you in thinking that Horatio at the moment considered it otherwise. His words to Fortinbras are a mere statement of facts, and he promises hereafter to show 'how these things came about.' The accidental judgments express the outward bearing of the change of foils and of the queen's drinking of the poison, the 'casual slaughter' of the death of Laertes; the 'purposes mistook fall'n on the inventors' heads,' of what Laertes had said had occurred to himself, 'as a woodcock to my own springe, I am justly killed by mine own treachery.' I think there is no proof at all that Horatio did not see the inside and connection of all this, but on the contrary, the tone of his speech suggests that his mind was full of truth and awe, labouring to have an opportunity of utterance.

The character of Hamlet is one which evokes our strongest sympathy, love and admiration. As to the way in which Shakespeare has treated the character throughout in connection with the facts of the history, it would be impertinent to praise it otherwise than by saying that it is *perfect*. We know Hamlet, and we have him before our inward eye more clearly than we have any living being. He lives and moves within us, so marvellously has he been expressed. But he is unhappily situated. While he sees all truth and has a heart to obey it, the circumstances of his position are such as God generally clears away by the agency of a great mind which sees certain ideas truly, but

is blind to others. Hamlet had to kill a man, a king, the husband of his mother. Why does he fail to do it from time to time? Not through want of opportunities, not through weak resolves, but because his mind comprehends too much of truth to be practical in this entangled world of ours. Short of being omniscient, he had filled his place better had he seen one exclusive side of truth, and had that partial blindness which the passion of anger is given us to produce. Even seeing the whole universe with a mortal's eye, and a mortal's power, he goes on parleying with opportunities, and letting them escape. Do you think Shakespeare wished us to think him sincere when he assigns his reasons for not killing the king at his prayers? Can we not feel that it is that kind of excuse that we like to make for not acting, when an obscure but strong consciousness is working in us of a peculiarity which distinguishes us from our fellow men? The passage you have quoted, when he blackens his own character, tends the same way.

He shows, as you say, that he has great powers of action, but in these instances he is obliged to act at the instant or not at all. But the choice of time being left to himself, he fails, and knows that it is his own fault.

But what I (and, I think, Maurice) feel regarding the play most is its general character, inasmuch as it exhibits a gloomy desponding side of the truth, bringing a snare to certain minds. I have no doubt that on the whole the world is *much* better off for the possession of Hamlet. Perhaps every man who has read it has got much more good than harm from it.

But to men who have a strong spice of Hamlet in them, it is discouraging to contemplate great powers in a situation in which they only come into play by starts and tricks. If the function of tragedy be to exhibit the conflict between free-will and circumstance, and the Prometheus may be taken as its type, Hamlet is Prometheus not chained, but tied and wound about with Maimuna's web. For it is not by outward difficulties and obstacles that he is kept from the object he has in view, but something adhering and belonging to his own being.

When a man has to act, this all-seeingness (which in a man is a poor mimicry of an attribute of God), mixed up as it almost necessarily is with scepticism (which perhaps in Greek is the exact name for it), is a real curse. What a blessing is that clear faith which makes a man feel that he is a hand and foot performing some certain work for the body, but leaving it to the head to look out for the whole.

Johnson was strangely unfortunate in saying of Hamlet that he was rather an instrument than an agent. In this view, he is an instrument which effects nothing, and the word agent, by its more common and natural meaning, is disqualified for an antithesis with instrument.

I am almost ashamed to send you these crude remarks, which I have written in great haste, for I have been unexpectedly interrupted. I have not had time to read any of the critics on Hamlet afresh (Coleridge I have never read), nor re-read the play itself.—Believe me, always affectionately yours,

S. CLARK.

WILMINGTON SQUARE, Sunday.

MY DEAREST B. B.,—I need not tell you how deeply I feel interested by what you tell me of sweet Fanny. As to her quick temper and occasional irritability, let me beg you not to feel any sort of discouragement on account of it. Look at it with the eye of faith, and you will see that that quickness and irritability will praise God in its own way, if you do not suffer her little mind to forget that it is under and belongs to another being of which, for the present, you are the representative, for such and no less is the awful position of a mother to a little child. 'Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.' This passage contains a deep truth, which refers to all peculiarities of natural temperament in a hopeful light, though of course it has a wider meaning, in which the innocence or guilt of particular persons is left undetermined. 'Be ye angry, and sin not' throws light upon it in the sense in which I would now take it. If we look abroad amongst men, we may see what we might predict, speculating from the goodness and perfections of God. Men and women of every kind of temper have a place made for them where their natural tendencies are real blessings to them, and instruments wherewith to glorify God. This many-coloured world wants persons of all tempers, men who will creep, those who will fly, walk, run at all paces. Not a single tendency or faculty has God given to us which is not good, if we would have it so, not one which may not be bad, if we choose it to be so.

This faith must be at the root of all right education.

Of every feature in the dear little one's mind that you have to work upon, you may make a weapon for God or for the devil.

You need not destroy *one;* if you attempt it, you will find the task a hopeless one. What you ought to do and what you can do, is to teach the child that it is in no sense its own; that it has to obey God, and that in disobeying you, it is disobeying God.

The greatest confusion is made in the world by overlooking the simple fact that all rightly constituted authority, whether of the sovereign, the parent, the teacher, or the master, is Divine, and owes all its proper stringency to God. This is what St. Paul means when he tells servants to obey their masters 'in the Lord,' &c. When sovereigns, parents, or masters forget this only true ground of their authority, and give up to the influence of their own selfish wills or lust of power, or the desire of favour, or popularity, they become tyrants and usurpers.

We shall not take one successful step in educating dear Fanny, if we do not regard her as a little regenerated one whom God has taken into covenant with Him, as having already received that spirit of adoption, whereby her infant lispings can never too soon cry Abba, Father. I should be disappointed if the feelings of a mother do not prove themselves to you to be the best interpreters of the doctrine of the Church. Give the sweet darling my blessing with a hundred kisses, and remember through all that she belongs to God.—Your ever most loving brother,

S. C.

LONDON, Sunday.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I am anxious to know whether you are going to write notes on Genesis as you have done on Isaiah. I wish you would for the sake of me and all the world, though (if you will forgive the caution) I would say, be slow, or rather, do not be in a hurry. I hope you will patiently hold to the work of annotating, for I am half disposed to think that it is your proper vocation, at least at this period of your life. Do receive it as simply as I utter it, and I will tell you that I marvel and admire at the way in which you have sustained and applied high, deep and broad thoughts in the labour of considerably close attention to the letter. This is what seems to me to be lacking in the whole tribe of commentators that I have read, except perhaps Olshausen, with whom I am very imperfectly acquainted. As to you, I wish you knew Hebrew as well as Dr. McCaul, and you would then be a bright lamp to us.

I do not know whether I have told you that I am not going to keep this Term at Oxford. I am now most deeply immersed in the cares of this world, though I have no occasion to be querulous. After Christmas I hope to go on again without interruption till I get my degree.

But to return to Genesis, I shall be glad to hear or see what you make out of the cosmogony of it, and whether you have been interested in tracing the history of those offspring of *mala admixtio* (Lord Bacon), the controversies regarding the age of the world and the universality of the deluge. It is remarkable that both were started by Jewish commentators before geologists were thought of. In the

present day, I believe none who have paid any attention to facts, except a very few plainly wrong-headed persons, have any difficulty in believing that the world is a few millions of years old, and that some parts of its surface have not been under water for the last ten or twelve thousand years. The late origin of man is very remarkable, and no geologists think that he has lived above 6000 years in the world, though some theologians have thought otherwise. I have an essay before me by a Frenchman of two centuries ago, entitled, 'Præadamitæ, sive exercitatio super Rom. v. 12, 13, 14, quibus inducentur primi homines ante Adamum conditi,' &c.

The first verse of Genesis seems to be the clear assertion of an ontological fact, for which St. Paul was so thankful, that in his review of the Old Testament for the purpose of showing what man owes to the principle of faith, he brings forward our perception (*νοοῦμεν*) of the fact there stated: *τὰ βλεπόμενα γεγονέναι ἐκ τῶν μὴ φαινομένων*. Supposing that we ought to tie ourselves down to a literal observance of the text, I do not see what difficulty there is in conceiving that ten or twenty millions of years may have elapsed between the *ἀρχὴ* and the first morning of the *διακόσμησις*. Without much resting on this point, it is, however, much more important that we should remember that in everything recorded in the Bible, the central point is man; that all collateral things, though they be mentioned with infallible correctness, are spoken of relatively, not as they are in themselves. Hence it is as true to say that the sun rises, as that the earth goes round the sun, but the latter expression is technical, the former human. If we forget this, we

shall find it a tough job to reconcile Moses' narrative of the placing of the sun, moon and stars with what no one can doubt respecting astronomical science. On the other hand, everything regarding our moral life is spoken of more strictly as it is in itself, in the Bible than in any other book. Lord Bacon somewhere speaks to the point: 'Philosophiam (*i.e.* scientiam naturalium) quærere in theologia (*i.e.* in S. S.) est mortuos quærere inter vivos.'

That science of geology is a cabinet of inscrutable wonders, and I am now talking of it to you just as if you knew nothing about it. Do you know that within the last two months some English navigators have found a great continent in the course of formation far within the Antarctic Circle, several degrees further to the south than the Americans and French ever pretended to have gone. There they found some huge volcanoes working away incessantly, throwing up the inside of mother earth to increase the dry ground. There, at this moment, surrounded by ice and snow, are those senseless ministers of the Creator gathering the waters closer together and making the dry land appear, while the countless myriads of pulpy little coral builders are pursuing the same work in warmer climates. It seems as if the land has ever been growing upon the water since the Mosaic διακόσμησις, and is now making provision for our children's children, to stop the mouth of old Malthus.

Now you shall have a wild speculation of mine, if you will read it. I think America is really a new world according to the date of its formation, and not merely because Columbus made it known to us a very few centuries ago. Asia, and in a slightly less degree

Africa and Europe, bear marks of old age. Their mountains are complicated and intricate, their rivers are comparatively narrow, and their surfaces showing everywhere marks of the long-continued action of tedious processes of change, and the active volcanoes are few. America, on the contrary, is of much simpler structure, and seems the result almost of one great effort. A long backbone of mountains with very many active volcanoes runs down its whole length for 9000 miles, and off their sides mighty rivers run down, wide, but except in the middle stream, extremely shallow. Every year the sides get shallower, and judging of what will be from what is now seen, the outline of the La Plata will one day be in general features like that of the Nile or Ganges, and will probably contract its width of 200 miles to ten or twelve. Again, the changes that are predicted in the level of the great lakes in North America are analogous to nothing in our old continent. The present state is such as might *à priori* have been looked for in a fresh work of creation.

But not to weary you with a talk about dead things, the most remarkable class of facts, to my view, is in the succession of animals. You know how races have died off to make way for new ones. Now the earliest quadrupeds of which we find any traces in our strata are the marsupial animals, *i.e.*, the kangaroos and opossums. I have lately seen one of the former creatures at the Zoological Gardens in a most interesting state. It seems that after a very short period of gestation the mother brings forth her young ones very small and imperfect to our eyes, indeed, shapeless pieces of animated flesh. She then takes them in

her mouth and puts them in a bag or pouch on her abdomen. This pouch is lined with a membrane studded with mammæ, and at them the little creatures suck until they are old enough to peep out. They then occasionally graze as their mother stoops down to accommodate them, long before they come out as independent animals. These strange creatures are now defunct in our continent, and we can only interpret their movements by the living types of America and those still more numerous of Australia, which is probably of newer formation than America, if we are warranted in concluding that marsupial quadrupeds belong to an early stage of cosmogonical advancement.

By the way, do you know that the expression 'unlicked cub' had its origin in a real fact. It is very remarkable that it is not known that a she-bear has ever yet been found pregnant, but their cubs have been taken wonderfully small and of most imperfect form compared with what they afterwards grow to. Their mothers lick them constantly, and really seem as if they licked them into shape. The bear, the opossum and kangaroo bring forth their young more unformed than any other viviparous creatures, and the latter two are perhaps a sort of link between the viviparous and oviparous.

But I fancy you will take but little interest in this stuff, or if you do, that you will deem it visionary bubbles. I think I could have made out a better story if I had been free from a bad headache which is oppressing me, and if I had premeditated putting my fancies into express words. But as 'ministering friends' are apt to say, I have been unintentionally

led into the subject, and meant at this time to have written to you about bishops and Church history, which I must now put off for a more convenient season.—Believe me, yours very affectionately,

S. CLARK.

SOUTHAMPTON, October 31st.

MY DEAR STRACHEY,— . . . I proceed at once to Genesis and geology without further preface. You must blame yourself if I go into any subject or details which are trite, or not interesting to you.

. . . I hope I shall not be mistaking Lamarck and his friends by saying that their theory involved *life*, *matter*, *wishes*, and the *conditions* of *wishing*. In some way they conceived a living monad wishing to walk, and the wish became immediately the father of legs, four or more, as the case might be. The walker wished to see, and forthwith eyes appeared; it wished to smell, and two nostrils were perforated directly, until by a series of wishes a mite was formed. Other living monads came together in an oyster, and the oyster kept on wishing till it became a man. It will occur to you that the truth which is in this doctrine misapplied and caricatured is treated much more worthily in the Brahminical myth which is the foundation of 'the curse of Kehama.'

Lamarck, by his theory, wanted to make out that the successive races of animals which we find buried, may have been each other's progenitors. That the descendants of an oyster, after passing through some few millions of changes, became a fine, well-shaped *family* of baboons, one of whom, in the plenitude of

his animal perfection, conceived a wish to think, and became Adam. By this, of course, Lamarck denied that species had any real existence in nature, and gave his vote in favour of Abelard and the nominalists. I hope you will join me in having great sympathy with the system, magnifying, as it does, the magnificent idea of the almightiness of will. And ridiculous as are its immediate conclusions, when the details are brought together into small compass, there are not wanting some very strong facts in its favour. The variations which take place in a very few generations in those races of animals which are capable of living in different countries and climates, are such as—even to something deeper than a first sight—may reasonably lead us to imagine that the changes in thousands of years may be indefinite. The horse, the sheep, and above all the dog, are familiar instances. It is said on good authority that the horses of South America which are bred on the sandy plains have, from their birth, broad, flat, flexible, camel-like hoofs, while those bred on the mountains, within a few miles' distance, have small, hard, unyielding hoofs before they have used them at all. Who could ever imagine the pug and the Newfoundland dog to come from the same ancestors, and yet there is but little doubt of their having so descended? But the variations are not restricted to mere outward form and substance. Some races of dogs, as the pointer, the peccary dog of South America, and lurcher, have peculiar habits of treating their prey. Some careful experiments have been made by taking pups away from their mothers before their eyes were opened, and putting them with other bitches of a different kind, or bringing

them up by hand. But as they grew up their actions were just the same as those of their mothers and fathers.

But, as regards the animal constitution of the creatures, there can be hardly any doubt, from the facts collected by the two Cuviers amongst the embalmed Egyptian animals, and myriads of statements and specimens relating to modern individuals, that the changes are within comparatively narrow limits, and such as leave behind a substantial specific character. These changes, and more especially those by which hereditary faculties come to be formed, I take to be a phase of those upward reachings and aspirations which one can trace through all nature, and which, in its highest estate, as in the virtue of the dog, comes to raise the natural (almost) into the spiritual. These make one of the grand mysteries of philosophy, and seem to the eyes of the natural man to confound and blot out distinction; but if looked at in the light of the spirit, give the lie in the strongest manner to the Proteus-Devil of Manicheeism in all its shapes. . . .

Men do not die of complete wearing out, but some one or more parts seem always to give way, while the overpowering strength of others often seems to hasten the approach of death. Is there scarcely one of these instances of breaking down which you may not trace home as hereditary, as a fulfilment in some way of God's visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation? *Materially*, the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. When the Jews looked with carnal eyes upon carnal facts, they saw what was real,

and expressed it in this proverb, but when they turned the same eyes upon spiritual truth, they saw lies, and Ezekiel told them so. Now, in the patriarchal times, the sins of the fathers had not accumulated; all the forefathers of men had *not* eaten sour grapes, and the life of man, for the most part, worked itself out, till it ceased by fair wear and tear. After a while, by intermarriages, might not different families come to give and take, so as nearly to balance the span of life, and attain to an enduring average of three score and ten? May there not be a determinate limit to the amount of disease which, when things had subsided after their first creation, would contend with original perfection of structure upon and near a line which would not afterwards sink lower in successive ages?

Do tell me if you think this notion as radically worthless as I know it to be unripe and ill-expressed.

I like all you say of commentaries very much indeed, and am heartily glad you take the subject home to yourself. If anything occurred to me as worth saying to you respecting your method while I was reading your Isaiah, it was that I fancied there were some marks of your having been rather too determined to go regularly on with your work, rather than 'to wait for the spirit' (as Friends say), and to catch hold of aphorised points of light as they might turn up in successive readings, leaving the dark intervals for after thinkings. I hope you will see what I mean clearer than I do myself, and I believe you will, from what you say in your letter on your present view of the part of a commentator in these days. But I ought not to omit that what I have alluded to is less in

your notes than in any I ever read, though it struck me more in consequence of their distinguishing excellence in the way of contrast. . . .

I can only now say, in answer to your inquiry, as to the furnishing of the new continent with living creatures, that I do not see why you may not judge and theorise for yourself as well as any geologist, knowing that of the great lands of the globe each has its peculiar animals, and weighing at its true value what I told you in my last regarding the succession of races. . . .

If I dared wish on such a point, I should now wish that I could go out as the chaplain of the Bishop of Jerusalem. I may tell *you* that I have felt in my heart *nearer* to the appointment than I ever did to anything else of the sort. But if it had been God's will, I should have been ordained and in other ways ready for it, so it is no doubt best as it is.—Believe me ever, my dear Strachey, yours very affectionately,

S. CLARK.

HOLBORN HILL, 12th month, 16th (1841).

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I had hoped to have spent the anniversary of our beloved Mary's passage from time to eternity with thee, but in consequence of J. M. D.'s absence, it is quite impossible. It is, however, an unspeakable consolation that as we have one faith, one hope, and one Lord and Saviour, we can unite while we are far distant from each other in the body, and inwardly experience along with her the blessed communion of the saints. I often think, when she and dear George and other absent ones

whom we love occur to my mind, that members of the same family who love each other tenderly would rest satisfied too much in earthly affections and circumstances if it were not for death and absence. And thus those visitations, dreadful as they are, become to those who know Christ links to bind us to God and to each other by spiritual bonds, of which we should not be so conscious if the earthly bonds were present. Since dear Mary has gone home to Christ, I seem often to have felt it a real blessing to have a sister in heaven, even when I have felt it most painful to be deprived of her always loving and sympathetic presence on earth.—Believe me, my dearest mother, thy ever affectionate and dutiful son,

S. CLARK.

CHAPTER IX.

1842–1848.

LETTERS OF COUNSEL—TOUR IN NORMANDY—PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED—VISITS TO GREECE AND ITALY—ORDINATION—ST. MARK'S—DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

W. SQUARE, May 16th.

MY DEAR ——,— . . . I shall make no apology for expressing myself in a confident and perhaps dogmatical manner regarding the temptations you allude to. If I understand what you say of them aright, I shall speak the truth, if I may place any reliance on my own experience. If I do not apprehend them rightly, I shall be very glad for you to explain them more fully to me; and should I not be able to give you any increased light, you may at least rely on my earnest desire to help you.

As to the degree in which God is to be trusted, you want no teaching of mine or of any one. Your understanding is solidly convinced that He never forsakes those who do not forsake Him; that when He suffers them in worldly matters to sink down, if they do not keep true to Him, the result never fails to be the elevation of them in their spirits, their own proper *selves*. Regarding confidence in man, there are times

in our lives in which I believe we do best to shut our eyes as much as possible to the conduct of men altogether, and this may probably be your case at present. It is, however, as we go on, as certain as it is paradoxical to the worldling, that while we trust all things, and therefore all men, we yet place no confidence in man, but all our trust is in God. God places us where we are; God gives to men and to circumstances, including even those of our own past conduct, the influence they may have over us. Whatever may be the intentions or feelings of those whose actions affect us, God ordains all the effects of those actions, as it relates to our own present being. However the race of men may rough-hew their ends, there's a divinity that shapes them. We are then bound to believe that all influences will tend to the glory of God and our own best happiness, if we will have it so, however different they may *at first* seem to us. I say *at first*, for I am sure that if we are but willing to love and trust, there are few circumstances which will not soon really appear to us as blessings.

But I am aware that you know all this, and have assented to it long ago in your heart of hearts. It is not a knowledge of the truth you need, but such an abiding sense of that knowledge as shall scare away superficial misgivings. If I may advise you, it is a regular, almost a mechanical, discipline that will best help you to this, and enable you to enjoy richly the fruits of the holy plant which has been planted in your heart. Firmly-fixed habits of private devotion as to time and place, and in them a stated use of the forms which God has given to us in His Church, are, I believe, the best bulwarks we can erect against

the devil of doubt and mistrust, accompanied with an ever-present recollection of the truth that it is as much out of our power, as it is out of our duty, to judge the motives and characters of others. I believe that private devotion, if left to the suggestions of our minds at the time, may often lead us into many and grievous temptations. But if we would find strength in them, we should habitually introduce them by a reflection upon some aphorised portion of Holy Scripture, and a repetition, distinct, thoughtful, and if aloud so much the better, of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Whatever relating to our own private circumstances we may have to say, will be best grafted on upon such a beginning. A tone will thus be given to it, and a safeguard imposed.

I believe the use of forms in private is not so generally acknowledged and practised as it ought to be, by those who are really pious and devout. Under feelings such as you describe, they must (I think) be most necessary. If you find what I have written confused and worthless, pray do not the less believe that it is my wish to serve you.—Yours, very truly,

S. CLARK.

To the Same.

SOUTHAMPTON, November 14th, 1842.

MY DEAR ——,—I cannot tell how much pleasure it gave me just now to hear by your letter that H. is going on so favourably. I hope when I return (which will I expect be before the end of this week) to find him rejoicing in a merciful deliverance from an obstinate enemy. Should it please God to restore him to a comfortable degree of health,

I trust he will have got a profitable insight into that mysterious conflict between health and disease by which God reveals our nature to us. These bodies of ours, if we would but value them as such, are school-rooms for our souls, and we may learn in them lessons, such as I could imagine must be really more glorious than the knowledge of angels in heaven. Something of this is implied in the revelation of the truth that the only begotten of the Father, He who was very God of very God, sinless as He was, was made perfect through sufferings in a mortal body, in which He was tempted in all points as we are. How it ought to sustain and comfort us, that He does not look on our temptations and pains merely as objects without, but that in His own soul He has suffered them all, and given for our instruction a narrative of how the evil one set before him—I. Bodily want and pain. II. The pursuit of worldly greatness; and III. Spiritual pride. He escaped them by no Stoic lies, by which He might have attempted to teach His nature that they were trifles, but by a simple and strong assertion of obedience to God.

In reference to the temptation of our Lord, and perhaps all other parts of the Gospel history, it is wonderful, but most true, that while an attentive view leads one to the depths of humility and a sense of the perfect Divine goodness of Jesus Christ, accompanied with our own miserable imperfections, it also leads us to a more living feeling of our brotherhood with Him —a feeling that we are one with Him and He with us. The marvel is, that the higher our minds see Him to be above us, the closer we feel ourselves to be to Him.

I have been led to these incoherent thoughts by a remark in your letter which would probably have borne *bitter* or *no* fruit, if I had put off answering you till to-morrow, and thought more upon it. I have now not time to go further into the subject.—Yours very truly,

S. CLARK.

From MS. book. June 26th, 1842.—For nearly a year past I have looked forward to this time, hoping that I might get free from the confinement of business, though I expected still to be occasionally occupied and referred to in matters of general management.

But my plans are disappointed, and without some circumstance out of calculation, I cannot reasonably hope to move out of my present position. If I had to judge now of the circumstances which induced me to come to London, I should probably have judged differently, or shaped my subsequent course differently. I was young then, and no competent adviser stood by me. But I have got experience, and all experience is worth its price, if, after paying for it, you have health, food, raiment and peace of mind. If my efforts have been like Sisyphus, it matters little to me, that is to my spirit, if so be that I have rolled my stone honestly and earnestly. Rolling the stone up and seeing it roll down again may be my proper vocation. God can bring fruit out of such work, or He can do without my work at all.

Aug. 14th.—I am still weak and out of tone, and have made up my mind to go from home for a short time, in the trust that it will quite restore me. I am going to Jersey to see George off, and propose

to lengthen my journey by a little excursion in Normandy. May God grant His blessing upon it!

COUTANCES, Sunday (September 1842).

MY DEAR STRACHEY,—I have just seen the soldiers attend Divine service in the cathedral, and as I have never seen the like before, I was much struck by it. The soldiers were drawn up in the middle of the nave in two ranks, but seven of them (pioneers I suppose), bearing axes and wearing leather aprons, stood round the altar, where the priest chanted the service for the day. There was a full brass band in the choir, and the organ did not play. The musicians wore plain clothes. Earlier this morning I attended Mass, when the bishop took part in the service. The green and gold dresses of the priests, and the ornaments of the altar, were more in keeping with the style of this exquisite cathedral than I have seen in any other Popish church. The people sat in the nave, which they almost filled, the choir being shut in with iron rails, and containing only the priests and their assistants. The organ was in wretched order, or else very badly played; and though I am as far as possible from being critical in music, it has left a groaning and screaming in my ears by no means befitting the place, and which the fine band has hardly obliterated. I have been surprised to see such good attendance in all the churches, seeing that all the shops seem busy, and the people are selling fruit and other things in the street, as on a week-day. In the congregations, the women generally appear very devout, but the men very careless. As soon as the service is over, all press towards the holy water, and one who has dipped

touches the faces of the others till the finger is dry. This is done without the least appearance of reverence, but it *is* done by all.

But now will you be kind enough to go back to Avranches with me, and we will return to Coutances by due course? The general appearance of Avranches is by no means that of a widowed city. It looks on the contrary like a flourishing middle-class place, where all the buildings have been kept up to the wants of the time. When one reflects upon the glories of the bishops of the see, and the active part which its inhabitants took in the wars of the Reformation, one is indeed inclined to be dissatisfied because there are no ruins nor old churches. However, one everywhere sees thrift and cleanliness, with none of the foppery of a fashionable place. There is an excellent municipal regulation, which I should think does much to raise the town above the other French towns. Each householder is bound under a penalty to keep the street before his house clean and in good order.

The town was a favourite one with our Henry I., and he built the cathedral. Tradition says that dramatic mysteries in French were first acted here in his time. Perhaps it was the influence of the royal favour and of these entertainments which spoiled the women of Avranches for some generations, and led to such a state of things that the special exertions of the bishop were called for. We cannot tell how much the greatly improved state of morals in modern times may be owing to his agency. At present the women of Granville and Avranches are remarkable for the propriety of their conduct. In common with the

women of all these parts of Normandy, they are singularly good-looking, and it has been conjectured that their black eyes and hair are owing to a partly Spanish descent. . . .

Mont St. Michel stands about eight or nine miles from Avranches. It resembles our mount of the same name in Cornwall, but which was named after the other, or what is the history of the latter, I know not. The one in Normandy is a nearly conical rock of granite (or gneiss, more properly, of a very schistose texture), about 400 feet in height, and less than a mile in circumference. On this live 1,300 human beings, surrounded by water for a few hours in the day, and by a vast plain of sand at other times. On a level with the sand is a fortified wall; above this appears a little town, in which the houses are strangely jumbled together; above the town is a strong castle, and on the top of the castle a magnificent church. Upon the church is a telegraph, which unworthily occupies the place once held by a bronze figure of the archangel Michael, which the historian de Thou was very much struck with. . . .

Coutances covers a steep hill, which is surrounded by others covered by the richest vegetation, and with rivulets running through the valleys. The cathedral, with two perfectly graceful spires and a lantern tower of consummate beauty, crowns the summit of the hill, and just below it is the church of St. Peter, with a majestic cupola. Across the valley from which you look at this goodly sight reach the remains of a Roman aqueduct, the lofty piers and massive buttresses of which still wear a noble and firm aspect.

A nineteenth-century labourer with a few iron pipes

or perforated trunks of trees could have saved the Romans the trouble of making this vast edifice. A law has been revealed to us. Three words would have revealed it to the ancients. They make a myth of Tantalus by the help of poetry, we make a machine of him by the help of a bent tube.

The outside of Coutances seen from the valley was so beautiful, that I almost feared to lose the impression by what I expected to find within. In this expectation I was not much disappointed. It is quite a French town. The people seem much inferior to those of Avranches. The women wear different caps, and are not so polite and decorous in their behaviour.

The cathedral is one of the chastest and most perfect structures I ever saw. Every stone in it seems to tend to the one idea in the mind of the architect. You are struck with no *part* of it, but the whole takes possession of you quietly and satisfies you.

There seems to be no doubt, if the inquiry is conducted historically, that it was built in the time of William the Conqueror. But as the style of it is such as we have no specimens of in England, except a building erected 130 years later, theorists have ascribed it to a later date. Hereupon, a great conflict has ensued. Gally Knight has stood up for the honour of England, and has led on those who take the theoretic side, while the Abbé Delaman, Vicar-General of Coutances, is leader of the men of fact and tradition. I incline to the latter, having read nothing on the subject but Delaman's pamphlet, and only a few pages of that, besides being entirely

ignorant of all rules and principles which would enable a man to form a sound judgment. You see I have the right qualifications for a stiff partisan.

There was a review at Coutances on Sunday, and after it the soldiers marched through the street in ranks of four *arm-in-arm*, some with pipes and some without, laughing and joking as if their officers were not present. I never saw anything look more monstrously undisciplined.

I stopped at St. Lo to see the Church of the Holy Cross, which is very magnificent, though perhaps somewhat clumsy. I entered it last night when it was nearly dark, and I could but just discern the white coifs of the women here and there kneeling at their devotions. We have nothing like this in England, and Lucas (the Papist who was a Quaker) rightly pointed it out to the Quakers as a point of sympathy with them, and indeed he might have added, that it is something more strictly in accordance with their principles than their own silent meetings. These poor creatures go in and kneel in silence at an hour when they may feel their consciences uneasy, or their lives burdened with worldly care. Perhaps in irreligious France, the seeds of national piety may be living in the breasts of the poor voiceless women, and in their children through their unconsciously excited influence; in God's time they may spring up and bear fruit hereafter, so that these glorious churches may again have a meaning and a use.

Amongst several peculiarities which struck me in the great church of St. Lo, was one which I will mention to you. On the north side, near the east

end, outside, there is an elegant stone pulpit, with a canopy over it. It is approached by stairs from within. What was this for?

I came on to Bayeux this morning through as fine and happy-looking a country as eyes ever looked upon. Two things I will notice here. The children, wherever I have been, look fine and healthy, and mostly well attended to; and every town has the women's caps peculiar to itself. Here you may see many women with their hair curled in the English mode, and some English caps, though they have much less intercourse with the English than the people of the other towns.

The cathedral of Bayeux is a noble structure. The nave is Norman, richly decorated with the ugly vandykes and waves belonging to that style. The other parts, I suppose, are more modern. The effect of the whole is striking. There is one coloured window of surpassing beauty, which reminded me of what I had heard, that we had no good specimens of coloured windows in England. This one is certainly glorious to look upon. . . .

Havre de Grâce, Tuesday.—This morning I came on to Caen. The road from Bayeux to Caen presents a most remarkable transition, like that which may be seen in several parts of England in passing from the red marl formation to the magnesian limestone. The fruitful and now overburdened orchards, the kindly-grown beech-woods and rich pastures, which mark the district of Avranches, suddenly come to an end, and then follows a district with scanty and unwilling vegetation, hardly shaded by a single tree. I do not know anything of the geology of France, as regards

the limits of the formations, and I do not know whether the Caen stone contains magnesia; I suspect it does. If so, to the tiny portion of this substance is owing this strange change from fertility to barrenness. The Caen stone is quarried extensively on the other side of the town. It is a beautiful building material. It is perfectly homogeneous, and is of a pleasant cream colour, something like the Bath stone. When first quarried, it is so soft that it may be sawed with a saw with large teeth, such as is used for wood, and is wrought with planes and hand-chisels. The mouldings are worked just in the same mode as they would be in mahogany. But to set against this, it is by no means so durable as some of the English limestones.

The middle-class women of Caen wear caps not unlike those of England, but the poorer sort wear some like Englishmen's night-caps, of elastic cotton with a tassel at top.

Caen is a noble town, and much resembles Rouen, except in the new streets, which remind one in some degree of those of Bath, but more from the material of which they are built than anything else. The people are quite French, and show the peculiarities of Normandy but slightly. You feel that it is a great trading place (that is for France), but you rejoice in the general air of ancient things allowed to stand their time. But in looking at this, you are here and there painfully reminded that you are in the land of bloody and unprincipled revolution. One beautiful church has been converted into a corn market, and another into a fruit store. These are both buildings which a member of the Camden Society would per-

form a long pilgrimage to see. As a set-off to this, I must add that the churches in use are *most* of them undergoing restoration and repairs upon a noble and magnificent scale.

In Caen (as you know) is the great Church of St. Stephen, built by the Conqueror, and containing his bones, which lie under a flat stone in the middle of the choir. It also contains a very ancient painting of him, representing him as a bluff, straddling figure in a tunic, like some of the pictures of Henry VIII., but not quite so unwieldly as he. The church is a noble building, singularly plain, in the Early Norman style. It is certainly a striking fact, if a fact, that the ripe and perfect style of Coutances Cathedral should belong to the same age as this, which has something Pelasgic or Cyclopean in its character compared with the other. . . .

I have now come to this French Liverpool, and expect to-morrow morning a letter which will probably put an end to my travels. If so, I shall, it is likely, be with you as soon as this ponderous letter, or at all events, before you have read it through. I am afraid I have written great stuff to you; but in such a hurried trip you will make allowance for the disadvantage under which I have written. The thought that I should write and talk to you respecting them, has made me regard many things with more interest than I should otherwise have done, so that my writing will have answered my purpose if not yours. You shall see me as soon as possible after my arrival, and believe me, ever affectionately yours,

S. CLARK.

From MS. book. Sept. 18th, 1842.—I am now closely tied to business. I do something in the way of reading or study each day, but very little.

In trying to get a nearer insight into the Nominalist and Realist dispute, I have come again to the conclusion, that as things are, it is better to make Aristotle the centre of these studies. I have been at sea, most unsatisfactorily, amongst the superficial views of the controversy in modern books and Church historians. Thus it now seems to me.

The Realists applied logic, the forms of the understanding, to truths of reason, and confounded the two.

The Nominalists denied the truths of reason, and restricted law and truth to words and numbers.

Nov. 20th.—I have enjoyed my sojourn at Southampton with my dear parents very much. I have worked with tolerable diligence, and have written the 'Catechism of English History' and drawn the outline of Palestine since I left home.

Dec. 11th.—Since my return from Southampton I have been very closely occupied. My prospect of returning to Oxford grows fainter and fainter. God only knows what the future will bring forth. He only knows whether it is good for me to remain as I am or to change. May I be altogether resigned to His will.

Feb. 26th, 1843.—This evening I made an offer to J. M. D. to continue in the business. He refused, and if he continues in the same mind, I cannot from this time hold myself responsible for the consequences. I made the offer on the ground that in our present position I could not with propriety withdraw.

June 11th.—I have signed a memorandum of dissolution of partnership with J. M. D., and am now dependent on the labour of my hands and head. I have not yet realised a sense of my new position.

OXFORD, June 22nd (1843).

MY DEAREST B. B.,— . . . I am glad to hear that dearest B. B. loves the Lord's Prayer. Nobody can tell how much of its precious matter enters into her little heart and shall hereafter bear blessed fruit. Tell her that it was God's own Son that first taught those good words to little children. I think I can recollect being impressed by it when I was not older than she, when our beloved mother taught me to say it, in her lap.

If she shows any signs of increasing timidity, do not tell her there is nothing to fear, nor tell her that what she fears is *only* this or *only* that. Let her have her fear out, so to speak; but teach her that her Father in heaven, to whom she prays, is always taking care of her and looking upon her, and will never suffer any harm to touch her. This is the right use of fear, which is a great blessing, if we choose to make it so. I intended saying thus much to you when I saw some symptoms of timidity in Fanny before I left home. Never forget that proper fear is the parent of true courage.—Your most loving brother,

S. C.

From MS. book. July 16th, 1843.—I have as yet no reason to think that the new arrangement will go *amiss.* I am now corresponding with Strachey respect-

ing an expedition to Italy. I trust that God will direct all our counsels.

I must forthwith begin to work more systematically, as I feel the necessity of 'setting my house in order' before I leave England.

ATHENS, January 30th, 1844.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—I dare say you will wonder to see from whence I write, and how it is that I am so long suspending my progress at Oxford. The cause is this, I had a strong inducement, or rather a call of duty, to spend some time at Naples, and as I found that my necessary absence would spoil a year, I determined on making a short sojourn in Greece in addition, on the sheep stealer's principle. I hope to get to Rome by the middle of March, and shall probably reach home in June or July.

I have been in Greece ten days, which, I need hardly tell you, I have intensely enjoyed, though the weather has not been favourable, this being the severest winter that has been known here for the last eleven years. I landed at Patras, and have ridden here by a circuitous route, so that the journey occupied a long time, and was full of interest; imagine snow, rain, wind, bad horses, *no* roads, rough fare and rougher shelter. All these things a man has to encounter who travels in Greece in such seasons as this.

May all men of taste who visit Athens approach it from Eleusis and under such circumstances as I did! Between Mount Icarius and Mount Corydalus, the Pass of Daphne leads you first from west to east by a gentle ascent, then turns to the south, and presently after to the east again. Just at this turn, looking

over the foot of Icarius, you see Mount Hymettus stretching in a long ridge with a little elevation, hardly to be called a summit. Near the middle, exactly below this, first peeps the pediment of the Parthenon, and as you advance by the gentle curve of the road, the whole building, and afterwards the entire Acropolis, show themselves. When I was there, the sun had got low, and was casting a most delicate golden hue on every object that it shone upon. This hue well became the temples of the Acropolis, which have acquired a peculiar but very pleasing rust colour, which I would hardly change for their original whiteness. The sky was as clear as when God first blessed it, and was of the blue that belongs to these regions. As we advanced we saw the whole city, the Academy, and soon after the utmost limits of *το πεδίον*, with the highest point of Citheron on the north, looking of a pearly whiteness, such as I have never seen equalled. Pentelicus and Hymettus were also in caps of snow. Southward, beyond Cape Zoster, we could see the heights immediately contiguous to Sunium, and carrying the eye over the sea, the mountains of Argolis presented a noble outline, with Ægina looking more black and distinct in front of them. My companions and I were fatigued with a long day's ride, and were not in a humour to enjoy classical recollections, still less to seek for them. I had hardly felt that I was approaching the city of Minerva. But the simple unborrowed beauty of the scene before me put me in new spirits, and I felt as if I could have looked at it for ever. The recollection of it is *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*, or rather a 'joy for ever,' as Keats has it. But, I repeat, it was the simple beauty of

what I saw. All the men who had lived, acted, and spoke here in the old time, were either out of my mental vision, or stood back and were seen but indistinctly. I passed the Academy, and only thought of Plato, because it seemed decent at that time to mention him to my companion. I passed Colonus (from whence I send you this olive leaf), and did not care for either Œdipus or Sophocles. I was affected by the proper beauty of the landscape, which wanted no association, no intellectual effort. There was a unity in it, as if the soul of beauty had here put on an outward form. It could no more be described by an enumeration of objects, forms and colours, than a beautiful human figure. Of this be sure, that it looked *like* the city of Plato, Sophocles and Pericles.

I am now located here with two American gentlemen, whom I met with on my way, and we shall probably remain for above a month, making excursions occasionally into the country. We propose to spend a week in riding round Bœotia and Phocis as soon as the weather will permit us, and intended to have started to-day.

Modern Athens is a much more hopeful-looking place than I expected to find it. The houses in the suburbs are built in good taste, and the new streets are handsome. The city is wholly on the north side of the Acropolis, where it stands on an advantageous slope. The disadvantage I am suffering from the weather is more than made up by what is now passing in the politics of Greece. Yesterday I went to the House of Assembly, and a graver or more attentive body of men I never saw in deliberation. They have

disposed of the ecclesiastical establishment in the terms of the draught of the Constitution, which no doubt you have read, and are now discussing the matter of citizenship. It appears to me that they have conducted the late revolution in the most wonderfully discreet manner. As far as I can see, on all great points they seem to be of one mind, both men and women. An English lady who lives here told me, that when they were submitting the draft of the concordat to Otho, the language of the Greek women was, 'May God turn his heart to sign it.' When the king had convoked the National Assembly, as there had been no such thing for thirteen years, and as the elections had been in part directed by usage, there were doubts as to forms and constituency in most of the provinces. In these cases each party sent a deputy, and when all came together at Athens, the difficulty was met in a way that none complained of, and that strikingly shows their moderation. The whole body was divided into three, one for North Greece, one for the Peloponnese, and one for the Islands. Each of these bodies made their elections between the two rival deputies, and the rejected one went quietly home. Many of the deputies cannot read or write, though they are men of great intellect, and one of this kind that I heard, spoke admirably. What I have seen since I came here has greatly raised my opinion of the modern Greek understanding. I have mentioned these few particulars, because I think they did not appear in the English papers, and they are (to me at least) very interesting.

It strikes one as very strange, and sometimes as offensive, to hear such vulgar uses made of the

language of Plato and Thucydides; for such Romaic is, in a far stricter sense than ours is the language of Chaucer and Wickliffe. I can already read their newspapers as easily as I can read Xenophon, and I actually bought a fish on the sea-shore in the very words of Aristophanes. They now affect ancient models very much, and have banished nearly all modern words, except what are absolutely needful for the expressing of new notions. A little boy under my window is counting his marbles or something else *πέντε, ἕξ, ἑπτά*, &c. You may imagine the shop signs look strange enough. The pronunciation is not at first readily intelligible, but I think in about three months one would master it. They *use* the accents, and confound the long and short vowels; *b* is *v*, *χ* is the German *ch*, and there are a few other variations. But their use of the same letter seems as uniform as that of the Italians. Except in the pronouns, they make no use of the dative case, but the other cases are like the old Greek. They have but few inflections in the verbs, and like other moderns, use *θέλειν* to express the future tense. One very odd thing I have just noticed, they use λόγος for *self* always in the form of the genitive. Thus, *τὸν λογουμόν* is *I myself*. Many of these forms are Æolic, and some Ionic, and with the exception of a *few* particulars, such as I have mentioned, the writing of an educated modern Greek can be easily understood by a student of the ancient tongue. I had no conception that the similarity between them was so great. Does it lie in the way of God's providence, that there should be a revival of literature in this land similar to that which took place in Italy under Dante and Petrarch? If a feeling for

antiquity, a genuine curiosity in intellectual matters, and great readiness to learn in the lowest people, as well as strong symptoms of national life, can indicate such an event, we may well hope for it. Our guide said to me with a sigh the other day, in such Greek as I could understand, 'Many years will pass away before τὰ ἤθη παλαιὰ come back to us.' Most of the younger people read and write very well, most in the towns talk Italian, and many English. It is surprising with what cleverness they express themselves, when they know even but a few words, and their accent is such that you may often take them for Englishmen. —Yours very truly,

S. CLARK.

LONDON, September 23rd, 1844.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—When I received your letter, I indulged a hope of spending a day or part of one with you before the beginning of Term. But I have been kept here by a burden of engagements which I had no right to expect, and which do not belong to me, and yet have an iron-fisted claim upon me. This has sadly deranged my plans and hindered my time. In a little above a week I propose to go to Southampton, and return here so as to go to Oxford on the 19th. You must spend a Sunday at least with me during the Term, and I will then tell you about at least a thousand and one things which, as I now think of talking to you, crowd into my brain and

'——— rove about,
And knock and knock to have their passage out.'

Reflect seriously on the proposal before you give it up.

Of what relates exclusively to my *propria persona*, I will only now tell you that it is *just possible* that I may be ordained on Trinity Sunday, 1845, and that I *may* have a curacy in your county. But I dare not dwell on the prospect with much confidence.

. . . I shall have a great deal to tell you about the Greeks when we meet. I came from Corfu to Ancona, and thence to Loretto and Terni to Rome. From Rome by Civita Vecchia and Tarquinii I returned to Malta, where I embarked in the '*Queen*,' the captain of which gave me a passage as his visitor, in virtue of the claims of the friend with whom I left England and whom I had rejoined at Rome. We had a most delightful but a very long passage, being detained three weeks at Gibraltar by foul winds, and stopping a few days at Lisbon. If you meet with a chance of going to sea in a 120-gun ship, I recommend you to prefer it to a steamboat, unless time is a great object. The worst part of the story was, that the delay just deprived me of the two short Terms before Midsummer which I hoped to have kept.

You can hardly imagine the feelings of disappointment with which I first set eyes on Rome. I could almost have wept, not because everything is ruined and broken down—for that I expected—but because nearly everything is so flat and ugly. No contrast in the world can be stronger than that between the first sight of Athens and of Rome. If the site and remains of Athens had nothing in them to warm the heart of a scholar, their mere visible forms would be enchanting. But the dowager mistress of the world sits flat down on a blank, unwholesome plain, with nothing in itself to remind one that it is the famous

Campagna. The seven hills that one has heard of, sink into something much less picturesque than Ludgate and Holborn Hills when they are materially before you. As one enters the noted Porta del Popolo, the best part of the modern city opens upon you; and in this, if it were not Rome, there would be little enough to please or interest one.

Almost the whole of the considerable ruins are grouped together on the other side of the city, that is, on and around the Palatine Hill, a fit place (you will see) for the last relics of the city of Romulus. (Take your map and follow me.) There is the Coliseum, a great ugly, circular building of rough stone-work, bearing with it thoughts connected with a rich, money-loving emperor who built it, of a human devil, from whose colossal statue close by it took its name, and of brutalising sports, for the celebration of which it was intended. From this go to the Arch of Constantine, an ill-compacted mass of not bad old fragments and very bad newer pieces of relief. As you turn to the north side of the Palatine, something more honest opens before you. There is the genuine old pavement of the Via Sacra, leading to the Arch of Titus, a ruin of some beauty, and with most deeply interesting associations with the history of God's chosen people. As you go towards it, you pass large masses of elaborate brick-work on each side—the Basilica of Constantine, two or three temples, and some fragments of the Palace of the Cæsars, the greater part of which is on the other side of the hill. None of these have anything visible to recommend them but their large size; and the best history that belongs to either of them is, that it was built by a rich tyrant

when morals, taste and patriotism were rapidly sinking. On the other side of the Arch of Titus the Forum becomes visible, or rather you enter it. Some beautiful pillars, stolen from Greek temples, first strike you, and the best looking of the most entire buildings—the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina—calls to your mind the story of a worthy, unsuspecting husband idolising a wicked, hypocritical wife. But it would perhaps be as tedious to you as to me to continue this walk in detail. Almost I might say *ex uno disce omnes*. With very little exception, the ruins of Rome have one character, and that character derives its solemn and melancholy interest from the comment which it forms on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. There is nothing amongst the broken walls to remind you of the glorious republic, or of those heroes and men of genius which you love to remember. The story they tell is of contemptible tyrants, and a bloated, bursting empire. Next to the Coliseum, the largest ruin is the Baths of Caracalla, consisting of stupendous masses of brickwork, once made beautiful by ornaments stuck on them, which have perished and left in their place only unsightly holes and bits of plaster. Fit memento of the beastly wretch who built them!

But let us now turn to a very different picture, the ruins of Athens. They are the remains of buildings devised with that perfect taste that every individual part has beauty of its own, and yet so belongs to the whole, that looked at by itself, it affords a prophecy (and not a dim one) of what the perfect building once was. Then the material and the finish is so exquisite, that not merely as long as one stone shall stand on

another, but as long as one stone shall retain its original surface, beauty will still be there. The buildings of Rome were once in beautiful, or at least rich attire, and for the sake of that attire they were constructed. Those of Athens had their beauty in themselves. A Bond-street belle padded, laced in and painted, and a Venus de Medicis.

I need not remind you of what the Erechtheium, the Parthenon and the Theseium suggest to one. They were built by patriots acting out the mind and will of a free people. They are now the very buildings which Pericles, Socrates, Sophocles, Thucydides, St. Paul looked upon and entered, each in his own spirit and with his own feelings. They are connected with the religion, the poetry, and the very soul, national and personal, of the most remarkable people (save one) that ever lived, and at the most interesting and glorious period of their history.

So far as the outward remains of old times go, the advantage is with a heavy preponderance in favour of Athens. It is the same (if I had time to enlarge on it) with the spirit of the modern peoples; and it is the same with the natural sites of the two cities.

But push the parallel further, and the matter is reversed. Rome has a rich, middle-age history, and she has her museums and picture-galleries, which are an endless charm, and altogether I felt, after I had been five weeks in Rome, as if I should never have done with the place. It wins upon you wonderfully after the melancholy first impression has gone off. At the end of a week I should have left Rome almost without regret, and after more than a month, I tore

myself away with deep pain. I have not time to say more.—Write soon, and believe me, always yours most truly,

S. CLARK.

To the REV. J. L. CRAWLEY.

LONDON, March 28th, 1846.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I think it due to you that I should take the very earliest opportunity of informing you that there is some probability of my being nominated to the Vice-Principalship and Chaplaincy of St. Mark's College, Chelsea. The matter was proposed to me in a letter by a friend two days before I left Oxford, and I should have told you so immediately, but I decided on writing at once to say that I was not at liberty to canvass, or to make any sort of application for the office, in consequence of the relation in which I stood to you. I quite expected that this would put an end to the prospect; but I have just now been informed that it is probable that the Bishop and the Committee will nominate me without competition. I shall, of course, not fail to tell you immediately when I hear of their decision.

Should I be nominated, I shall feel very great concern for the inconvenience to which my success may put you; but I shall have the satisfaction of having made no sort of effort in the matter, everything up to this point having been done entirely without my knowledge.

All that I have now done (I intend to do no more) is to write a letter to the Principal of the College, stating my views on some points connected with the mode of conducting the studies of the institution. This I

write at his request. It is (as you will understand) quite uncertain how the decision will be. The Bishop and the Committee may determine on some sort of competition; I must then leave it to take its chance, and it would most likely go against me, as there would doubtless be many who would make strong efforts to obtain the office. I have, however, felt bound not to delay letting you know how the case stands at present.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

S. CLARK.

To the LORD BISHOP of PETERBOROUGH.

April 1, 1846.

MY LORD,—A circumstance has quite unexpectedly occurred, which places me in a position in which it seems best for me without delay to trouble your Lordship with a question relating to my ordination.

It has been intimated by the Committee that I am very likely to be nominated to the Vice-Principalship and Chaplaincy of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, but the decision will not take place for about six weeks or more from this time. May I ask the favour of your Lordship's informing me whether, should I be ordained, as you proposed, on St. Mark's Day, I may be permitted to move out of the diocese in the event of my obtaining the appointment?

I have written to Mr. Crawley, to ask him if he will object to my commencing my duties under such a condition.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your obedient servant,

S. CLARK.

St. Mark's College, Chelsea, January 24th, 1848.

My dear Friend,—The very painful suspense in which we have been (and which has kept me hovering between London and Southampton since I last wrote to you), has been put an end to by grief of a more fixed kind. I was summoned to Southampton on Saturday just in time to hear my dear mother's last words, and to see the peaceful close of her life. A severe attack of influenza, which seemed to drive away or suspend the previously existing disease, was the fatal agent. She appeared to depart without bodily pain, for there was not the least convulsion; and her last words were a prayer for God's blessing on her children and grandchildren.

There is nothing for us to wish to have been different in her death-bed, but her loss has plunged us all into the very deepest affliction. My father can hardly leave her earthly form. For my part, I feel entitled in a manner to be chief mourner. I have lost the object I loved best upon earth, and whose love seemed to me to be best worth having. The loss of a mother, under any circumstances, is a terrible thing, and has a character which no other event in a man's life can have. But mine was such a mother as falls to the lot of very few men.

Pray give my love to your wife and circle, and believe me, ever affectionately yours,

S. Clark.

To W. Curtis, Esq.

St. Mark's, Chelsea, August 26th, 1848.

My dear Friend,— . . . I was much favoured by the weather during my vacation rambles. I spent a

week in Derbyshire, and saw more of the mill-stone grit and mountain limestone than I had ever seen before, both below and above the surface.

From thence I went to Cumberland, and had ten days of most delightful mountain pilgrimage. Moreover, I had a capital opportunity of seeing the mining in that part of the world, the friend with whom I was staying being in that line. From Cumberland I followed the course of what I had to do in the way of schools to Newcastle and York.

Scarcely any of the ground over which I went was new to me, but I enjoyed it not a whit the less. I have determined that the scenery of the Cumbrian group is the finest in its way of any that I have seen. The Italians, if they had the taste, would have quite as much inducement to visit our mountains and lakes as we have to go and see theirs. I forget whether you have ever been into Cumberland. If you have, I do not think you will quarrel with me for preferring the vale of Keswick, or rather the valley of the Derwent, to any spot in the world for mere physical beauty.

I have succeeded in some experiments I was having made in coloured lithography for my large maps beyond my hopes. They are advancing, but not rapidly enough to please an impatient man. The smaller were approaching completion, but an accident has thrown them back. They will, however, be in a sufficient state of forwardness for me to consult you respecting the completion of the series when we meet. I hope I am not keeping your 'Conybeare and Phillips' *too long.*

I now have to lecture on geography as well as Latin at Queen's College. This adds somewhat to my work, but not unpleasantly.

Pray give my love to your wife and to all my little friends, and believe me, yours affectionately,

SAMUEL CLARK.

CHAPTER X.

1848.

LETTERS.

From Letters to a Friend written in 1848.

IT would have been very delightful for you and me to have taken the Holy Supper together to-day. But I hardly know whether the disappointment in this respect was not made up to me by the sense I had that our communion in its true nature is above *place*, and (so to speak) out of the reach of distance. We communicated together as really as if we had knelt at the same altar. As God governs all circumstances, it is no doubt right that we were denied the more palpable enjoyment. If we would but look in the right manner, we should always find God's ordinances beautifully fitted to meet the accidents and crosses of our mortal life.

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Do not forget that there *is* a place which the great Head of the Church calls upon you to fill, in which you may work to His glory. Everyone, male or female, who has put on Christ, has just the same positive interest in the grand truth set forth in Rom. xii., 1 Cor. xii., and again in Ephesians.

You should be a practical, efficient servant of God,

whatever may be your sphere. You *can* be this—for Christ has died for you, that you should be such, and the truth has been sealed to you in baptism. Hope, believe, and be strong.

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I have, for years past, been in the habit of writing letters of a certain kind on a Sunday evening. The mere mechanical labour of writing does not differ in kind, and very little in degree from speaking. Both are bodily exercises. If one is, *in itself*, objectionable, so is the other, and quietism must then be the only way of spending the Sabbath. But inaction is not rest—and rest is the object of the Sabbath. Now nothing is to me more complete *rest* than writing a friendly or affectionate letter, and I feel free to write on any subject on a Sunday, on which I should think it right to speak. Consider how our Lord justifies all works of love (even the meanest) on the Sabbath. Consider too how we, the clergy, are obliged to make it, as dear George Herbert says, 'our market-day.' If quietism had been what God ordained, these things would have been otherwise.

But do not suspect me of holding any but the strictest views on the obligation of the fourth commandment. I would keep most carefully all *worldly business* out of our thoughts, words and actions on the sacred day. I would release all servants as far as possible from household duties. I would not read or talk upon mere worldly topics of instruction or amusement. In short, I would make the day as far as possible unlike a common day, short of confounding sloth with rest, and dulness with peace.

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I thank God for knowing experimentally that one's feelings may be sobered by our having kept a somewhat long watch upon the chances and changes of this mortal life, without being blunted and enervated. I might indeed with confidence go further, and say that they are invigorated by sobering, and if we are true to ourselves, they do not lose one jot of true life and freshness. Moreover, I have come to the clear apprehension that the real safeguard against that fearful temptation (loving a fellow-creature too much) does not consist in imprisoning the heart with a hedge, and saying to affection towards a loved object, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.' Such a remedy would be in opposition to that all-pervading liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. We cannot possibly love a mortal who has a just claim on our affection too much, if we do but love God more. In other words, our safety is not in keeping down our love to the creature, but in keeping up our love to God. The former must indeed be limited by the latter, but the latter may be raised to infinity. If we do not learn this lesson from what the Son of God revealed to us when He took our nature upon Him, we read the Gospel to but little purpose.

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I mentioned George Herbert, because I think every son and daughter of the Church should learn to appreciate him. There is a quaintness in his poems, belonging to the age in which he lived. But with the power of true genius, he enlisted that quaintness in the service in which he was engaged to such good purpose, that I am certain no one ever honestly studied him without feeling indebted to the quaint-

ness itself, and going far beyond admiring the poetry, *in spite* of it.

I was led to-day to quote a line from him in the pulpit. The whole stanza is, I think,

> 'Lord, mend, or rather make us; one creation
> Will not suffice our turn.
> Except Thou make us daily, we shall spurn
> Our own salvation.'

In a substantial sense, we need to be regenerated daily. Our regeneration, sealed to us at the font, is not a work performed and done with. It is a living principle, that must follow us through life. In respect to our shortcomings and misdoings, do we not often seem as if we would gladly cut off all our past life and begin again as new-born babes? Notwithstanding the gospel of the remission of sins, and the daily absolution pronounced over us in the name of God, are we not prone to wallow, as it were, in the slough of unprofitable regret and remorse? and that to a degree which fetters our souls and makes us sluggish and disheartened in spiritual matters. If we really and practically believed in 'the remission of sins' it would not be so. We should give up the past to God, and make the best of the present in faith and hope. We should be sure that when God absolves us through the mouth of His ministers, that He does it perfectly; for it is not in His nature to do anything imperfectly. We should feel also that the 'washing of regeneration' (see Titus iii.) is associated with 'the renewal' (we may say with *the daily renewal*) 'of the Holy Ghost.'

To get into the way of enjoying and learning from George Herbert, you must read very slowly and

carefully master each thought in succession. In common with all really good poetry, it is full of thought and instruction, and must not be read for amusement. There is hardly a more serious error prevailing in our time than the notion that poetry has amusement for its end. The true poet and the prophet stand very near together, and when the first is in his highest character, we may boldly say they are identical. As to Herbert, I will now only refer you to two of his shorter poems. One is entitled 'Sin,' beginning 'Lord, with whatever,' &c. The other 'Virtue,' beginning 'Sweet day so cool,' &c.

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I earnestly desire that daily service may be kept up wherever the conditions for it are present, but I have a keen sense of the snares which lie by the side of the line of argument on which it is often advocated, and of the positive evil with which it is sometimes associated. To you (to take an example), and those who are situated and feel as you do, I believe it to be an incalculable and perhaps unmixed blessing. But to those who have household connexions, the case is often very different. For such, *I am bold to say, family prayer has in general a much stronger claim.* To say nothing of the direct and palpable advantage of assembling a *whole* household, which it would often be quite impossible to take to church every morning, there is the precious sanctifying influence of assembled prayer upon the house in which one dwells, and the recognition of the religious position of the head of the family, who ought always to be the reader when no clergyman is present. The religious character which the heads of families ought to hold in virtue of

their position, ought never to be lost sight of. Under the patriarchal dispensation they were priests. When the priesthood was restricted to a single family, the idea was still kept up by the sanctifying of the first born, and in many other ways. Burns' 'priest-like father' in 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' is a proper Churchman, doing what every Christian father ought to do. And when the choice lies between attending public service, with giving up family service on one hand and maintaining the latter on the other, I should not hesitate. I must add that I feel for myself, as well as for others, the need of carefully watching that daily church-goings do not slacken, or in any sense become a substitute for private communion with God. You will perhaps recollect Burns' stanza describing the 'secret homage' of the 'parent pair' when 'the youngling cottagers retire to rest.' It is alone by the life-giving power of private prayer, that public or domestic religious service is preserved from becoming a dead form—as dead and loathsome as any other dead thing.

But to look at the other side of the matter, to those whom God has not placed in the warm sphere of domestic life, the daily meeting in the house which represents the unity of the parish, and the connexion of that unity with God, should be a source of constant thanksgiving. For them and for some few families who may be able to come altogether, daily service should be kept up wherever it is possible, and while there are two or three who will attend, the clergyman ought to feel bound to keep up the practice.

As to 'human duties,' which you would always postpone to the attendance of daily service, I must

tell you that I regard no duty as *human*. Duty is well addressed as

'Stern daughter of the voice of God.'

It is *always Divine* if it be really duty. No honest work done for the real good of man, though it be ever so humble in its external character, is other than the service of God. Now it is plainly not God's will that in this world *all* our time should be devoted to His formal worship. The time so spent is intended to be limited; its fruit is to be shown in active exertion. It is therefore a question of degree, of how much of his time this or that man should so spend. Every man's heart must answer this for himself. But in the abstract, I have no difficulty in saying that some would *waste* their time in going to church every day, if they also spent a proper time in family and private prayer.

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It is a danger of a subtle nature, that besets many of those most bent on serving God, to look too much at themselves; not indeed that he can absolutely look inward too much, but we ought always to look upwards much more. It is actually most perilous for us to see what we are in ourselves, if we do not at the same time see what we are in Christ, in whom and through whom we can do all things, and are God's chosen and sanctified children.

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I deeply sympathise with you in the prospect of losing one who has been a spiritual guide and dear friend to you. I think I may say that my own experience enables me in no common degree to enter

into your feelings. The true, the only true key to comfort under such affliction is wonderfully pointed out in our Saviour's gentle reproof of His disciples, when He was about to be taken from them. 'None of you asketh Me, Whither goest thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart.' Do not forget when and to whom and at whose summons, and for what end our dying friend is going? If we do not forget, our natural pangs, though they *will* come upon us (and it is not wrong that they should), will not bear us down, will have the remedy which God has ordained for them. We shall in the end find, though it be through much conflict, that the bodily presence that we loved has been taken away that the spiritual comforter may come to us.

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All who have known what it is to mourn over a departed friend with true hearted concern, must have felt that the best remedy for their sorrow is a very full acknowledgment to themselves of its extent, avoiding any of those commonplaces which common comforters deal in. It is a miserable cheat to resort to anything that may make one's loss seem to be less than it really is; and it is a mistake to imagine that the thought of the *next* world, and the sure confidence in the everlasting happiness of the one who has left us, should take away our woe for what we have lost in *this* world. Our convictions and feelings in this line should indeed transcend our grief; but God has not intended that they should take it away, or even diminish it, except by modification. It will still rightly hold its place in reference to our earthly pilgrimage.

But why do you put your friend's rest in God in an interrogatory form? To us who have been brought into the sure mercies of David—the covenant that cannot be broken—death is no doubtful passage. Think of your friend as now with God, and think of it as a most certain fact, not a contingency on which hope or any feeling less strong than faith need be exercised.

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I do not wonder at your feelings on your going to church and hearing the service from other lips than those of your friend. But if you are but willing to learn the right lesson from the circumstances, you will—I speak it confidently—derive a blessing from the change. It is possible that your present feelings may be so alien to this notion, that I may seem to you like the comforter of the Patriarch of Uz. I will, however, risk this, relying firmly on the future. You will feel that the essence of Catholic worship is, that it everywhere and under all circumstances stands in the same relation to God and your soul. It is a mercy and a rich gift to be led, through whatever painful process it may be, to see how large and broad is the goodly land into which we have been brought. The very differences in the modes of forms which we are disposed to look upon with regret and distaste in some places, may, if we are but docile and prayerful, lead us to see that there is yet a unity far above a blank outward uniformity. Wherever there is a Church that will receive him, wherever there are those whom God has sealed to Himself in baptism, there the true Churchman feels himself at home. He may regret what he sees in those about

him, but he will be prepared for it by recollecting his Saviour's words, that offences must *needs* come; he will feel that the Church and her Sacraments are God's and not man's, and that they must ever be *one*, and above all human accidents as regards his own soul. I cannot tell you how blessedly I felt this during a portion of my life of which you know nothing or little, when I was very much of a wanderer. I never more realised the feeling of catholicity, or felt more what it is to declare one's belief in 'one Catholic and Apostolic Church,' than when, as a layman, I often used to partake of the Holy Supper in some little out-of-the-way country church, where I was known to no one, and no one knew me. Sometimes I would gladly have had the outward form more strict and comely; but the Spirit and the promise were there. I now recall to my mind several particular instances of this sort after an interval of ten years, or near it, and I thank God for them from my soul.

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I think by nature that I am too much given to a habit of sanguine hope. Now I have been drubbed enough by the roughnesses of life to know the folly and the evil of indulging this. I would say it humbly, but I may venture to say with some confidence, that by God's help I do struggle with the tendency with some degree of success; and I have found no mode of struggling against it more efficient than often forcing my mind to express the chances of failure of its dearest hopes. When this is done in the right spirit, it may be likened to binding the sacrifice and placing it on the wood, and standing ready with the knife to smite, if it should prove to be God's Will. If we have

afterwards to say *Jehovah-jireh*, and His mercy bids us spare and not smite, the enjoyment of the blessing will be enhanced immeasurably.

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Short as will be the time we can spend together, it will I hope be enough for us to do the work of at least fifty letters. Not, however, that I would disparage the latter, or forget the debt that we owe to that old Phœnician (or whoever he was) who first made audible sounds with visible signs. But where feeling as well as thought is concerned, the use of the pen is a miserable fetter upon utterance. Still we should not forget that the voice, with all the help of the eye and face, must in such cases leave much untold. The tongue, though far better than the pen, is still at an infinite distance from being a perfect interpreter of the heart. It is a condition of this world, that religious devotion and deep love can only express themselves, as it were, by hints. From both, in their respective kinds and degrees, we may feel a yearning for that state of existence when spiritual intuition will take the place of material sight and sound, when seeing through a glass darkly will give place to seeing face to face.

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One word I must now say about your view of confession. I love and honour the yearning of your spirit after the peace of God. But you *have* not found it (I write this with solemn conviction of its truth), and you *never will*, by laying open your feelings and thoughts to a man who has no title to such confidence, except that you choose him for yourself. You may at times have found a certain

pleasant exercise of sympathy, but not what you really sought for. I do not joke or trifle in saying that if you had lived in 1748 instead of 1848, you would have been as likely to go to John Wesley as now to Dr. Pusey, and I believe you would get as little real good from one as from the other.

If God has given me to see one clear glimpse of His truth, this remedy for your spiritual hunger and thirst to which you would resort, is no other than the old fanaticism which has tempted earnest souls in all ages in a certain stage of their pilgrimage of discipline. In one age, it puts on the garb and name of irregular individual 'concerns' (as amongst the Quakers who immediately followed George Fox); at a later period it is seen working in the class-meetings and love-feasts of the Wesleyans; in our age, it is wont to run, with a flimsy show of Church order, into a 'confession,' an almost absurd mimicry of a practice that exists in a foreign Church, which, if it be not wrong in this particular, is yet so differently situated and organised, that confession in one bears not a jot of real likeness to the other.

Can this last phase of the tendency of which I have spoken be more innocent than the others, because, on the part of the priest, the act is performed in direct defiance of the principle of episcopacy and of the parish principle, by one who has solemnly sworn at his ordination to preserve the order of the Church, and who has himself joined a little *sect* (for such it is), making the highest professions of ecclesiastical reverence and obedience, whose daily course is an open or tacit condemnation of more than nine-tenths of his brethren?

It will occur to you that these men, of whom I speak thus hardly, are so good and holy in their private lives. Not better or holier (my dear friend) than hundreds and thousands of quiet, orderly persons, who in a lay or a spiritual calling discharge their duty in the appointed sphere. We see their virtues because they have mistakenly pushed themselves into a false position. We look at a sky-rocket with more conscious admiration than we do at the sun; because the latter keeps to his round of duty, while the rocket intrudes upon our vision in a course new and unexpected.

Confession, when it approximates to a religious *form*, is most dangerous and most pernicious. All experience bears me out in saying this. When it is made an occasional and private *exercise* with one whom you know, and can rely upon, and is a part of your *secret life*, according to the temporary wants of your soul, it may be a great blessing. Nearly the same may be said of it as of praying in your own words, an exercise without which the soul becomes wretchedly dead, but which, if carried on at set times and in a formal manner, is fraught with evil.

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(*On the Birth of a Little Nephew.*)

I have been anew struck with what I have noticed before, that there are few things in human life more beautiful than the emotions of little children towards a new-born brother or sister. The love, admiration and awe with which they regard the little stranger is something that partakes more of heaven than earth. I shall not forget the way in which the youngest girl, just three years, said to me after de-

scribing the eyes and hair of the baby, 'And he is alive too!' It seemed as if the mystery of life struck for the first time her infant imagination.

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I wished you were with me last evening, when I heard the 'Messiah' at Exeter Hall. It is full three years since I heard it before; but I seemed to myself to have as clear a recollection of it as an unmusical auditor could well have. However (whether from the superiority of the performance or not, I can hardly determine), it came to me with all the freshness and pleasure of novelty, and quite distanced my expectations. Jenny Lind was not there, but there were the very best of our English singers, and the whole was managed exquisitely. The three choruses—'Unto us a child,' &c., 'Hallelujah,' and the last, with 'Lift up your heads,' were perfect, and could, I am bold to say, have fallen short of nothing but the choirs of heaven. In spite of the unapproachable magnificence of the 'Hallelujah' chorus, I should hesitate to say that either of the others is of less merit or less glorious in its way. I felt it to be a fit prelude for Christmas, and was thankful for it as such, though I had been rather unwillingly pulled into going.

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To be a marked person may sometimes be necessary, but it must ever be an evil, if a necessary one. The true Catholic yearns to be as like as possible to that family of the children of God's covenant, of which His heavenly Father has made him a member by the circumstances of His providence. He will concede a great deal—all short of what is *most* clearly revealed to him—to avoid being a marked man, to

feel himself and to show himself a real brother in the Church. In regard to the baptised who are living laxly and unworthily, he will be anxious to show them that what is wanting is in themselves and in their own wills, not in the mode or supply of the means of grace within their lawful reach—for where are the means so deficient as to leave an excuse to the sinner? Who is there here in England who cannot repeat with truth, if he will,

'Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round,' &c.?

And if he should be reduced to the strait of making himself a marked man, he will be careful to give the least possible offence. He will adopt no usage or expression different from what is common, till the clearest conviction brings home to him, not its *propriety* merely, but its *necessity* for the cause of God. What conscience can have been so perverted from that noble use for which God intended it, as to imagine it to be a matter of *necessity* that we should preach in white linen rather than black stuff or silk; that we should have two sham or real candles never to be lighted, placed on the altar? Alas, that this question may be answered by the names of living men of note and influence, unless we resort to the yet harder alternative of supposing them to act without their conscience at all.

Eccentricity—that is, a mere difference from one's fellow not absolutely required by duty—is always bad; never so bad as when it dresses itself in the rags of past ages, puts on a stately strut, and calls itself CATHOLICITY. Lord Eglintoun's tournament, ten years ago, was only a costly and foolish toy which deluded

nobody. But the things I have spoken of have all its folly and fruitlessness without its picturesqueness, and along with delusion and diversion of people's minds from deep truths, the true marrow of religion, the food of the holy Catholic Church.

Most thankful shall I be if I can set before you successfully the need of a due *perspective*, if I may so speak, in the objects of our reverence and obedience. The law of the first-born was a great and Divine law. But it was set aside for a higher law in the cases of Esau and Reuben. The law of the Sabbath was as high and as Divine; but it was to give way when the yet dearer interest of preserving life was involved. To apply this to a particular we have already spoken of mutually, the attendance on daily service, is a privilege and a duty, but it is to give way when it interferes with some active office of strict duty, or with the solemn recognition of the family bond in household prayer.

To you I may be egotistic—and I will not fear to tell you that during the four years I was at Oxford, and at other periods of my life when it has been possible (of which I am thankful to say this is one), I have been a very strict attendant at daily service. At Oxford I had the reputation of being the strictest in this respect of all my contemporaries at my college. It is, therefore, not a question affecting my outward practice. But it might become so. And on this account, though infinitely more on account of the *principle* involved, of placing all forms, usages and conclusions in their due relations of importance and obligation to each other, I am most desirous of your seeing as I do.

I most fully admit that trifles—such as the surplice in preaching, &c., may derive real importance from their being enjoined by authority; and under certain circumstances it may be quite right for the authorities of the Church to take cognisance of such matters for the decency and regularity of public worship. The command or expressed wish of a bishop is the law for those who are under him, and opposition to it may be a great sin. The first sin was only such because God had said, 'Thou shalt not eat,' &c. But what I must ever protest against, until God gives me to see differently from what now appears to me as clear as daylight, is the adoption of little matters at the will or whim of the individual, to the offence of the consciences of others, and the manifest violation of the order of the Church. Most of these that I have in view are extra-rubrical and picked up only from some local usage, or from a mistake of some fancied authority.

The defences set up for such things will centre in the notion of 'the voice of the Church' having in some way commanded them. But what (I would ask) is this 'voice of the Church'? Is it the dictum of the bishop? Is it the rubric? Is it the decrees of councils? Is it the English or any other canons? Every one must answer, if he answer on a broad scale, and not merely with reference to particular points, that it is not either of these taken alone, nor even all of them together. The voice of the Church is a real articulate voice; audible and sufficiently intelligible to all her obedient docile sons. It comes to us through all the channels I have mentioned, and many others, and it is by God's providence interpreted to succes-

sive generations by the succession of the bishops and priests, and by the consciences of the people committed to their charge. It is not always easy to say or to argue upon what it is. But it is rarely difficult to hear and obey, if we will but make the most of the appointed teaching. Small usages are evidently not intended to be 'always and everywhere alike,' and the folly of earnestly contending that they were so, has been reserved for our age and for a section of our own Church. The voice of the Church, eternally uttered regarding them is, that we should not by them offend our brethren.

But I repeat that these things do become important and of strong obligation when commanded by living authority, and when plainly required for the decency and order of the Church. Then, the very same principle which under particular circumstances would make their observance obstinate perversity, would confer just the same ground of blame on their omission. You know enough of the *idols of negation* worshipped by Friends (such as is shown by opening their shops on the great holy days, &c.) to see what I mean.

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As you will now generally go to a different church from the one you have been accustomed to, you will inevitably find what will seem to you a change for the worse in many respects. You will see less show of zeal in the congregation, and less appearance of care and devotion in the clergy. I should not even wonder if they were to excite some degree of disinclination to attend public services so zealously as you have hitherto. What I would say to you on this point is, that the want of zeal and care of which I have

spoken is undoubtedly a real evil, which all right-minded persons must regret, but that those with whom you have hitherto associated have resorted to a seeming and not a real remedy for the evil. It is far better that the evil when it exists should be uncovered, than that it should be concealed by a sham, or that those who may be suffering from it should be medicined with false stimulants. Those stimulants keep the soul in a fever, not in a state of healthy strength; and you will, I know, forgive my saying that I can but look at you now as a convalescent from such a fever. But the great Physician is at hand, and will give you the healing balm of His grace.

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Expression—an utterance of what is in our heart and mind—when it can be addressed to one whom we trust, is the most valuable of all exercises except prayer. It is in reality what a certain kind of confession, which I need not define, blindly aims to be. If indulged beyond due bounds, it is apt to keep the mind in something of a morbid state. . . .

If you have never consciously made the attempt, you will hardly believe how much relief and strength it gives to the mind to be forced to utter itself upon anything that may rest upon it, or put it into doubt or difficulty. For this to be effective, you must express yourself as well as you can, and make your words and phrases fit as closely as possible what is in your heart. Writing is therefore often better than speaking, as it must be done more deliberately. But it must be done with far more care and hesitation than is generally bestowed upon writing a letter. The fault in the discipline of most is, that they learn to

write fast before they learn to write well. If one begins by *always* writing carefully and well, you will end by writing both well and fast.

You will see that I regard the power of expression as a great instrument in the discipline of the character as well as the intellect. Such I am sure it is. Great, almost omnipotent, is the power of words. You may see the subject very finely illustrated in Shakespeare's 'King John,' by what the king says to Hubert on the murder of Arthur.

There is nothing that I would so urge as a habit of careful expression. To do this, it is not mere technical study that will avail you. You have the groundwork in your mind. Frequent and *careful* practice is all that is wanted. Do not consider that any pains or time can be ill-bestowed upon such an acquisition. Do not shrink from the use of a dictionary in all doubtful cases.

I will add, that the difficulty in leading women to use the discipline as they ought, arises in a great degree from their having much greater facility in finding words for gracefully expressing the *surface* of their thoughts and feelings than men have. Hence they comparatively rarely speak from their inward soul, when they really have one, that which would gain great good by utterance. And on more general ground, what we can do *easily* at first, we never, or almost never, learn to do *well* at last. Hence I would have you write slowly and think no pains thrown away in gaining accuracy, even in small points. For a habit of accuracy in matters of the intellect has much to do with a habit of moral accuracy; a thing much rarer than you might imagine. People often act

rightly from the usage and influence of society operating in one way and another, rarely from a real perception and conviction in their own hearts of what is right.

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May I ask you not to read any more of those mutilated popish books. It is not that I wish you to abstain from a good book because it may be written by one in communion with the Roman Church; on the contrary, I intend to put some such in your way. But those which I speak of are vile shams and cheats; dishonest, essentially dishonest, in their purpose and form, whatever may be the merit of the matter they contain. Do, pray, trust me that the words I have used are not too strong. Any thoughtful person, who has been in the way of studying the laws of literary honesty as I have been, will agree with me.

. . . In the creed of the Mahometans, there are only about three words that a Christian need object to. It begins, 'I believe in one God, and in Mahomet His prophet,' &c. All the rest is true enough. Now, suppose I was to publish 'The Creed of Mahomet, adapted to the use of the English Church,' just leaving out the sacred words, do you think I should be acting honestly or wisely? Would not the 'lay people' be led thereby to think that the Mahometans agree with them much more nearly than they really do? On the other hand, would the Mahometans think that I used them fairly in thus misrepresenting their creed? And can you see any difference in principle between the case I have supposed and these sickly adaptations? If, in themselves, they be ever so good, we have no right to encourage such teaching

by using them: no more right than we should have to use a stolen or smuggled article, because it may be good and answer our purpose. We have no more right to smuggle the gold of the spiritual sanctuary than the gold of the earthly mine.

To do justice to my own consistency, I will remind you of my finding great fault with John Wesley for cutting out parts of Thomas à Kempis' 'Imitation of Christ.'

I want you to see something more than 'much truth' in what I have said. It is either *true* or *false;* if the former, the books are to be condemned and avoided on principle—if the latter, I am wholly mistaken. There is no mean. I wish you to avoid all moral twilight, all scruples about what is lawful, all tampering with what is wrong. It becomes God's servants to see clearly the line between right and wrong. They may do so, with no more than an ordinary exercise of intellect, if they will but boldly look at the light through the *lawful* teaching which God has appointed for them, and no other.

Would that we could meet sooner and for longer time! However, it is not wise to expend either thought or feeling in idle wishing. Time and space will have the mastery over us, rebel as much as we will. It is wisest to wish everything to be just as it is. In a higher view, we ought to make our will one with that Supreme Will who, in infinite wisdom, ordains all things.

You have really been taught to mistake your own case. Yours was a *temptation* to be bravely struggled with, and not a *sin* to be repented of. . . . Hence you have rather to thank God for triumphing through

Him, from whom all strength and sufficiency comes, than to be disheartened as a penitent. You have made the mistake which a certain school of divines are ever running into, and from which Dr. Pusey's earlier writings especially are rarely free. You have confounded temptation with sin.

Temptation of every kind comes to us by God's permission. It is intended to try us and to elevate us. The apostle bids us count it joy when we have to meet divers temptations.

When the devil received God's permission to tempt Job, think you it was God's will that the patriarch should be raised or depressed? Do we not find that his last state was far better than the first? . . . Neither should you consider that the *lingering* of a temptation is in itself guilt. God intended that it should linger as long as it did. It has now been His will to remove it. 'Be strong, then, and of a good courage.' Know what it is to be 'made daily,' to have your soul regenerated day by day—leaving the things that are behind as cast-off exuviæ.

I must caution you earnestly against the error I have been speaking of. It is a fearful foregoing of the great prerogative of those who have put on Christ, of the liberty wherewith we have been made free, of the gracious blotting out of the handwriting of ordinances that was against us. It is the root of the Romish error of penance. It is exactly what we find in the best heathen systems, the best result of the human mind when Christ had not been revealed to it.

Make yourself, as far as you can, participate in that triumphant language of St. Paul: 'There is there-

fore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' . . . May the Spirit of Truth shine in your heart, and may you lay aside every weight, and know that peace and strength in your heart which Christ died to give you, and pledged to you in baptism.

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I do not in the least doubt your firm faith in the doctrine of the remission of sins as a doctrine; but what I doubted was, whether you derived that comfort from it practically, whether you made that personal application of it, which every baptised son and daughter of the Church is entitled to. I am so tempted myself, and so I think are most sincere persons whose hearts have ever been touched with the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Others, alas! are tempted on the contrary side, as we know but too well.

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The act of kneeling, like most formal acts, changes its meaning with time and place. In our Church and day, it is by right only practised when we kneel immediately to God, or when we kneel before a bishop to receive the formal imposition of his hands, according to the ordinance of the Church. At other times, it is an impropriety. In different Churches the case may be otherwise: just as an Abyssinian does right in worshipping in church with his hat on, if he takes off his shoes. I do not consider that what St. Paul says, about praying with the head uncovered, in the least affects him; for St. Paul was laying down a rule there for a particular Church. Again, you may see that our Lord and His apostles reclined in the usual manner of eating when they took the Passover; and yet Moses had most expressly

commanded that it should be taken only with the loins girt and in a standing posture. This clearly shows that in all but God's everlasting truth, and the obviously essential points in the divinely-appointed rites, a change may lawfully take place under the conditions so well expressed in our Thirty-fourth Article.

It has doubtless at other times and in other Churches been lawful to kneel to a priest on certain occasions; but there seems to me to be a very strong presumption against it in the passage between St. John and the angel, in the last chapter of Revelation. Our Church has, in *general*—I may say, all but universally—taken this view. Except in church (when, remember, there is at all times reason to kneel besides the presence of the priest), I am satisfied that we should not kneel except in directly addressing God.

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You said something respecting your difficulty in realising a sense of self-improvement. I entirely sympathise with you in this. I have learned to know that it is impossible, under any circumstances, adequately to realise a conviction that we are making progress. Probably it is not fit that we should do so. It seems to me that nothing in the world requires a simpler, stronger exercise of faith than self-education. One must lay down a rule to do certain things in a certain way habitually and patiently, day after day. Again and again it will seem as if one was not getting on; and hence comes in the necessity of walking by faith and not by sight. You may take my word for it, that no one perseveres day after day in any useful pursuit, without fruit well worth the pains.

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The true remedy against all such temptations as you describe, is to think less of your own qualities, and pray earnestly to God to keep your thoughts centred in Him as your Supporter and Sanctifier. Endeavour to feel towards Him as your ever-to-be-relied-on *personal* Father and Friend, who knows what you are, and who can make you what you would be.

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It is right that I should forewarn you not to expect to be much interested *at first* in St. Augustine's confessions. You will find the style somewhat difficult, and much of the matter obscure and on the surface, unpleasing from its belonging to a distant and very different age and country. But I will promise you a sufficient harvest of interest and improvement, if you will read with care, patience, and perseverance.

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I wish I had said more to you respecting Prayers for the Dead, when we were together, as the subject is a larger one than I can now pretend to do more than glance at in writing. I think I told you that Archbishop Ussher and Dr. Johnson, with some other English Churchmen of consideration, have approved of them, or at least, allowed and offered them. They are found in very old liturgies, some as early as the third century. They existed in the Prayer for the Church Militant in the first Prayer Book published in the reign of Edward VI. The dead were then commended to *God's mercy*, and He was supplicated to grant them *mercy* and *everlasting peace* in the general resurrection. In the second Prayer Book of his reign, this was changed for the beautiful and undoubtedly

unobjectionable commemoration of departed saints which we now read. I believe the reason alleged for the change was not a direct assertion that prayers for the dead were, in themselves, to be condemned, but that their use in the Church had been made by the Romanists a plea for the doctrine of purgatory, with all its heathenish consequences.

It seems plain, then, that no very strong ground can be taken from authority for excluding their use in private prayer, at least. I should not care to say much either against them or about them in public, or to people in general. But I would fain tell you that I do not, and would on no account offer to God a prayer pertaining to a departed soul. Whatever good or even great men and many may have thought and practised, I cannot but regard the tendency to pray for the dead, whom we love, as an impulse of *mere nature*, which the full daylight and mature manhood of Christian faith ought to raise us above. I believe that I have felt the temptation as strongly as you, or as almost any one may have done, and on this account I speak the more confidently. Are we not assured again and again that no man can redeem his brother, that every man must be judged according to his own deeds? See how earnestly this is set forth in Ezekiel xviii., and other passages of the same prophet, and of Jeremiah, in opposition to the current lie of the Jews, 'the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' See also Psalm xlix. (which, difficult as it may be, is not obscure on this point), and *every* allusion of our Saviour to the last judgment contained in the gospels. There is, indeed, no passage in our canon bearing on the subject which

does not clearly prove that it is God's righteous doom that each man should be judged exclusively according to his own deeds.

The most discreet Romanists rest their chief argument on the last few verses of 2 Maccabees xii. As we, on the best and surest ground, reject the authority of the book, we have nothing to do with this passage.

If, then, it is certain that our prayers cannot alter the state of the dead, it would be to me something very like mocking God to offer up such prayers. On the other hand, it would perhaps be a sort of practical denial of His righteous judgment if we thought the prayer could avail anything. But on this view I am not disposed to insist.

If we admit the practice as an *allowable* weakness, it would seem to me to lay us open to the temptation of loving the creature more than the Creator; that is, of preferring the happiness of a fellow spirit to the justice of God. Now, however hard it may be, we are bound by our baptismal covenant to be ready to give up everything—nay, even to *hate* (for such is the Gospel language) the dearest object of our love, if it stands between us and God.

In regard to praying for living persons and their contingent salvation, I need hardly observe that the words of Scripture are unmistakably different.

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I am much interested with what you tell me of your poor little sick niece. There is always to me something peculiarly affecting in the religious impressions of little children who are on their way by a short road to heaven. I have intimately known

several such. I do not love this world well enough not to feel much of thankfulness in contemplating them. This, however, is not a feeling to be indulged. A full-grown person is a nobler being than a child. Life, and even long life, is a thing to be desired by God's servants, and a persevering and victorious struggle with our enemy here below is the greatest gift of God to a finite being. We ought without doubt ever to be ready to feel for ourselves and for others that 'to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Yet the instinct of our common nature ought to teach each one of us, that it is God's will that we should desire rather to live than to die.

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I have before now pointed out to you how the good and the evil that is in our hearts becomes increased by being expressed; how on the one hand the utterance of a principle on which we may be about to act shows the principle to our own minds, and often enables us to decide whether it is good or bad more clearly than we could else do; and how, on the other hand, a principle on which we should be ashamed to act, should never be uttered. For remember that an evil impulse belongs to the tempter and not to ourselves, until we have made it ours by wilfully indulging it in expression or action. However fiercely evil tendencies may assail us, however gloomy they may make us feel, they are no injury, nay, they are blessings to us, as long as we are bravely fighting with them. 'My brethren' (says the apostle), 'count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.' We are further told that the trial of our 'faith worketh patience,' &c.

You say that you cannot overcome selfish tendencies.

I believe (if you will let me say so) that you really mean that you cannot *extirpate* them; for to a great degree at least, you do *overcome* them. As far as you do so, do not shut your eyes to the fact, and give God the glory.

But as far as you *do* indulge them, I must forbid you to say that you *can*not resist. Remember, that if God be true, and if He be strong, and if He has made His covenant with you, you have power to do everything that you *ought* to do. In affirming the contrary, you throw the blame of your defects upon Him. 'Be strong in the Lord,' and be sure that while you can do nothing of yourself, you can do all things through Christ strengthening you.

There is no word more mischievous than *cannot*, in regard to all matters of duty. If the Bible and the Church are true, it always really means *will not*. We may (it is true) feel the necessity of more being done than *we* can do in regard to outward things. But as regards our own hearts, the *can* depends upon Him who wills our entire sanctification; the *will* is what depends upon ourselves. Everything that we *ought* to do, we *can* do. Let this truth live and grow in your heart. Let it ever support and encourage you. Do not expect to gain a victory by a single blow. Despond not if you fall again and again. 'Let patience have her perfect work,' and never doubt the perfect forgiveness and renewed favour of that gracious Lord who bade St. Peter forgive his brother seventy times seven in a day. Do you think that His own mercy and placability will be inferior to that which He enjoined on His disciple? May God lead you to see into this truth. May He give you faith and hope in

what He has done and is ready to do for you yourself, that you may be a chosen vessel unto Him.

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I believe that a life of ease is not destined for me, and I am sure it would not be good for me. I would fain make my practical motto, *Work to-day, rest to-morrow*, and as 'to-morrow never comes' in this world, you see the result.

CHAPTER XI.

1850–1857.

PRINCIPAL OF BATTERSEA TRAINING COLLEGE—TOURS.

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq.

6, Edith Grove, New Brompton,
September 20th, 1850.

My dear Sir,— . . . I have had an attack of illness similar to those from which I have suffered so much since I came to live in this mild air. I have therefore given way to the doctor's importunity, and have broken my bond with St. Mark's to move into a more bracing climate. We are going to Hampstead, and shall possibly make our home there next week.

I am urged to lead an almost idle life for a while, and by doing so, if God should be willing to employ me, I hope to work more earnestly hereafter. Ill as doing nothing suits me in two important respects, I am not wholly averse to an interval of looking about me and getting clear away for a time from the εἴδωλα *tribus et theatri*, to the worship of which I suppose I (like the rest) am more or less addicted.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

S. Clark.

HAMPSTEAD, March 15th, 1851.

MY DEAR MR. LUDLOW,—I have longed to tell you of the grief with which I have contemplated the great gulf that separates our practical views of the great problem which I believe each of us regards with due awe and earnestness; and of the crushing sense of inferiority with which I have found myself constrained to differ from some of those whom I hold in most affection and honour. I must say you and Maurice above all others. The matter just now comes upon me too personally for me to be disposed to go into anything like argument or detail. The desire to let you know how I *feel* surmounts for the present all wish to tell you what I *think*. (I do not quote the 'Antithesis' from the 'Edinburgh.') How I feel, you can imagine when I tell you that, considering your socialism as a mistake, it seems to me that he whom we agree in regarding as a prophet given to our age, and you, and at least two others, also plainly meant to lead men, are by that mistake throwing away priceless time and labour, and (what is far worse) losing that influence over the minds of our generation which God formed you to exercise. If I could but think that such a sacrifice was made for a reality, my conscience is free to say that I should glory in your course, and should be happy in following you at such humble distance as I might.

I can hardly think that I am the less able to come to a sound conclusion on the main point from not having attended your meetings, though I may have thereby lost much instruction on particulars. I attended one meeting, and one only. I shall not forget the words of Maurice on that evening, but they seemed

to me rather to tell against your trading experiment than for it, and carried rebuke, not to be mistaken, for most of the other speakers. The effect of the meeting on my mind was on the whole very painful. But still more painful has been the effect of a great deal of what I have since read in the tracts, the numbers of the 'Christian Socialist,' and 'Alton Locke.'

I feel truly humbled in thus putting forth a conviction, when I consider how ill able I may be to argue the point. But you will not doubt that I seem to myself to have firm ground. I trust, however, that on this, as on all things, should fresh light come to me, I am ready still to say *μόνῃ θυτέον τῇ ἀληθείᾳ*.

And I hope before long that you will let me talk to you on the subject.—Ever yours faithfully,

S. CLARK.

To the SECRETARY of BATTERSEA COUNCIL, NATIONAL SOCIETY'S OFFICE.

HAMPSTEAD, February, 1851.

REV. SIR,—I desire to become a candidate for the Principalship of the National Society's Training Institution at Battersea.

I am a Master of Arts of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. I have been engaged in the training of national schoolmasters for five years as Vice-Principal of St. Mark's College. The deep interest which I feel in national education, and an earnest desire that I may be permitted still to labour in the cause in the line which I at first took up from deliberate choice, and in which I have had some experience, are the

main grounds on which I venture now to offer myself as a candidate.—I am, rev. sir, yours faithfully,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To his Wife.

BUSSAGE, November 6th, 1851.

. . . As you suppose, I read the service over our sweet little nieces, who, as they lay in each other's arms, looked more like two sleeping angels than things of clay. After the service, I administered the Communion to the mournful company, including the bearers. The church looked exquisitely, lighted up, and nothing was wanting to make it what the last earthly scene of two little saints ought to be. There was scarcely a dry eye at the grave, where half the village seemed to be assembled.

Dear E. wishes intensely to remain here. I hardly wonder at it, for the spot is a lovely one. . . .

From Letters to his Wife.

EDINBURGH, August 1st, 1856.

This city is the most wonderful compound of natural beauty, architecture, splendour, historical associations and detestable filth. The smells exceed the seventy-two of Cologne, and there is no eau d'Edinburgh to wash them out. We have this morning seen the Calton Hill, Holyrood Palace and Chapel, Heriot's Hospital (which forcibly reminded me of your reading the 'Fortunes of Nigel'), the Castle, &c. The glorious old Tolbooth still remains as it was in Rob Roy's time. But the general beauty of the views, in this exquisite weather, beats all.

STIRLING, August 1st.

We have just been to the castle, and seen the last rays of the setting sun. This seat of old regal splendour stands on a craggy hill, in the midst of a broad plain, with here and there a woody knoll, with steep cliffs on one or two sides. The river Forth makes a hundred turns back upon its course, and no dying snake was ever more contorted. Before us, and far away to the west, for at least sixty miles, clearly seen, stretched the Grampians, some of them swelling in gentle curves, others starting up like sugar loaves, and others with one side steeply scarped. On the left, not so high, but nearer, stood the Ochills, well-wooded for some distance up their sides. As the sun disappeared, the sky above the Grampians put on a deep red gold colour, gradually fading upwards into that lovely blue which is only to be seen in the finest weather on a summer evening. The outline of the mountains was a deep blue, almost black, and as distinct as a line on white paper in pen and ink; while below it, a rising mist softened off the dark blue into a sober grey towards the mountain feet. The river, when it caught the western reflection, looked like a huge golden snake, and where the upper sky shone upon it, no silver was ever more brightly, purely white. The whole scene was one which might have gladdened the heart of an angel. How I wished for you! How we should have talked over the historical and legendary associations of the lovely landscape!

Above where we stood was the window out of which Douglas was thrown by the treacherous James II. Just before us was the Farm of Ballangiech, from

which James V. used to take his fictitious name when he went about in disguise as the 'Gude man of Ballangiech,' or as Scott has named him in the 'Lady of the Lake,' James FitzJames. Beyond this farm is the field of Bannockburn, the battle on which is so well described in the 'Lord of the Isles.' A little to the right is the hill which concealed Wallace and his few troops when they beat the English, having broken the bridge over the Forth.

If we had been inclined to dream with the poet, there was the guard-room where poor Ellen had met the rude jeers of the soldiers and the gallantry of Lewis.

We ascended the hill by the very steep, up which poor old Douglas made his way when he was marked by the king. The time was one of those not often vouchsafed to one. You might see the same scene a hundred times, but not with such advantage of light and colour. A traveller ought, by right, devoutly to thank God for such occasions. I think we then were all inclined to do so.

Tell Willie that in Scotland the little boys and girls run about without their shoes, and wash their feet in the gutter, and very seldom wash their faces at all.

In the lovely sunset view from Stirling Castle we saw, in the clearest outline, Ben Cruachan, at a distance of sixty miles. I do not recollect that I have ever seen so far in a northern climate. In the Mediterranean, I have seen a mountain top 100 miles off. You can hardly imagine anything so lovely as the clearly cut outline of the giant hills, fading off downwards in the bluish-grey mists of evening as they rise up from the valleys.

ABERDEEN.

Yesterday morning early we left Stirling, and came on to Perth. The city is beautifully placed on the river Tay, over which there are two fine bridges. It is said to have struck the old Roman general, Agricola, as resembling Rome in situation, and so it does. The streets are modern and not interesting. We looked in vain for a house that might have been the glover's, or for any other in keeping with the Fair Maid of Sir Walter's imagination. It was once a royal residence, and a mile and a half to the north of it is Scone, where the Scottish kings used to be crowned, and from whence our Edward I. took away the stone called Jacob's Pillar, now in the Queen's coronation chair. A great house is now on the spot, which strangers are not allowed to enter.

Having surveyed Perth, we took a carriage to Loch Leven. The road passes through a beautiful deep glen in the Ochill Hills. A babbling stream runs along the bottom, and its sloping banks are exquisitely clad with wild flowers, especially dog-rose, meadow-sweet, fox-glove, hare-bells in great bunches, and a host of others. The coltsfoot here is gigantic, and very picturesque, as are also the ferns. The heights above are thickly clad with trees, amongst which the lord and lady of the forest, the oak and the birch, predominate. The whole pass reminds one of Derbyshire. There is in it a hole in which Wallace is said to have taken refuge; but such references to their great national hero are so common among the Scotch, that they lose much of their interest. I have seen some three or four 'Wallace's

caves' in different parts of the country, and I believe there are many that I have not seen.

At Kinross, on the shore of Loch Leven, we took a boat and rowed to the famous isle. The lake itself is a sheet of water three or four miles across, with flat sides and not beautiful. It contains several islands, on one of which stand the ruins of a convent of *Culdees*, the mysterious class of persons who were the first Scotch Christians. The castle where the fair, frail queen was confined is on the largest of the islands. There now remain the keep—a low square tower, on the top of which a jack heron stood as we approached it, and took his heavy flight, screaming, as we landed—and an octagonal corner tower, in which poor Mary is said to have been confined. The window is pointed out from which she escaped with young Douglas, and the spot on the shore where she landed. I thought of Catherine Seaton and the Abbot.

Lochleven Castle is in white stone, with but little beauty, either of architecture, the condition of the ruins, or the situation, but it is hardly less interesting than any relic in Scotland from its historical associations. I enclose a shamrock, plucked in the garden in which Mary often walked.

We returned to Perth, and came on here something before midnight. It was not without interest on the line to see stations with such names as Glamis and Birnham, with which Macbeth has made us so familiar.

This is a city of granite. Every church, every public building, every house, every hovel is of light grey or whitish granite. The high street is wide

and handsome, and the by-streets are not amiss. The harbour is spacious and well-arranged. The shore on each side of the harbour is skirted with loose sand, like the dunes of Tenby.

The day has been misty, being the only day not wholly favourable with which we have met. We dined early, and started off for a walk to Old Aberdeen, which is on the river Don, its true name being Aberdon: *Aber* signifies *mouth*. Then we saw the university and the cathedral, two venerable and substantial buildings, but they have been Presbyterianised in vile taste. We strolled into the grounds of Lord James Hay, without knowing that we were on trespass, and having traversed them through a mile or two of delightful footpaths on the steep banks of the river, we met a servant, who told us that we had broken the law, but he was civil enough to let us out another way, by which we came out by the sea and so to the inn.

CASTLETOWN OF BRAEMAR, August 4th.

We have come up the course of the Dee, on the banks of which this picturesque little mountain town is situated. The river runs along, a stream as clear as crystal over a rocky bed, in a narrow valley between chains of noble mountains, their sides covered with pine and birch forests. The delicacy and exquisite beauty of the latter as you pass through them can hardly be surpassed. The dog-roses, fox-gloves and ferns are now in their highest beauty.

We passed Lynfannan, where Macbeth was killed. The spot, real or supposed, is marked by a heap of stones in the middle of a heath. About nine miles

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Aug. 5th.

We left Castletown after
and proceeded on the banks
We soon came to the Lynn of Dee
a striking and beautiful
a rocky gorge through
The town of
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metallic lustre from the mica, of which they mainly consist. They approach each other very nearly, and silly people jump over the chasm, as the torrent rushes on beneath, in several places. One place is shown in which Lord Byron, when a boy, nearly drowned himself.

Soon after passing the Lynn, we came to Glen Tilt, through which we walked for eighteen miles. The river Tilt runs between mountains of from two to three thousand feet high, in a rocky chasm, ever and anon interrupted by falls, while roaring torrents find their way down the sides of the hills and swell the stream. The path, for the most part, is about a foot wide, with a high precipice above and below. The scene is as wild as can be imagined. Nothing is there but stunted mountain vegetation. For ten miles we met with no life but a few half-wild oxen and sheep, a hawk with a mouse in its talons, a few deer and some grouse. After ten miles of this kind, a Highland cottage was far from unacceptable, where we got some oatcake and butter and a draught of milk, the sort of repast which I used to partake of in the Highlands some twenty-six years ago, such being the only fare to be got. There is but little variety in Glen Tilt till you reach the western end. It then spreads out into Blair Athol (that is, the plain of Athol), which is one of the finest plains in this part of Scotland. The castle of the Duke of Athol is in a much finer site than Balmoral; with all Highland beauties, it combines noble timber, especially oak and beech, and fertile arable land.

After dining at the inn, we went to the famous Pass of Killicrankie, about four miles off. Who shall

describe its beauties? I have certainly never seen them surpassed, hardly equalled. The river Glarry, after rushing in wild tumult through a rocky gorge, and looking as black as ink, from its depth, in the middle, while its edges are white with foam, and its water perfectly transparent when you look at it in the shallows, spreads out into a dignified though somewhat rapid stream, which runs between steep cliffs of 900 feet high, clothed beautifully with birches, firs, mountain ashes and other trees. Here and there the noble cliffs peep out from between their foliage. The scene is such, that if I were to read what I have written of it, I am sure I should tear up my note. There was a great battle between the Covenanters and the Royalists in the Pass of Killicrankie, which I think is described in 'Old Mortality.'

AVIEMORE, August 6th.

The coach was crammed this morning, and we were fain to join a party in posting, but at this spot, thirty miles from Inverness, we were stopped for want of post horses, and we have no alternative but to spend the night here, and get on as soon as we can to-morrow morning to Inverness. The drive has been very beautiful, the mountains being set off by an occasional thunder-storm and by ever-changing shadows. You may track our route up the river Garry as far as the loch, and then down the Truim water till it runs into the Spey. The first half, or thereabouts, of the way lay between barren mountains, pied with heather and verdure, the last half through cultivated lands, with the mountain sides clothed with firs and birches. Our resting-place is at the foot of Cairn Gorum, the

mountain from which the crystal comes, and takes its name, which is the favourite stone of the Scotch, and with which their old sceptre is richly adorned. Cairn Gorum is very high, and still has a considerable quantity of snow in a deep cavity near its summit. We observed the same yesterday, near the top of Ben Muich-Dhui (mountain of the blackbone), which is the highest mountain in Scotland next to Ben Nevis. The chain of heights, as seen from the window of the room in which we now are, is magnificent, I think one of the finest I have ever seen, as regards variety of form and beauty of colour, as it appeared an hour and a half ago, just before the sun went down.

OBAN, August 8th.

We have just arrived by the steamer from Inverness, through the Caledonian Canal. To-day has been somewhat chilly, and the sky rather leaden. We might have enjoyed the Caledonian Canal more, if the weather had been more in keeping with the month. But the Fall of Foyer and the views of Ben Nevis and his giant fellows towards the end of our voyage were transcendent. There have been some very heavy rains, which we have escaped, but which had swelled the little river, which falls over a rock about one hundred and fifty feet high, and then makes its broken way for a mile and a half into Loch Ness. The mad stream was actually beaten to dust in its fall, and lost all distinctness before it reached the round, deep pool at the bottom, which looked as black as ink from its depth. The rocks all round formed a very regular amphitheatre. Their surface was as black as jet, but the gloom was exquisitely relieved by firs, birches and wild flowers.

The Fall of Foyer is. undoubtedly the finest fall in Great Britain.

This is a very pretty place, singularly like Tenby, but more grand and less beautiful. It is on a bay, with tall rough hills all around it on the land side, and superbly land-locked with mountainous islands, Mull forming the background. On the north, the black hills of Morven, so much spoken of in Ossian, stretch far into the sea, and peer above the lesser heights which bound the bay.

Yesterday we went up Ben Cruachan, the third of the Scotch mountains in magnitude, and a grand elevation. The guide said that he had never known the ascent and descent made in such a short time. It was within three and a half hours. The day was not very clear, but we could see well what the view was. Just round us, on the land side, were the other Grampians, which, giants as they are, were looked down upon by us. A hundred lakes were scattered between their feet, of every size and shape. The largest, Loch Awe, was just at our feet, with its surface sprinkled with islands, on each of which was a ruined castle of some old highland chieftain. On the west was the deeply indented shore of Argyleshire, with its mountain islands.

On the other side of Mull lay the wonderful Staffa and Iona, the latter as dear to antiquarians and Churchmen as the former is to geologists.

This is the neighbourhood so well described in the 'Lord of the Isles.' After service this morning we walked to Dunolly Castle, the old stronghold of the Lords of the Isles, whose name was McDougall. Their other great castle was Ardtornish, in the Sound

of Mull, close at hand, which, as you will remember, is the scene of the chief incidents of the Lord of the Isles.

About two miles beyond Dunolly, we visited Dunstaffnage Castle, the palace of the old Pictish kings and of the Scots, until the time of Bruce, who was the last to hold his parliament there. The Scone stone (Jacob's Pillar) was here until the 9th century, when it was moved to Scone by Kenneth McAlpine.

The ruins of each castle are poor enough in themselves—nothing scarcely remaining except the square keep of rude, thick masonry. There are, however, at Dunstaffnage the remains of the chapel.

We saw what much affected us on board the steamer on the Caledonian Canal. A poor woman, poorly but neatly and cleanly dressed, had with her a very pretty little girl with bright blue eyes. The child was dressed with great taste and care, though as poorly as her mother. She had a pretty nosegay of wild flowers in her hand, and I first noticed her from the delight with which she appeared to listen to the musicians who were playing on board, and to smell to, and strangely *feel* the flowers. I soon saw that she had crutches, and on inquiring of her mother, I found that she was not only hopelessly lame, but blind. I shall not soon forget her sweet, animated face. Her mother was so poor that she was receiving relief from the parish. She was a widow, and had no other child. She had taken the poor little sufferer for medical advice, but to judge from her manner the doctor had given her no hope. We made a little collection for her from the passengers, for which she seemed very grateful.

From Letters to his Wife.

ST. MALO, July 30th, 1857.

This morning we had a lovely and quick passage from Jersey. This is a very characteristic French town, with its own peculiar features to boot. It stands on a rocky islet, and grim walls of granite shut it in all round, at high tide rising abruptly out of the water, and at low tide standing on a base of savage-looking crags, black with sea-weed. The houses are very lofty, and peer picturesquely over the walls. On the other side of the harbour, approached by a ferry, is the handsome suburb of St. Servans, on rising ground, as large as St. Malo itself. Rough rocky islands, some of them fortified, various in shape and size, are scattered round the bay. The streets are dirty and narrow, but abounding with fine old houses, and having a venerable air of ancient importance. In one of them the famous Chateaubriand was born, and he lies buried, according to his own desire, in one of the rocky islands in the bay. A cross surrounded by a palisade guides to the spot in which his body lies many a pilgrim whom genuine respect for his genius, or his zeal for religion, or else the empty echo of his fame, attracts.

Women examined our portmanteaus at the Custom-house, and a woman brought part of our luggage from the steamboat. From this you may judge that civilisation has something to do in these parts, in determining the respective work of the two sexes.

This place is no longer a bishop's see, but the cathedral is very fairly kept up as a parish church. There we saw the skeleton of St. Celestin, behind the

great altar. It is cased in wax-work, in a recumbent posture, with the glass eyes turned up and half open, as if in the agony of death. The wax in some parts had flaked off, so as to expose to view the unsightly bones. In a chapel near it was a stupid picture of a ship, half built on the stocks, which, from an inscription attached, seems to have been set up as a thank-offering by a successful ship-builder. If it were not for these and such things, and the ever-recurring reminders of the idolatry of the Blessed Virgin, one might sympathise with the kneeling figures which one sees in these churches at all times, silently putting up their prayer.

We went on to St. Servans. The church there is a handsome modern one of granite, though not in the best taste. We saw it by dim twilight, but the marble work of the choir seems to be very rich and of considerable beauty.

ST. BRIEUX, August 1st.

The market at St. Malo, like most French markets, was very striking. The women, with their fantastic, stiffly-starched caps, come in from the country, riding on donkeys, bearing square, large, wooden panniers filled with produce. Hundreds of the donkeys occupy an appointed place in the town during market hours. The caps differ, and indicate by their difference the region from which each woman comes.

Strange mixtures of taste and ugliness, of beggary and beauty, meet one everywhere in this province, and indeed in nearly all France. With much that is rude and unsightly, the entrances to the inns are often made very picturesque by trees and creepers,

well placed and skilfully trained. The court of the Hotel de la Paix would look quite romantic in a picture; but go straight through it into the kitchen, and you would see what no one in the world, except Teniers, could make into a picture.

After breakfast we started in the steamer up the Rance to Dinan. The river is very beautiful, spreading out and narrowing alternately, so as to form a chain of lakes. Pretty villages, rugged rocks, and fertile bits of beech-wood and pasture vary the banks. As you go on, you do not know what will come next, but you may be certain that it will be something pleasing if not beautiful. We ran aground several times, but at last reached Dinan, near where the magnificent bridge spans the valley of the river.

Dinan is most interesting and striking. We approached it up a street as steep as possible for horses to go up and down it—which in fact they do not at present, though it used to be the high road to St. Malo for coaches and all other traffic. It is a most picturesque place both in situation and style of building. It is, moreover, full of historical interest.

We walked about two miles to see the ruins of a fine old Benedictine monastery at Léhon. There are some good Early English windows and a rich Norman gateway, with the four walls of the chapel, which is of ample size. The sacristy is nearly perfect, and the refectory is turned into a carpenter's shop. But all that reminds one of the ancient glory of the place is painfully dislocated and fragmentary; the whole is most offensively desecrated by being turned into a linen manufactory. A steam-engine, spinning-jennies, and the like, now stand on the pavement which used

to be trod by the feet of the old Benedictine. A Duchess of Brittany, whose effigy still remains in the chapel, though her tomb has been rifled, was a great benefactress to the place. Can she see what is now going on there? or, if so, what does she think of it? It was dismantled in the bloody revolution of 1789. The situation, like that of most Benedictine houses, is lovely. A basin-shaped valley is surrounded by lofty granite rocks, rising in some parts in bare and rugged peaks, and in others presenting gentle slopes covered with hanging beech-woods. In front of the abbey, the river Rance flows in a full stream, making a graceful curve in its passage through the valley. Formal rows of trees (limes and poplars), planted close to the banks of the river in the French fashion, hardly improve the scene, though at this season, when every tree and bush is richly leafy, one would hardly complain of them. A more undoubted disfigurement, on another side of the little valley, exists in shabby slate roofs of the village of St. Léhon. For a picture, all cottages should be covered with thatch, and the warmer colour of the tiles is certainly far preferable to the half-mourning hue of slates.

G. and I walked home on the bank of the river, and had another view of the noble bridge which spans the whole valley, and seems as if it made a light matter of the stream itself, just by Dinan. We then took a char-à-bancs, and proceeded to a little chapel of St. Ann's, famous for the performance of miracles on the festival of the saint. G. was once there on the day, and says that the road was quite covered by the halt, the maimed, the blind, and the deaf, going to solicit the good offices of the saint. The chapel

contains nothing but two altars and two statues, one of St. Ann and one of the Virgin, vilely executed, and vilely decorated with tinsel, paper flowers, and other tawdriness. A special litany is used in the chapel, from which these are passages: 'O St. Ann, ark of Noah. O St. Ann, ark of the Covenant. O St. Ann, wife of Joachim. O St. Ann, mother of Mary. O St. Ann, grandmother of Jesus. O St. Ann, opener of the blind eyes. O St. Ann, unstopper of the deaf ears,' &c. It really is shocking to reflect that such utter bosh can be sanctioned by a Church in which one would fain hope there are, amongst the authorities, some sincere men, who do not regard religion merely as a means of bamboozling the vulgar.

Madame de R. complained of Souvestre as not entering into the depth of the Breton character. I think she is quite right in designating them as truly religious and very honest. But they are certainly very superstitious, and very obstinate, and at least as much given to drunkenness as any section of the English or Scotch. Our intercourse has been thus far very agreeable with them. They are courteous in their way and faithful. The women are by no means ill-looking, but many of them in the country have very dark complexions.

BREST, August 4th.

We are delighted with Brittany, and find it fill up our time as we go along most delightfully. The people seem to be living in the style of the year 1500. It is, in fact, the middle ages in Brittany still. But of good peculiarities, I must mention that the early services in the churches are crammed with devout-

looking worshippers, and the Bretons are certainly the most church-going people in France. They are also very honest.

We left Dinan early on Saturday morning, and came to St. Briend. For nearly twenty years I had never been in a French diligence, having not before had any 'rambles beyond railways' on this side of the Channel. I must describe it to you. The coach itself, when fully developed, consists of four bodies, each of which would form a separate vehicle. In front it is a chariot (or coupé) surmounted by a cabriolet (or banquette), holding three passengers and the conductor, who sit behind the coachman. Behind the coupé is a double carriage, called l'interieure. Behind this is the *rotunda*, the lowest place of all, into which the unwashed are crammed at a small price. The luggage is stowed up behind the banquette, and sometimes reaches a mountainous height. An untidy bundle of four, five, or six cart-horses, with jingling bells on their heads, tied together (and to the diligence) by ropes or rough leather, or any other possible material, except good straps such as are used in English harness, drag the unwieldy machine. The conductor, a smart fellow in an embroidered waistcoat and a racing cap, sees that the passengers are all in their places and takes his seat. He is a man of some importance, and goes through the whole journey, being responsible for both luggage and passengers. Last of all the driver, in a blue, untidy blouse and a sailor's hat, gathers up the reins, takes possession of his bench in front of the banquette, utters a few most heathenish sounds to his horses, cracks his whip as loud as a pistol, and away starts

the team at seven miles an hour, sometimes galloping, sometimes trotting, and sometimes walking, the postilion everlastingly shouting and cracking his whip. But though I have exaggerated nothing in this description, I assure you that there is no kind of travelling pleasanter, when one is not in a hurry, than that in the coupé or banquette of a diligence. The postilions bungle along somehow, with strange success. They meet with no accident. One thing of importance is, that no driver drives any but his own horses for a single stage. In this way the horses know him, and become wonderfully sagacious. We prefer the banquette when we can get it, and next the coupé.

LORIENT, August 5th.

We left Brest at eight last evening, and reached Quimper at half-past four. The diligence gave us nearly an hour to see the cathedral and town (both beautiful), and we have come on here for a twelve o'clock breakfast.

I have not time to resume my narrative, so I must still stand in your debt for the ground between Dinan and Brest; but I may just notice our journey hither. The night was mild and lovely. The moon was clear and bright, except now and then, when the sky was lightly flecked with fine-weather clouds, which only varied the beauty. A good part of the road was between granite hills of no great height; but various in form, and rising from pretty valleys. Now and then we passed arms of the sea, very many of which deeply indent the coast. I was often reminded of some of the Scotch scenery. After a profitable alternation of visions of beautiful scenery and refreshing

naps, we reached Quimper at 4·30. We made at once for the cathedral, and entered by a rich and graceful doorway on the south side. The early sunbeams streamed exquisitely through three coloured windows of considerable beauty near the roof of the apse. The light elsewhere was somewhat sober, for the morning was not bright, though there was just a ray or two falling on the east windows. I was enchanted with the effect of this light on the architecture. Three old women were silently offering up their prayers in different parts of the nave, and a younger one was kneeling in apparent earnestness before a white marble statue of the Virgin. Others, chiefly women, dropped in one at a time, and presently, just at five o'clock, came in the priests of the cathedral, and knelt down in silence before the gates of the choir. A dozen *white sisters* (all in white, except narrow black capes) took their places near at hand. The scene was faultless. For a while I practically forgot all the folly and superstition which I could not but know lay behind it, and offered up my own morning prayer as I stood looking at it.

The architecture of the cathedral is very remarkable, the choir not being in a line with the nave, but turning off somewhat to the north. The same peculiarity I have seen at Granville and elsewhere. It is said to symbolise our Saviour's head bowed in death upon His right shoulder. There are five aisles in the nave, the outer ones very narrow. The pillars cluster beautifully here and there. There is some good modern stained glass. But the glory of the cathedral is in its outside, and especially its west front, with two very graceful towers and spires, and the south

door at which I entered. The spires in Brittany are very fine. They are generally crocketed, and rendered peculiarly light in appearance by perforations, mostly rose-shaped. Being hollow, the holes here and there coincide, and you see daylight through. Moreover, they generally stand on slender pillars. The effect is remarkable, but to me, very pleasing.

Quimper has pretty walks shaded by rows of trees, like most other French towns. The hills slope down prettily to the port, and the houses are picturesquely built. It is, on the whole, a very nice place.

We came on through a lovely country, that reminded me of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, as you and I saw them from the Malvern Hills eight years ago. The pasture and wood are rich and abundant; but, alas! thousands of acres of rich land are occupied by nothing worthier than fern and furze, owing to the poverty and stubborn carelessness of the landlords. The heath is richly and charmingly in bloom. The buckwheat, which is here very extensively cultivated as the food of the poor, is now in bloom, and yields its tribute to the general beauty of the country. Lorient is a wretched place, the ugliest I have seen. It is of modern date, and contains nothing but its dockyard worth looking at.

NANTES, August 9th.

After writing to you at Lorient, we ascended the tower of the church, and had a lovely view of the ragged shores of the Bay of Biscay, and the islands which lie near it. We left by the diligence, so as to get a good evening at Auray. I should tell you that these places, and Lorient in particular, carry on

a great trade in sardines, which they send to England and all over the world. We had the fresh fish served up to us at every meal. After dinner at Auray we took a char-à-bancs, and went to see the monuments of the nine hundred and fifty victims of loyalty who, in 1795, landed at the neighbouring point of Quiberon in behalf of the king, and were all slaughtered by the republicans. Their bones were collected together, and put into a vault in a chapel attached to a convent of Sœurs de Sagesse, who are engaged in conducting a school for the deaf and dumb. One of the pupils showed us round, and gave us such information as we wanted by writing. He expressed his meaning intelligently, and spelt correctly. He seemed to have not the least sense of hearing, or power of articulate utterance. The monument which covers the remains is an elaborate but ugly and awkward structure of marble, on the sides of which the names of all the victims are inscribed. Our guide opened an iron door and lowered into the vault a candle, by the light of which we saw an unsightly pile of broken skeletons' legs, heads and arms, thrown together in confusion. This indecent exposure of the remains of mortality is something which strikes an Englishman very much when he comes on the Continent. In Italy it is even much worse than in France. Within a mile of the convent is another chapel, which marks the site on which a portion of the ill-fated nine hundred and fifty were shot after they were taken prisoners. The chapel had nothing within to distinguish it from other small French chapels, except a greater number than usual of crutches and little wax models of limbs, memorials of miraculous cures performed

through the virtue of prayers offered up in it. There was, of course, in each chapel a box to receive contributions to pay for prayers for the souls of the poor royalists. Into these boxes we put nothing, but we did not hesitate to cast our mites into other boxes, for keeping in repair the memorials of the faithful dead, who certainly died bravely in a righteous cause.

The next morning we rose between four and five, and took a boat to go down the river Auray, which is very lake-like and picturesque. The rivers in the granite districts are always worth seeing, being either rocky and broken, or spreading abroad into basins with rocks around them. We sailed delightfully across Morbihan (*little sea*), in which there are said to be three hundred and sixty-five islands, and landed at the point of the eastern peninsula which separates Morbihan from the Bay of Biscay. We walked about six miles to the little village of St. Gildas, which you may find in the map just south-west of Sarzeau. The Abbey of St. Gildas was once famous or infamous for the vices of its inmates, and Abelard tried to reform them. The window in the building, and the door in the garden wall, through which he escaped when the offended monks attempted to murder him, were pointed out to us by the old sister who showed us round. The convent stands on the top of a cliff, against which the stormy bay is always urging its waves. We should have been more free to contemplate its bleak and barren situation, but we were much taken up with the selfish care of keeping ourselves dry, a tremendous storm of rain having come on. The convent now contains twenty-eight

sisters of the Order of St. Louis, who take in ladies to board and lodge.

We called on the curé, who very kindly showed us the relics of St. Gildas in the sacristy of the church. Like many such remains, they are enclosed in silver, so that all one can see is a silver bust and a silver arm. The saint's tomb is in the chancel. The church contains some interesting sculptured capitals, which must have belonged to a much earlier building. The village is a wretched place, though we went into two or three farmhouses in the neighbourhood which were not amiss for cleanliness, and were remarkable for tidiness, although there were generally three beds in a room, in addition to the ordinary appurtenances of a poor man's sitting and dining-room.

The rain had called forth from their hiding-places innumerable hosts of little green frogs, about one and a half inch long. I should like to have caught a dozen of them, they were so pretty. For two miles of our way, I should think there must have been at least ten on every square yard. They were all hopping in one direction away from the sea. I did not wonder when the boatman, who was our guide, coolly declared that they had come down with the rain from the clouds. When we had got through the frogs, an equal number of grasshoppers of large size, with red under-wings, beset our way. We thought of the plagues of Egypt, though neither frogs nor grasshoppers were plagues to us, but rather a pleasant sight, as being God's creatures rejoicing in their own proper element.

We visited a great cairn or barrow, the best in

shape and construction I have seen. It has been skilfully opened, so as to show its structure well.

When we returned to our boat, the wind had risen considerably. Our object was to go to Locmariaker, a village on the opposite peninsula, where there are several Druidical remains, and especially the largest menhir known. After an hour's tacking and tossing and wetting, we approached the shore near enough to see plainly with a telescope the great menhir. The word menhir is a Celtic word, and is applied to the great upright stones which stand by themselves. This one is sixty feet in length, but it has been thrown down and broken. The Bretons have to this day regarded the menhirs with superstitious reverence. One, thirty-six feet high, which we saw ten miles from Brest, at Plouarzel, is still often visited by childless women in the dead of night. The clergy, seeing the great evil of this in the middle ages, had many of them thrown down, and amongst others this one of Locmariaker. We could not reach the shore without incurring danger, and accordingly we set our faces towards Auray, which we reached between four and five, the weather having cleared up.

With all speed we now took a carriage for Carnac, about ten miles distant, on the Bay of Quiberon. We were in good time to see the place by daylight, and afterwards by moonlight. You will easily imagine that Druids' stones are in good keeping with the light of the moon, so that we were not sorry that we had not made our trip to Carnac in the morning, as we at first intended. The place in every way far outwent our expectations. The stones are not squared

like those of Stonehenge, but are merely fragments selected of a rude oblong figure, of from twelve to sixteen feet in length. They consist of the granite of the neighbourhood. They are placed in rows at the distance of about sixteen or twenty feet from each other. It is said that there are 12,000 stones, and I suspect that this number is too small. The greatest length of the temple seems to have been from east to west, and was probably, when it was entire, not less than one and a half mile. Near the west end is a dolmen, or monument of flat stones. There is, however, a much better dolmen, a double one, at Plouarzel, which we visited by torchlight on our return, and which I will try to describe to you. Imagine a mound of earth, with two great holes excavated in the top. The sides of these holes are lined with flat slabs of granite, like paving stones, placed upright. Over these is a sort of roof, formed of two or three enormous slabs. When you get down between these slabs into one of the holes, a passage in which you cannot quite stand upright, lined like the holes themselves, leads you to the outside of the mound.

But before we left Carnac, we ascended a little hill, and from the churchyard of St. Michael, on its top, surveyed the whole extent of the mighty ruin. Many of the stones are thrown down, many removed, and more have been broken up to build farmhouses, barns and sheds for cattle. But enough remain, on the portions of the heath which have not been cultivated, to point out the general direction of the vast aisles. We have little more than conjecture to help us to make out the forms of worship which were carried on in such strange temples. What the menhirs or the

dolmens symbolised we can guess, and no more. But it was easy for us to fancy, as the moon fell upon the long rows of grey stones, processions of grey-bearded, white-robed Druids moving along them to the solemn sounds of chanted hymns or triads.

RENNES, August 10th.

Auray is a picturesquely situated little French town, with nothing in particular to notice. We returned from Carnac about 10.30, supped, and dozed in our chairs till the diligence took us up at two o'clock. It was light enough before we reached Vannes for us to see that the place was a shabby old French town, whitewashed. Still (like nearly all French towns) it has its elements of taste and beauty. We crossed the Vilaine by the magnificent suspension bridge at La Roche Bernard. In old times, passengers were tediously and with some danger ferried across. The bridge is certainly not equal either in length, height, or beauty to the Menai bridge, but it is fine enough to suggest a comparison, and is, I believe, the finest in France. The stream below boldly makes its way between tall rocks, and taken altogether, the bridge forms the centre of a scene not soon to be forgotten. We reached Nantes in time for dinner.

The entrance to Nantes is not inviting. The suburbs, like those of Paris and most French towns, are poor, dirty and neglected; but when you get into the heart of the city, it proves a very noble one, containing nearly 80,000 people, and being the fourth in France and the largest in Brittany. The Loire is here divided into three streams, so that the city is built partly upon islands. Besides this, the Erdre

joins the Nantes on its right bank, not far from the middle of the city. The banks of both rivers are formed into fine quays, in front of rows of well-built houses. There are a good many ships of considerable size, and very many smaller ones. Nantes is sometimes called the French Venice.

On Saturday (the 8th) we went to Clisson in a 'bus, and returned in the evening. By the way, Nantes is the place in which omnibuses were invented and first used. Clisson is a lovely village, *about* sixteen miles to the south-east, and situated on the borders of Brittany and La Vendée. It is at the confluence of the two little rivers Sèvre and Mome, sweet streams, that remind you of those which you and I have seen together in Wales and Derbyshire. Rocks and trees and pasture are similarly combined on their banks. The houses are nearly all built in the Italian style, even to the shape of the tiles. Had I been transported to Clisson blindfold, and not knowing whither I was going, I should have said that I was in Italy. The historical associations of the place are worthy of its natural beauties. A grand old castle frowns over the stream, where once dwelt Oliver of Clisson, the great Constable of France, who in the 14th century fought successfully against our forefathers. It is a remarkable ruin; ruined enough to be soberly beautiful as a ruin, but perfect enough to suggest to one its former importance and grandeur. It was the scene of some frightful bloodshed in the first revolution.

Abelard was born at the little village of Pallet, four miles off (where a fragment of his father's house is said still to exist), and Heloise not farther off.

Tradition points out in the grounds of the castle a little cave as the *Grotto of Heloise.* There can be no doubt that the lovers were well acquainted with the lovely banks of the stream, two centuries before the castle was built by the Clisson family, and the place is a meet one to remind us of them.

The people of Clisson have a character of their own. They are more sober than the other Bretons, and are remarkably honest, kind and courteous. Their faces are very prepossessing.

You can hardly imagine the irreligious impression which a Sunday in a French town makes on the mind of an Englishman. We ought, however, to recollect that a Frenchman measures everything by another standard than ours, and we should be careful how we judge him. I will just tell you how I spent yesterday at Nantes. I remained in my room during the forenoon, but at one o'clock we walked out. Every shop was open, and every work was going on. The shops soon began to close, and the people to come forth dressed in their best, so that the streets and squares were soon crowded. We ascended the tower of the cathedral, and saw a very extensive view, with the lively streets of the city at our feet. We then went into the cathedral, and there saw a very good and attentive congregation. I have told you that the Bretons are a very church-going people. Coming out of the cathedral, we went to a fine open space at its back. There we saw a man singing comic songs, a round-about, stalls of toys, sweets and gingerbreads, &c.

JERSEY, Wednesday, 7th.

I am just arrived from St. Malo. We spent a *most delightful* day yesterday with Miss Surtees. I doubt whether this will reach you before I do, but I am trying to avail myself of the Weymouth steamer to-morrow, which does not regularly carry letters. How joyful I shall be to be with you again. . . .

SAMUEL CLARK.

CHAPTER XII.

1857–1875.

WIDOWHOOD — SECOND MARRIAGE — MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS DURING HEREFORDSHIRE RESIDENCE—THE END.

To Rev. W. T. Bullock.

December 19th, 1857.

My dear Bullock,—If you have heard of the depth of my sorrow from some other quarter, you will not (I know) think me unmindful of our friendship in not writing to you before. I have been stunned. My beloved wife was better than usual on Wednesday, and especially in the evening, and I was fondly dwelling on hopes of her speedy recovery to health. Soon after midnight she awoke with a sense of numbness, in less than ten minutes she was speechless, and though medical aid was prompt, she ceased to breathe within two hours.

Her lamp was burning, and she is a saint in glory. But I am in thick darkness, and have to fall back upon my knowledge, rather than my feeling, that this visitation is in love. Pray for me, my dear friend. Tell your mother and sisters of the fact, and how much I rely on their sympathy, for I believe that they loved her as I know she loved them. I

do not yet see how I can live without her. But God will teach me in His own time patiently to put my sacrifice on the altar. No one but God knows what a light and guide she was to me.—Ever yours affectionately,

S. CLARK.

BATTERSEA, February 7th, 1858.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,—Rebecca will have told you of my sorrow. . . . As regards the mode in which God has struck the blow, I thank Him from my heart. My beloved Ellen was spared the usual pain of dying, and the far worse misgivings in taking leave of those whom she loved best. It was as well that she whose lamp was never dim, never in want of oil, should be called by her Lord on a sudden, and at midnight. She truly walked with God. Her last act was prayer. Like the worthy of old, I feel that I may say, 'she is not, because God has translated her.' It was most fit that she, who was so exact in the discharge of every practical duty, should not have been hindered from a single act by any decay of her natural powers.

She is a saint in heaven. A beautiful death has crowned a beautiful life. I wish you had known her. Never have I witnessed as I did in her the most earnest, habitual humbling of self, combined with the most sustained cheerfulness and courage in reliance on her Saviour. Faith, truthfulness, love, and earnestness were ever alive. The remembrance of the glorious struggles and victories of grace which I have seen in her, seem at times in themselves more than a compensation for the desolation of my present widowed life.

My nine years of married life have been a steady

growth of happiness. I believe that she was happy too. We used sometimes to express a sincere apprehension lest our happiness was too near perfection to last upon earth. The only very serious drawback, her frequent weak health, was kept constantly in the background by her sustained cheerfulness and energy of will. We were almost always together. In the greater part of my work she was with me and helping me. She knew all our students, and exercised a marvellous influence on them. Without being clever or accomplished, she had a power of judging character, and of deciding in practical matters, which was like inspiration. I never did anything without consulting her, and I never consulted her in vain.

God only knows what I am to do, how I am to live without her. The bright summer of my life has been cut short. The autumn with its soothing influences has been cut out. Stern winter has come upon me all in a moment. I seem like an old man. And though I know that in God's time it will be otherwise, at present my work and everything else seems stale and unprofitable.

I ought indeed to be most thankful for a share of sympathy, expressed in every way that is tenderest and warmest, from hundreds (from all who knew her), such as I believe has not often been manifested. My little Willie, also, is a most sweet comforter. He has felt his loss just in the right way; and I believe and am sure that his mother, being dead, is yet speaking to him. I have, in short, no lack of blessings; I know it, and I try to be thankful for them. But for the present, the deep waters flow over my soul. Comfort I can find. May God give me strength, which is better

than comfort. I believe that for men in Christ, the right thing is to look sorrow in the face boldly, and to ask not for any mere alleviating influence, but for power of endurance.

I have forgotten to tell you that dearest Ellen, though we knew it not, had a settled impression that she should not see Christmas. In condoling with a friend who had lost a child about five months ago, she plainly said so, though he thought little of it, and said nothing till the sad prediction was realised. In her journal, about the middle of October, she speaks as a dying woman, and quotes, as her own, Bishop Ken's confession of faith in this manner—I can adopt Bishop Ken's words: "I die in the holy Catholic faith," &c. Many other little circumstances which we now remember tell the same story. But yet I can say with confidence that she was never more cheerful, never more observant of every practical matter, than she was during the last three months of her life. . . . May God bless you all.—Your most affectionate brother,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BRUSSELS, January 7th, 1858.

MY DEAREST LITTLE WILLIE,—I am now in the city of Brussels, in which the King of Belgium lives. Your dear Aunt S. will show you where it is upon the map. It is a beautiful place, with trees all round it. I went to-day into a great crystal palace, with many kinds of trees and flowers in it, and a great many beautiful aquariums. Some of them had salt water, and contained anemones, oysters, winkles, and shrimps; and some of them had fresh water, in which were gold and silver fish, carp, perch, and other fishes, and some

pretty little green frogs. There was also a nice little box, covered with a little blanket. Presently one corner of the blanket rose up, and what do you think peeped out? The face of a pretty little monkey, with black, bright eyes. He chattered a little, and then drew back into his nice warm bed.

I have seen a great many other pretty and curious things, of which I shall like to tell you when I come home. There are a great many fine pictures in Belgium, which I hope you will see when you grow up to be a great boy.

I think of you very often, my darling boy, and I pray to God that He would bless you and make you a good boy and a good man. Your dear, sweet mamma, who is now an angel in heaven, always sees you and rejoices when you are good and happy.—Your most loving father,

SAMUEL CLARK.*

To MRS. VICTOR.

GHENT, January 8th, 1858.

MY DEAREST E.,— . . . These Flemish towns (Ghent and Bruges) are most interesting places. Ghent retains much of its old commercial activity. The buildings in both are very fine and wonderfully picturesque, with some grand historical association meeting you at every corner. Within a few hundred yards of this stands the house where John van Artevelde was born and murdered. A little further on is the glorious Gothic point of the Town Hall, with a sort of balcony

* All the letters to his son, with this exception, were burnt with the cabinet that contained them after they were moved from Eaton Bishop.—ED.

or pulpit, from which Charles V. addressed the citizens of Ghent when he tried to conciliate them. Within sight of the belfry (with its exquisite chimes), from the top of which he rebuked the Duke of Alva, who advised him to raze the city and massacre the inhabitants, asking him, '*Combien il fallait de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un gant de cette grandeur?*'

A little square now opens before you, with the old castle of the Dukes of Flanders in one corner, in one of the rooms of which our John of Gaunt was born, when Philippa was visiting Ghent. There is hardly a lane, certainly no considerable street, without some memorial of middle age history. The buildings, moreover, all retain the ancient fashion. The cathedral and the churches are well worth seeing, but not equal to those of some other places.

Bruges is as striking in external character, and almost as interesting historically; but it is dull and deserted, the ghost of its former self. There are about a fourth of its population paupers.

Last evening we visited the famous Béguinage, and attended service in its chapel at five o'clock. The church was dimly lighted, and the figures of seven hundred nuns kneeling, all in black and white, formed a very striking spectacle. Before the service commenced we said our silent prayers (I believe) with unction. But the service was wretched and broke the charm. A cracked organ and a few bad singers in a gallery, and a hoarse, stupid-looking priest had it all to themselves. The congregation of nuns might have been all asleep.

I am glad to have seen this 'Paradise of Romanism.' I have seen enough to induce me to believe that a

change here is at hand. May God grant that it be a true reformation, and not an overthrow of religion! But I fear the latter. A society of 'Theists' has already been compacted, and numbers five thousand in Bruxelles, declaring nothing but *a belief in one God.* The people are orderly and generally submissive, but the Ultramontane priesthood have strained the cord too tightly, and (if I am not mistaken) it is about to snap. . . . —Your most affectionate brother,

S. CLARK.

BATTERSEA, February 4th, 1858.

MY DEAR LUDLOW,— . . . I am now at work again, in my poor ghost of a home. I am told that hard work is the source of true comfort, and I have faith in the saying. But I have not yet realised it. Much as I have to thank God for, in the manner of the visitation, in the warm sympathy of friends, and in my darling boy, my way is still dark and desolate, and I cannot make out how I am to go on.—Ever yours sincerely,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BURLINGTON HOUSE, June 25th, 1858.

MY DEAREST E.,—I am here conducting the Oxford A. A. examination, and am fain to spend a little breathing time in answering your last kind letter. . . .

Yesterday passed over very favourably.* The bishop preached an excellent and appropriate sermon in the morning, and the vicar of Battersea a long rambling one in the afternoon. But the fact of his preaching at all on the occasion was to me very precious. All

* The opening of the new chapel in the grounds of Battersea College.—ED.

the congregation, except one or two, partook of the Holy Communion, and the morning service was (I think) felt by all to be a peculiarly solemn one.

I managed to keep up appearances throughout the day (I think) very fairly; but how hypocritical those appearances were, you may guess. It would be wicked in me not to thank God devoutly for the blessing we have obtained in the chapel, and for the way in which it has come to us. But looking at the matter on its human side, she who would have made my success into a joy is gone. . . . —Most affectionately yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

TRAINING COLLEGE, BATTERSEA, July 2nd, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I have indeed cordially sympathised with you. The death of a mother, come when it may, is a terrible blow. A mother's life is the dearest link between our present self and our infancy. As long as she lives, we are comparatively young. In my own particular experience, my mother's death was by far the heaviest of all blows, up to the one which transcended all comparison. May God help you in all your troubles and anxieties.—Yours very faithfully,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To the Same.

TRAINING COLLEGE, BATTERSEA, October 27th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I can assure you that I think of you very often, and pray that God may give you strength and such comfort as widowhood admits of; of the latter, my own heart and experience tell me that much is not possible. As far as I can speak, time does not do much to help us. It makes us better

hypocrites, so that we learn to keep up appearances, and to look as if nothing had happened; but the sorrow within gnaws on, and the terrible sense of the impossibility of what has happened, becomes more and more intolerable.

Willie is pretty well, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that he is a very fragile little creature. But while he is mine, he is a great comfort and delight to me, and I thank God for him on any terms.—My dear friend, yours most truly,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BATTERSEA, March 26th, 1859.

MY DEAR LUDLOW,—I do indeed most deeply feel for you and your mother in your present sorrow. Though I did not know your sister, I think I may say that none of your friends ought to know better how to sympathise with you than I. God has (as you in some degree know) made me more familiar with death than most men of my age, and I have known a loss of just the same kind as yours—that of an elder sister to whom I was under special obligations. I then felt that one of the dearest links between my childhood, boyhood, and manhood, was taken away, and that my future life on earth must be the colder for the loss.—Yours most sincerely,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BATTERSEA, November 30th, 1859.

MY DEAR LUDLOW,— . . . I have desired to tell you how cordially I am delighted with the critique on the 'Idylls.' The critical analysis is very, very just and instructive, and as successful in its line as anything which I have read of the kind. It gives one just the

help for which you have a right to look at the hands of a true critic.

But there are two points on which I should join issue with you. I do not like either the act, or the mode, or the result of your weighing the 'Idylls' against 'In Memoriam.' Comparative criticism is without doubt the easiest and most tempting, but (if I am not mistaken) generally the least instructive. It is often, as it seems to me, like writing an essay to prove whether the sappnire or the ruby is the more precious or beautiful. A miserable example of it occurs in the 'National Review' on the 'Idylls.'

But I object in a more especial manner to the fault you find with the absence of self-reproach in Arthur's forgiveness. How it can have suggested to you Byron's Brummagem tinsel, I can hardly imagine. I think that the poetical truthfulness of the passage would have been fatally marred by any such addition as you suggest. Arthur was not a god to be omniscient, but he was a hero, and more than a man, dwelling (not undazzled) in the light of his own purity and greatness, and had fondly taken his queen for one who could understand him and who could reverence his work. I suspect that anything like self-blame would have smacked of evangelical affectation. I should like to talk to you further on the subject when we meet.—Most sincerely yours,

S. CLARK.

To MRS. FILLEUL.

BATTERSEA, November 7th, 1860.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I was delighted to hear from you this morning. . . .

Willie most warmly appreciates the letters of your dear boys. He sends his fondest love to you and them. It is a cordial pleasure to me (as I flatter myself it is also to you and your husband) that there is no love lost between our children. I am sure that there are none whom Willie loves with such entire warmth as he does yours, except perhaps his cousin M. V., whom you do not know.

I am thankful to tell you that he is again wonderfully restored. He is as bright and active as ever. I must, however, tell you that the disease is still at work. It is (I am convinced) my duty still to keep him bound upon the altar of my heart against the time when God will ask me for him. I am truly glad that you have had an opportunity of becoming so well acquainted with him, and of knowing how dear he is to me. I believe that what God wills that I should learn is, to enjoy his company, and to follow as I can the example of his angelic temper, without expecting him to be long mine upon earth.

I cannot tell you how desolate the house seemed after you had left. I have had no visitors who so cordially and nicely pieced in with my own arrangements as you and P. and your boys. . . .—Always most affectionately yours,

S. CLARK.

BATTERSEA, April 25th, 1861.

MY DEAR LUDLOW,— . . . I think your paper is *peculiarly* valuable. But the point which seems to me most to need guarding is that which relates to 'treating the Bible as you would another book.' Now, such expressions seem to me to be not only peculiarly open to

misconstruction, but not true. You cannot treat a book of established reputation as you would a new one; and you treat books which are established, in modes differing in kind as well as in degree, according to their acknowledged desert. You would not treat 'Hamlet' as you would 'The Hind and the Panther.' You cannot help coming to the criticism of Shakespeare in a different spirit from that in which you come to the criticism of Sheridan, and you feel it to be right that you should pursue a different critical method. I do not, on still higher ground, see how it is possible that you should treat the Bible as you do any other book in the world.

But I look at the subject also from another point of view. If you admit the inspiration of Shakespeare and Plato, may we not rather say that we should treat them as we do the Bible?

I think we are wont to be as false in our method of criticising all good books as in criticising the Bible. I do not therefore regard it as safe or true, that we should refer to our treatment either of the Bible or of other books as a standard.

All good books should be respected for their inspiration, and this respect should be the basis of our criticism. But the criticism which is built upon this foundation must, it seems to me, differ in method as I have stated. . . .—Yours affectionately,

S. CLARK.

To the REV. JAMES HESSEY, D.D.

BATTERSEA, June 5th, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am truly obliged to you for the copy of the new edition of your Bampton Lectures.

I have only glanced at it, for I was tempted to lend it to Mr. Maurice, who happened to call on me immediately after I received it. I hope to hear him at St. James's to-morrow. He had read the first edition, and spoke of it with great respect. From what I gathered, his main difference from you will concern the Decalogue.

I think you are writing 'Samaritans.'* If you have not seen it, I would call your attention to a note on the Mishna by Houtinguis, in the second volume of Sarenhusius, page 330.—Most faithfully yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

The index to your new edition seemed to me to be excellently done, and is a very great improvement to the book.

BATTERSEA, November 24th, 1861.

MY DEAR BULLOCK,—It is due to your friendship that I should give you the earliest intimation of my intention to marry.

The lady is one whom I have known for these twelve years. Circumstances have favoured our intercourse, and the silver of friendship has been commuted into the gold of love. I am deeply thankful for the blessing. . . .—Ever very affectionately yours,

S. CLARK.

BREDWARDINE, June 5th, 1863.

MY DEAR MAURICE,—I cannot express how deeply indebted to you I feel for your last book.† I have just read it a second time. It seems to me to contain exactly what we needed you to tell us on the subject.

* For Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary—'Samaria.'—ED.

† 'Claims of the Bible and of Science.'

You have made the layman's letter more instructive in its short-comings than it is in its better side. Taking the volume as a whole, I am sure that it cannot fail to interest and edify all who feel a genuine solicitude in the controversy. Your explanation of Colenso's radical mistake, in your ninth letter, has struck me as peculiarly precious.

Do you know that poor —— has been dragged into the hare question, and roughly handled by some of the reviewers? To meet Smith's convenience, he unluckily wrote the article 'Hare' very hastily, and charged Moses with *a mistake.* On second thought, he re-wrote the article, but it was too late, the sheet was made up.

Does not this matter of the hare show that Moses observed nature for himself more than we are wont to do? He was as logical, for the purposes of his legislation, in grouping together animals which grind their teeth, as we are in grouping together, for our geological system, animals which have four stomachs. Few of those who have entered into the question seem to have noticed that the hare does grind its teeth.

I am now engaged in preparing a Bible Atlas for the S. P. C. K. I am more than ever struck with the character of the difficulties and probable mistakes in the narratives of Exodus and Joshua. They seem to me to be such as could *only* occur in a real history, and that they furnish a tougher argument against Colenso than the harmonies of the narrative. I need not tell you with what pleasure E. and I are looking forward to your visiting us in August. I earnestly trust that nothing will stand in the way of your coming; I think you will like our place.—With

affectionate regards to Mrs. Maurice, believe me, ever very affectionately yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BREDWARDINE, HEREFORD, January 18th, 1864.

MY DEAR WARNER,*— . . . I have been greatly interested by the particulars you have given me of your work. The difficulties which you have to contend with are such as I should have anticipated, except as regards what you say of the dulness of the children. Wildness and insubordination I should have been prepared for; but I should have expected a fair share of mother wit. I suppose, however, that many of the families around you come of the very lowest and most neglected class of society. But in regard to all the difficulties which a schoolmaster has to meet in the material with which he has to deal, there is this comforting reflection—the worse the children are, the more they need what you have to give them. Hence it seems to me, that these discouragements are much less depressing than those which arise from the neglect or undue interference of those to whom you have a right to look for countenance and help. Now, I rejoice in the fact that your bishop does all he can for you, and that he appreciates your work. On the whole, I think your sphere is one in which you may hope to sow more good seed than you could have done in any post that was open to you in England. You must, however, not expect to see much fruit in its full perfection. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and *after many days* thou shalt find it.'

We continue to like our country home very much.

* A schoolmaster in Australia.—ED.

We have now tried it for a cycle of seasons. Our scenery is always beautiful. . . .—Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BREDWARDINE, October 4th, 1864.

MY DEAR M.,— . . . What you tell me of the Tamil composition, reminds me of the style which was cultivated by the Latin rhetoricians in the age following the golden age, and which indeed is in some degree characteristic of all Latin style. *Verbo sensum cludere* is a maxim of Quintilian's. German has much of the same element. It seems to me to be a defect in human expression. The mind ought (I think) to be able to gather up the meaning as it makes its way through each word in a sentence.

What you say respecting the proper mode of dealing with false religions is most true. In every religion—not excepting devil-worship itself—there is a seed of truth; and if you cultivate that seed, it will by degrees overtop and kill the weeds of error which threaten to choke it. I think you read Herodotus. You may perhaps remember a noble passage, in which he says that he was sure Cambyses must have been struck mad, because he made game of the Egyptian Apis worship. . . . Thank you for the noble passage from the Viveka-chuntâmani.—Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To the Same.

BREDWARDINE, November 21st, 1866.

. . . I was greatly interested in what you told me of your pupils. In the three or four Brahmins whom I have known, I have noticed that perfection of organi-

sation which enables them to pronounce with that refined accuracy to which you allude. I have also noticed that tendency to hollow theorising, and a certain inability to apprehend and use facts for the purpose of the intellect. I suspect that you would find their metaphysics specious and ingenious perhaps, but all upon the surface.

I have never seen Mr. Farrer's book, though I know the author. As a philologist, he is of course vastly inferior to Max Müller. But from the few hints I have had as to one great difference between them, the operation of onomatopœia in the formation of language, I think I should be inclined to side with him. Scarcely any one seems to me to have truly estimated onomatopœia, in our own language especially. Hardly one of our monosyllabic verbs seems to me to fail to suggest it—*e. g., crack, wish, fall, break, dark, beat*, &c., &c.

I am glad to hear that you have passed your examination in Tamil with credit. I hope you will push on in Sanscrit.

'The Reader' was once very good, but it has now sunk very low, and is rarely worth reading.

What a terrible loss India has had in the death of the Bishop of Calcutta! I devoutly trust that God will direct the authorities in the choice of his successor. You have (I suppose) heard of the death of poor Mr. Graves.* He has been declining for some time, but the end came on suddenly. Mr. Daniel has succeeded him, and the college is doing well. The recent changes made by the Committee of Council have done less harm to Battersea than to most other training schools; but I am convinced that, on the

* Principal of Battersea College.—Ed.

whole, they have seriously checked the cause of national education. . . .—Yours very truly,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To his WIFE.

May 31st, 1866.

. . . I am anxious to know how you got over the journey.

If Mrs. Maurice were to know what a sacrifice I have made in her behalf in sparing you, she would give me a respectable place in her hagiology. Not however that I feel just now quite entitled to such preferment. For I am like Elia after he had given the old beggar the spiced plum-cake which he had received from his aunt. I would not have Mrs. Maurice know that I look upon her as Charles Lamb looked on that old beggar!

To the Same.

SOUTHAMPTON, Sunday.

. . . When I partook of the Holy Communion this morning, I could but think that it is wholesome, though it is not pleasant, that you and I should now and then be separated in the celebration of the sacred rite. It led me to feel how our perfect oneness in it is above our earthly presence, and safe from all disturbing accidents.—Your most devoted husband,

SAMUEL CLARK.

May 20th, 1867.

MY VERY DEAR G.,—Your dear mother has informed me that you are to be confirmed on Thursday. I earnestly pray that the occasion may be blessed to you. I wish I could be present, but as that is quite

impossible, I trust that you will think of me, and be assured that I shall be with you in the spirit of prayer. I shall offer up for you the very same prayer that I did when you were made, at the font, a member of Christ's living body, and when I had to answer for you that you would believe all the articles of the Christian faith, and obey God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of your life. May you, my dear G., feel in your heart of hearts what confirmation really means! May you continue Christ's for ever, and daily increase in His Holy Spirit more and more until you come unto His everlasting kingdom!

I am thankful to know that you have been too well taught in the truths of the Gospel, and too well disciplined by your dear parents, for the bishop's hands to be laid upon you in vain. I feel assured that you will find it a real source of strength and happiness to be permitted to partake of the body and blood of Christ our Saviour at the altar. I hope you will write to me soon. . . .—Your most loving godfather and uncle,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BREDWARDINE, December 10th, 1867.

MY DEAR LUDLOW,—I am truly obliged to you for your excellent unfolding of the Unjust Steward. I have been trying to find an old sermon of mine, which seems to have found its way into nowhere. I think I paraphrased verse 9 to this effect: *You are making to yourselves friends by means of your wicked gains. When you come to the last, see whether those friends will stand by you as regards your eternal*

interests. The use of the imperative is like Matt. xxii. 32. As far as I know, there is no other irony of our Lord's just like what follows, but there are instances enough in St. Paul. For the sake of oral reading, it is to be regretted that *the Master* is not read instead of 'the Lord,' in verse 8. Verses 10, 11, and 12 should of course be read in a different tone, but it is hard to do this in church.

The more I study the Old and New Testaments, the more I see our loss (whatever our gain may be) in that stately Biblical English which, if I mistake not, we owe to Tyndale, and which has been maintained by all subsequent translators. Wickliffe's version seems to me to be in the common English of his day. The exquisite humour of the original is smoothed over in the established style. Look for example at John ix. 13–34, Luke vii. 31–34, and certain passages in St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. I hope that some day you and I may have a chance of talking this over. Most of my friends are shocked at the slightest hint of the subject. The Anglicans of our generation are stone blind to the most characteristic merits of our old divines—especially Andrewes and South. They, *i.e.*, the modern Anglicans, as well as their opposites, have become strait-laced in following Calvin. I venerate Calvin as a master of dogmatic language, but he could not appreciate Rabelais. I doubt whether so great a man is to be found so wanting in humour as he; and his influence on our High Church English divinity has been incalculable, basely unacknowledged as it is for the most part.

I am just finishing my Bible Atlas. I do not know what you will think of it. I have misgivings

as to the plan of my own notes, but the maps are very neat, and Groves' index will be very useful.—Ever yours affectionately,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BREDWARDINE, HEREFORD, March 23rd, 1868.

MY DEAR WARNER,—I am ashamed to see the date of your last letter. I ought to have replied to it at least three months ago. But I know that you do not make the mistake of supposing that my present life is an idle one, although my engagements are more under my own control than they were at Battersea.

When you wrote to me, a new educational measure had just passed your parliament.* I trust that no great evils have as yet resulted from it. To judge from the particulars you have mentioned, it removes some safeguards to the right thing that one would fain keep; but if right-thinking persons are more earnest to work and to make the best of it than to talk and grumble, I should hope that the cause of the Church may not suffer. For my own part, I am more and more convinced that the best system is a well-considered denominational one, balanced with the strictest fairness, and with a conscience clause pressing equally upon all denominations. I believe that the opponents of the principle of *a* conscience clause (I do not speak of Mr. Lingen's conscience clause in particular) have done more harm to education than all its avowed enemies put together. I do not see how a legislature can allow schools to be helped out of the taxes, without a clear recognition of the principle; and if it were not so, I believe that the

* Australia.

practical testimony which a conscience clause bears to the parochial system is most valuable. . . .—Always yours faithfully,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To E. D.

All I know of our supposed relationship to Oliver Cromwell is this. The grandmother, I think, of my mother was named Cromwell. My mother and aunts had a tradition that their blood came through this grandmother from Henry, the second son of Oliver, who, after the Restoration, was said to have bought an estate at or near Godshill in the Isle of Wight. I never heard the tradition spoken of but in a half joking way. I had well-nigh forgotten it when an odd coincidence brought it to my mind. I was introduced to S. Lawrence, the portrait painter, about sixteen years ago. He at once looked hard at me, and asked me to oblige him by sitting still for half-an-hour. This was that he might copy my eyelids into a picture of Oliver Cromwell on which he was engaged. He had studied all the existing portraits, and said that he had never seen a living person with such eyelids as they represented except myself. I must tell you that all he knew at the time about my genealogy was, that I was descended from Japheth, the son of Noah, the common father of all us Europeans.

PARKSIDE, May 21st, 1868.

MY DEAREST B. B.,—Thank you very much for your loving wishes on my birthday. It has indeed been a day to me full of the recollections of loving kindness and tender mercies; but birthdays have a

different colour when one has passed the point in life in which one is conscious of being older than most people, and considerably ahead of the great mass in the road to the grave. But I need not tell you that this reflection is not to me a melancholy one. . . .— Your most loving brother,

SAMUEL CLARK.

BREDWARDINE, December 8th, 1868.

. . . I shall perhaps best comply with your wish by just telling you how my own prejudices against baptism were overcome.

That the rite had a strong claim to consideration, was evident to me from the fact that all professing Christians, with exceptions numerically insignificant, had practised it from the earliest times.

I knew of course the way in which the passages in the New Testament that bear upon it were dealt with by the Society of Friends. But it was manifest that they stood strangely alone in their mode of interpretation. I thought I could see that they affected to be 'wise above what is written.'

But still I could not accept much of what was said in favour of baptism by advocates and expositors. I was not prepared to recognise its essential connection with the spiritual life of believers. It was true that by far the greater number of the best people whom I knew had been baptised, and that they reverenced the rite. But I tried in vain to make out any spiritual superiority in individuals which could fairly be ascribed to the 'baptism with water,' as I had been taught to call it. I could not make up my mind to believe that it enlightened the human spirit in any

special way, or that it conferred greater strength to resist temptation.

But I was led to regard the subject from another point of view. I found that I had looked too exclusively at the individual man, too little at the world at large which Christ had come down to save. I had looked at the Atonement as something designed to secure for myself a place in heaven after death. I had failed to see in it that which not only reconciles us to God while our mortal life lasts, but which reveals to us our brotherhood with each other and with our Saviour; which enables us to see in the world itself—in spite of its clouds and difficulties—a kingdom which belongs to God, and which He is ever claiming for His own, however devils and wicked men may be resisting His claims.

I now saw in every man and woman, boy and girl, a child of God, one whom Christ had redeemed, and whom it was His will to bring to the knowledge of the truth. I saw in baptism an appointed rite, by which that great fact was applied to each individual person and proclaimed to the congregation. His after life might be unworthy of his high calling, His unworthiness might be the result either of an unhappy bringing up, or of his own wilful sin. Still, there was the fact of the baptism, a witness of what God had done for him; a witness that holiness and salvation had been provided for him; a witness against all the sin and unbelief that might tempt him in his future life.

Thus baptism, as practised in the Church, is the first step in the education of the follower of Christ. He may not indeed be conscious of it at the time; he

may be brought to the font as an infant, knowing nothing of what goes on there, but when his mental powers are developed, he is informed of what has been done for him. He is taught that the water in his baptism figured that 'death unto sin and new birth unto righteousness' to which Divine grace has called him (Rom. vi. 4; Col. ii. 12).

You will see that baptism in the full sense of the word is thus not to be regarded as a mere outward ceremony, or as something that exists by itself as a fact past and done with. It stands as the starting-point of the Christian life—of inestimable value if he henceforward 'runs with patience the race that is set before' him, 'looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith;' of help to him also, if he has fallen away through frailty, in regaining his post in the ranks of believers, but if he persists in turning back, and in neglecting his high calling in Christ, it adds to his condemnation. Every lesson in Divine truth, conveyed to us in whatever way it may be, if it does not prove 'the savour of life unto life,' becomes, as the apostle says, 'the savour of death unto death.'

You will, I trust, now be enabled to see as I did what is meant by the term 'baptismal regeneration,' taking it in its proper sense. It is an old term that was employed by divines from the earliest times, and passed unchallenged till some two hundred years ago or thereabouts. The word *regeneration* was then confounded with *conversion*, the change which sometimes takes place in an individual when he leaves his sins and becomes a religious man. Hence it is that 'the doctrine of baptismal regeneration' has fallen

into disrepute with one party, and has been misrepresented by another party, each of them accepting the false sense that has been put upon the word *regeneration*. But according to original usage, the doctrine means neither more nor less than this—that as, at his natural birth, the child comes into the world as a member of the family of Adam, at his second birth (or baptism) he is brought into the family of believers, and acknowledged as a member of that body to which Christ is a head (Eph. iv. 5, 6; 1 Cor. xii. 12, 13, 14; Rom. xii. 5). It is needful to keep this in view, in order rightly to apprehend the meaning of several parts of the baptismal service.

I have now given you a brief and hurried sketch of the progress of my own mind in regard to the subject of your inquiry. But I know so little of the course which your mind has taken on religious matters during late years, that I cannot help fearing lest I should 'darken counsel by words without knowledge.' But let me beg you to be free with me. Do not hesitate to tell me of any doubts or difficulties that may arise in your mind, either in connection with what I have now said, or in any other way. Truly thankful shall I be, for the sake of your dear children as well as yourself, if I can render you the least help in coming to a solid conviction of the truth.

To the Same.

March 12th, 1869.

I was truly glad to get your queries. I do not think you need be under any apprehension of my failing to understand you. Not only is what you say clearly expressed in itself, but it is identical with

what once worked in my own mind and made my way difficult.

You feel repelled by such expressions as 'baptism is a saving ordinance,' and 'baptism is necessary for salvation:' you are willing to admit that the ordinance is 'desirable but not essential to salvation.' Now I will at once tell you that the phrases which are hard to you would be quite as hard to me, if I were to take the word *salvation*, and any other words related to it in the same sense in which I think you take them.

Do you not suppose *salvation*, as used in these phrases, to mean that state of being which we all hope to attain when we shall have passed the gates of death; when 'this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality'? If this is the sense in which you would understand the word as it has been applied, I am thankful that you cannot accept any such statements regarding baptism. I believe from my heart that the Gospel teaches us that all who follow the light they have in truthfulness and trust, whether baptised or not, have the reward of eternal life. So St. Paul must have thought, if his words have any meaning for us Christians (Rom. ii. 11–15).

But let us avoid perplexing our minds with the clumsy notions which the selfish formalism of the human intellect has attached to the word *salvation*, and see how it is used in the Scriptures and the Prayer Book. Of course, I shall not attempt to exhaust the inquiry, I shall only give a few illustrative instances, which may set you in the way of finding others for yourself.

Observe the mode in which the apostles and our Lord speak of Christians in their earthly life in these

passages:—Rom. viii. 24: 'we *are* saved by hope,' not we shall be saved; 1 Cor. i. 18: 'unto us which *are* saved;' xv. 2: (the Gospel) 'by which also ye *are* saved;' 2 Cor. ii. 15: 'them that are saved' (distinguished from them that are perishing); Luke xix. 9: 'salvation is come to his house;' 2 Tim. i. 9: (Christ) 'who hath saved us;' 1 Peter iii. 21: 'baptism doth also now save us.' See also Eph. ii. 5–8; 1 Cor. vi. 11; Titus iii. 5; Heb. ii. 3; xii. 22, 23, 24.

I could add many other passages, but these are enough for my purpose. Turn to them, and reflect upon them in the contexts. I will cite two simple instances from the Prayer Book.

In the fourth answer in the Catechism, the child thanks God for having 'called him into this state of salvation.' In the thanksgiving after baptism, we thank God that this child is 'regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's Church.'

It will I think be evident to you that in all these passages, *salvation*, or some such term, is applied to the present life of Christians in the Church Militant here on earth. As far as God's gift to them and His purpose are concerned, they are already saved, 'they have passed from death unto life' (John v. 24); they are saved, they are elected, they are born again (1 Pet. i. 18–23), though they still have to make their 'calling and election sure' (2 Pet. i. 10), still have to 'press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus' (Phil. iii. 14).

I hardly need tell you that this use of the words in question does not preclude the other use, the application of them to the state of the blessed to cŏme after this life. It is in the true sense a *salvation* when the

mere human creature is brought into the Church Militant and becomes a soldier in the army of Christ; it is also a *salvation* when a member of the Church Militant is called to join the Church Triumphant in heaven. But it is the former sense that belongs to the word in these phrases to which you have referred.

I will not now say anything on any other point. I would have you master just this one thought, that I have here endeavoured to set forth. I trust that you will find it clear up not a few clouds of obscurity.

To W. Evill, Esq.

Edinburgh, July 28th, 1870.

My dear Evill,—The iniquity of reviews is such, that I do not think I shall ever again write in one. The scribbler feels that he is 'nothing if not critical,' and so takes the great work of the critic to be to find faults if he can, if not, to create or feign them. Old Jeffreys started the line by taking as his motto '*Judex damnatur*,' &c. Now this, as a practical maxim for guidance, cuts at the very root of true criticism, the function of which is to find out merits before faults, and never to over-look the writer's purpose.

The 'Saturday' and the 'Athenæum' are of all reviews those by which I would soonest be carped at. Their function is before all things to carp. . . .—Most truly yours,

S. Clark.

To the Same.

. . . I devoutly wish there could be some review of the reviews, which would act the part of Aaron's rod by so exposing their hollowness as to blunt their stings. As it is, they flatter superficial vanity by giving their

readers hints for mere talk, and foster our fallen nature by spitting fire in all directions. I know not what better instruments the author of evil could devise for his purpose.

By the way, some thirty years ago, or more, I wrote a little elementary book, which the 'Athenæum' said was an utter failure for its purpose, and just what teachers did *not* want. The sale of that paltry little performance has been reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Had I retained the copyright, I should have made half a fortune by it. It was of course anonymous. It was evident that the reviewer was as ignorant of the subject and of the teacher's craft as he was of the politics of the moon. . . .—Most truly yours,

S. CLARK.

BREDWARDINE, June 21st, 1871.

MY DEAR BULLOCK,—Though I hope to see you at the Speaker's, I think I ought to be the first to tell you that the bishop has given me Eaton Bishop. I have just written to settle my acceptance. We shall leave this place with regret in some respects, but are very thankful for the change. Our best love to your wife. —Always yours affectionately,

SAMUEL CLARK.

EATON BISHOP, February 27th, 1872.

MY DEAR BULLOCK,— . . . I have been placed in a false position in connection with the Commentary. As you are my oldest and best friend amongst the commentators, I am anxious to acquaint you with the facts of the case. I will at once tell you that I blame

no one. But I cannot help feeling that I shall probably become the object of obloquy which I have not deserved.

The matter hinges on my interpretation of Leviticus xviii. 18. I object to marriages with a deceased wife's sister on the ground which appears to have been taken by the early Church. I would not have the present law changed. But I do not believe that such marriages were forbidden by the law of Moses. I agree with the common voice of critics as to the rendering of Leviticus xviii. 18. I do not think that the case can fairly be argued from verse 6 of the same chapter.

But, knowing how sensitive the minds of many of the clergy are on the question, in the first draft of my notes on the chapter, though I made no effort to conceal my conviction, I gave what I considered to be a fairly balanced view of the subject. In particular, I stated Dr. Pusey's interpretation of verse 18, without a word of objection to it, and with an expression of the respect due to any opinion of Pusey as a scholar. I also gave an impartial sketch of the literature of the controversy. But others thought the notes too long, and I was obliged to leave out all the matter which did not bear on the expression of my own conclusion. . . .—Ever yours affectionately,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To REV. JAMES DAVIES.

HEREFORD, May 1st, 1872.

MY DEAR DAVIES,—What a lovely May-day! I have a special interest in the fact, for our rectory is unroofed.

I was heartily sorry to find that I had missed you.

I fear that our meetings will henceforth be even less frequent than they have hitherto been.

Touching the mode of examining, it seems to me that you furnish a truer report by broadcasting your questions and recording an approximate result. One question, or even two or three, will not test a child fairly, since luck may stand his friend or otherwise. I heartily wish we could talk the matter over. For my own part, I am convinced that the general impression of a discreet man, on the religious teaching in a school, is of far more importance than any mass of statistics which can be expressed in figures.

You are right as to the old forms.

The best pronouncing dictionary is Smart's abridged one—Longmans, 7*s*.

We have very pleasant accounts from Willie. He enjoys his new mode of life very much, and has no lack of friends. But, oh! what a loss he and we have sustained. I do not scruple to say that I believe that no better, or more loveable man than Maurice has lived since St. John and St. Paul. . . .

My wife is in Devonshire. I hope to join her in London on the 13th. Kindest regards to Mrs. Davies and your circle.—Ever yours truly,

S. CLARK.

EATON BISHOP RECTORY, HEREFORD,
June 14th, 1872.

MY DEAR DAVIES,— . . . I should have been glad to see more of your party on the day of the Festival. But on that day I had to examine three schools, and having given the troublesome notice, I discharged my duty rather than go to the cathedral. I have

advanced in my inspector's work in about the same degree as you. I have told the bishop that he must soon call us together, to compare notes on our system while our work is fresh in mind.

Willie has greatly enjoyed his first term. He is now in London, where we purpose to join him in a fortnight. But I have to get through a mountain of examination papers from Oxford before I can start. I have just finished the revision of Leviticus for the new edition.—Most truly yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

EATON BISHOP RECTORY, HEREFORD,
January 7th, 1873.

MY DEAR DAVIES,— . . . First, let me wish you and Mrs. Davies, and all who gather round your table, a rich share of blessings for the new year. And next, let me thank you for your delightful little work.* I have read enough of it to see that you have most pleasantly raised dry old bones to life. I hope to finish it in another evening. I had no expectation that you could, on fair ground, make so much out of the subject. Touching your article on epitaphs, as my wife has rashly closed up the 'Saturday,' I cannot be quite sure as to the correctness of my recollections; but my impression is, that neither you, nor your victim, have ascribed to its true author 'Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade.' It is by Coleridge; you may find it in the first volume of his poems. . . . —Most truly yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

* 'Hesiod and Theogius' in Blackwood's 'Ancient Classics.'

EATON BISHOP RECTORY, HEREFORD,
March 19th, 1873.

MY DEAR DAVIES,—I now return your translation of Chrysostom. Thank you very much for it. It has been of great use to two candidates for Orders, in whom I have been particularly interested. I wonder that it has been suffered to go out of print. Cooper seems to be a careful translator.

Poor Hayman has just sent me his second volume. The Prolegomena are very able and very pleasant. But there seems to me to be occasional indications of crude taste, *e. g.*, his exemplifying the anachronism of Shakespeare for one who reads Homer in Greek.

I am just looking with much interest at Cremer's Lexicon to the New Testament. It in part fulfils a notion of mine, of which I spoke to you some time ago, and I hope will prove a valuable contribution to the criticism of the New Testament and the LXX. But Cremer is not clever nor clear-headed. He has the faults of a German. I wish such a scholar as you, with your English sense, had done the work, instead of writing articles for reviews. I am sure we shall have no reviews in heaven. But I admit this, your article on Lucian is a delightful one, even *if* you overrate the originality of Lucian (which I cannot help half suspecting) and praise Abbott over much.

Our kindest regards to Mrs. Davies and all your circle.—Most truly yours,

SAMUEL CLARK.

EATON BISHOP RECTORY, HEREFORD,
December 16th, 1873.

MY DEAR DAVIES,—You will be glad to hear that Willie has passed his Little-go in the first class. We

should not have been disappointed had he failed. We should have been thankful had he merely scraped through. . . .

Touching the Dean's * Latin, I think his friends had better leave it alone. Is not *coram patria* equivalent to *coram populo?* And as regards *coram altari* in the Vulgate, it is a literal turning of the Hebrew. The Hebrew preposition is strictly *in the face* of, applied either to persons or things. Little as I am of a scholar, the epitaph at once struck me as being meagre in the extreme, and the phrase in question as out of all fair licence. My wife sends her kind love to yours, and we all join in kindest regards to your whole circle.—Ever yours truly,

SAMUEL CLARK.

February 5th, 1874.

MY DEAR E.,—Go steadily through one gospel (St. Matthew) before you attempt another.

Perfect your knowledge of τύπτω in its voices, moods and tenses.

Always be careful to read thoroughly, and to make out every word as to its meaning as well as grammatically. Let nothing tempt you to read *fast* until you can read *well.*

When you have mastered the words, commit to memory the Lord's Prayer in Greek.

Do some Greek, and some Latin, be it ever so little of each, every day.

I now send you a little book of mine, which may help you in getting up the Old Testament history.†

* Dean Stanley.

† 'A Table of Lessons from the Old Testament.' S. P. C. K.

I know that you will not fail to pray for God's help and His blessing on your studies. May that prayer be answered!—Your very affectionate uncle,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To the Same.

May 17th, 1875.

If I may give you a hint as to your studies, I should say, do not be content till you feel yourself thoroughly at home in the Greek Testament. I believe nothing else is of half the importance.

To REV. CHARLES GIRDLESTONE, in reference to a small volume of his, entitled, 'Number, a Link between Divine Intelligence and Human.' Longmans. 1875.

EATON BISHOP RECTORY, March 1st, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am truly obliged to you for your little book. I have read it with more than ordinary interest and satisfaction.

The thought which you have so skilfully brought out is one which has been less distinctly working in my mind for many years past. On its practical side in reference to education, I have felt the great value of arithmetic, as furnishing the only glimpse at the idea of necessary truth which is within the reach of a very limited education.

I have observed again and again that it has exercised an influence which may be called *regenerating* in the mind of a thoughtful youth, to make him conscious, not only that two and two do not make five, but that they cannot do so by any conceivable possibility.

Hence it has appeared to me most desirable that the very earliest instruction in numbers should be

purely scientific, and not empirical, though, of course, empirical illustrations are not without their use.

May I ask whether you are acquainted with a pamphlet by Dr. Symonds on 'The Principle of Beauty'? The authorship of the theory he ascribes to a Mr. Hay. The theory is briefly this, that our sense of beauty in form is wholly due to numerical proportions, strictly analogous to the laws of harmony in sound.

The case seemed to me to be irrefragably argued. Assuming it to be correct, does it not furnish a close link between the mind of man which perceives, and the mind of Him who looked upon all that He had made, and saw that it was good?

Would man have been able to understand the construction of his own eye, if he had not first constructed a microscope and a telescope?

With my compliments to Mrs. Girdlestone, if she has not wholly forgotten me, believe me, with great regard, yours very faithfully,

SAMUEL CLARK.

To ARCHDEACON HESSEY.

COSHAM HOUSE, EAST COSHAM, HANTS,
June 18th, 1875.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—I can only at a late hour employ my wife as my amanuensis, to assure you that not one of your friends has heard of your present preferment with more cordial pleasure than I.

I believe that the office and the man are thoroughly fitted for each other. God grant that they may long co-exist, for the glory of His Church.

You have probably heard of my sudden seizure.

I had to telegraph for my wife from Devon, and for Mr. Prescott Hewitt from London.

My case is making slow, but I hope steady progress.

God has been very good in the visitation coming in the house of one of the best of all possible nieces. Hewitt quite approves of what the local surgeon has done. I can give no conjecture as to when I shall be able to move, but the worst is, that I am absolutely forbidden to do anything. This is the very first letter that I have expressed in my own person.

My amanuensis joins me in kindest remembrances to Mrs. Hessey, and in all good wishes for the future. —Yours affectionately,

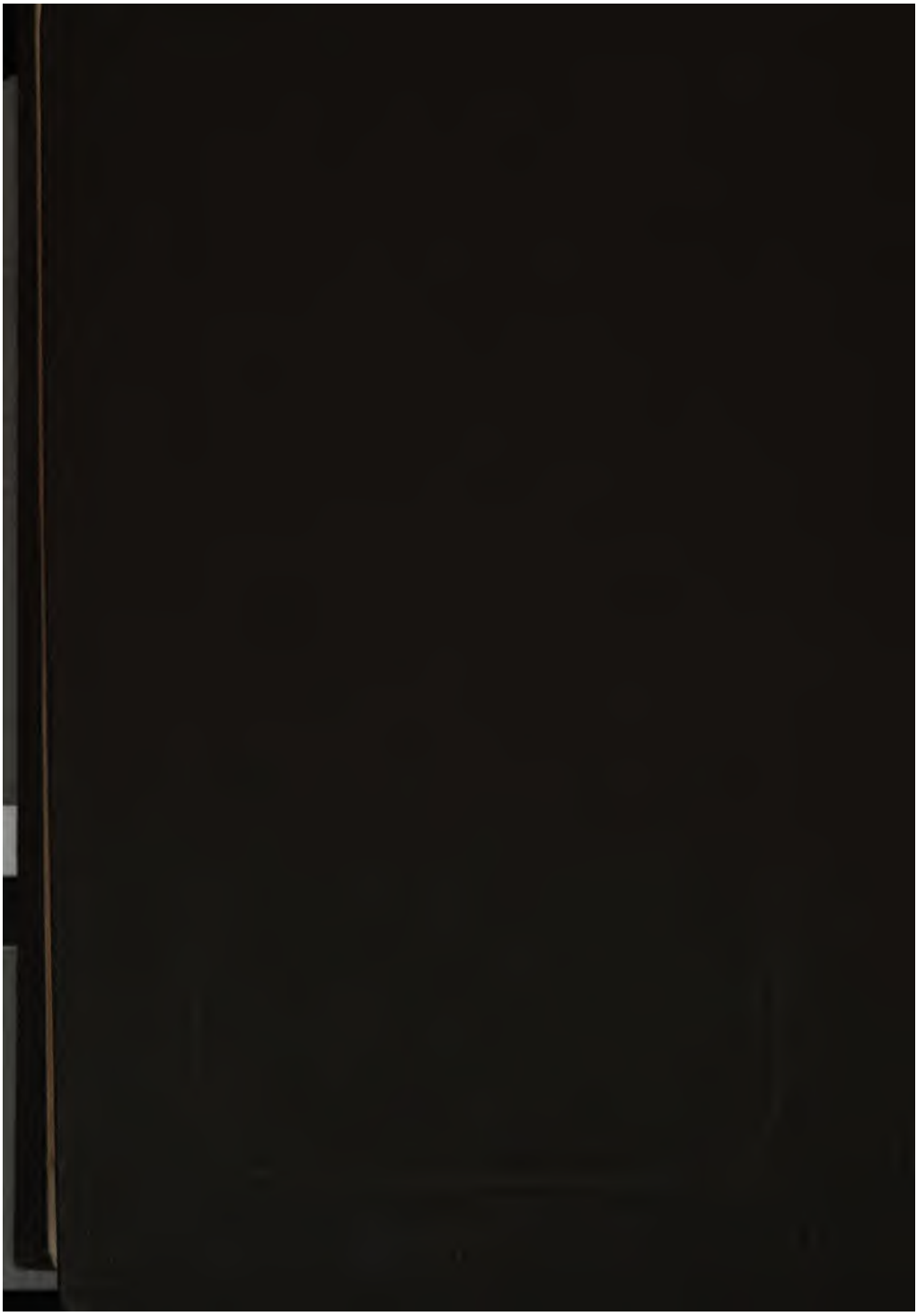
SAMUEL CLARK.

It was God's will that the hope of recovery expressed in this letter should not be fulfilled. Within one month (July 17th), in the full vigour of his intellect, at the age of sixty-five, his 'day of rest' had dawned.

His body was committed to the earth in his native county. His grave is marked by a high Latin cross, on which are inscribed the words of Psalm xvii. 16.

'WHEN I AWAKE UP AFTER THY LIKENESS,
I SHALL BE SATISFIED WITH IT.'

A painted window has been erected in Eaton Bishop church to his memory by the parishioners and a few friends, and a memorial window is being painted for Hereford Cathedral, the gift of friends and former pupils. A memorial brass has also been placed by his sister in the chapel of Battersea College.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.